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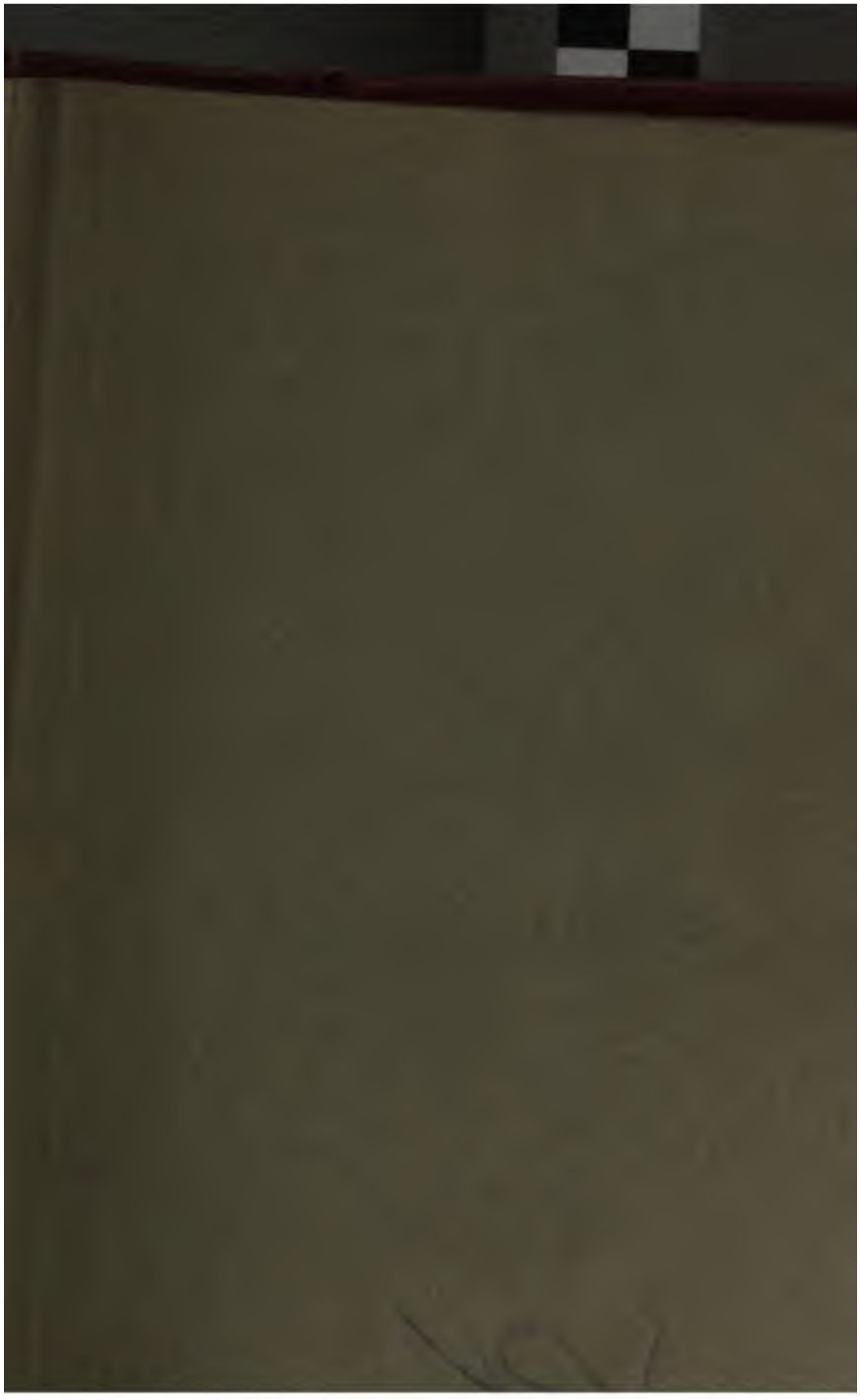

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

WITH

MEMOIRS

OF

HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,

BY

ROBERT ANDERSON, M.D.

THE SIXTH EDITION, IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING

THE LIFE OF SMOLLETT,

AND

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THE

LIFE

OF

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Narrative was originally drawn up, to accompany the Poetical Works of Smollett, in the general edition of the 'Works of the British Poets, with Prefaces, Biographical and Critical,' printed in 1795.

It was afterwards transferred to the collection of his Miscellaneous Works, printed in 1796, *considerably enlarged; and accompanied an improved edition of the collection printed in* 1800, *farther enlarged by such materials as subsequent researches supplied. A separate edition, revised and augmented, was printed, in one volume* 8vo, 1803. *In committing it a fifth time to the press, in the third edition of the collection, printed in* 1806, *an opportunity was found of supplying some deficiencies, and subjoining an Appendix of Original Letters, obtained in the intervening period. The third edition of the collection having been bought up by the public, a fourth edition was printed in* 1811, *a fifth, in* 1817, *and a sixth, which has been called for, is now completed.*

The

The sale of five large editions of his collected Works, exclusive of innumerable impressions of his individual pieces, demonstrates the undiminished esteem and gratitude of the public for the entertainment and instruction which his genius and diligence have provided for the world.

EDINBURGH, Aug. 1820.

THE

LIFE

OF

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

In every period of literature, the lives of eminent writers have been interesting to curiosity, and regular biographies have accompanied their works, recording the circumstances that attended them, exhibiting the developement of genius, representing the features of private character, investigating the means by which they rose to eminence, and holding out incentives to the love of fame, and the cultivation of the mind.

The best propensities of the human heart are naturally engaged in favour of the eminent writers of the generations that are past; for they, who have afforded instruction and delight to succeeding generations, by bequeathing to posterity works of wisdom, imagination, and wit, of imperishable duration, possess the surest title to the gratitude and admiration of mankind.

Of the writers of the last century, eminent for their intellectual endowments and literary qualifications, few will be found more deserving of biographical commemoration than the subject of this narrative, whether we consider the beauty and universality of his genius, the utility and elegance of his compositions, the force and vivacity of his mind, or the disinterestedness and independence of his spirit.

In presenting to the world a collection of his works, I have undertaken to relate, with the fidelity of biographical narration, what is known of his personal history, and to estimate, with the

impartiality of critical examination, his literary compositions, in order that his pretensions as a man, and his qualifications as an author, may be more fully understood and illustrated, and his example may be followed.

In the fulfilment of the task I have undertaken, the circumstances of his life which have been transmitted by tradition, or recorded in written memorials, are so general and scanty, that I must give his biography to the world more briefly and imperfectly than his eminence and his fame might give reason to expect. Of his course of study, his conversation, and his conduct on common and familiar occasions, few particulars are known, and those few are such as afford little scope for amplification or embellishment. Inadequate though my narrative must be to his merits, and disproportionate to his reputation, I am something gratified by the attempt to award him, in some measure, the justice which his contemporaries denied him.

The ancestors of this eminent man have been long settled in the regality of Lennox, and sheriffdom of Dumbarton, in Scotland, where, in the different changes of government, they acquired considerable property, and were advanced to the highest stations in the magistracy of the borough, and distinguished by the most honourable offices in the state. By the records of the town of Dumbarton, it appears, that one of them, in the direct line, of the name of Tobias Smollett*, was, early in the fifteenth century, married to a daughter of Sir Patrick Houston, of Houston, a respectable family in the county of Renfrew. In 1588, the Florida, a ship of the Spanish armada, that had the military chest on board, was blown up by one of his ancestors, in one of the bays of the island of Mull†. At the Restoration, one of his family, of the name of John Smollett, was appointed by the estates of parliament a commissioner of supply for the sheriffdom of Dumbarton, an important provincial office, peculiar to Scotland ‡.

* Neither the origin of the surname of Smollett, though of considerable antiquity and distinction, nor the arms of Smollett of Bonhill, the only family of that name existing in Scotland, are given by Nisbet, our best genealogist, in his "System of Heraldry." The christian name *Tobias* has continued in the family to the present day.

† *Expedition of Humphry Clinker.*

‡ Act 14, King Charles II. 1661.

In 1689, his grandfather, James Smollett, of Bonhill*, represented the borough of Dumbarton, of which he was provost, in the convention of estates; and appeared in the honourable band of Scottish patriots who espoused the principles upon which the Revolution was effected, and co-operated in the preservation and security of the protestant religion, and the government, laws, and liberties of the kingdom, against the encroachments of the sovereign. He had the character of being a man of great sagacity; he was originally bred to the profession of the law, and distinguished for his knowledge in it. On the accession of King William to the throne, according to the Settlement of Government, and the Claim of Rights, he received the honour of knighthood, and was appointed one of the Judges of the commissary court of Edinburgh; an office held by his family, by a kind of hereditary succession, almost a whole century. He represented the borough of Dumbarton in the last Scottish parliament, was chosen one of the commissioners for framing the Treaty of Union, and, surmounting the prejudices of his countrymen, zealously concurred in that great transaction, from the anticipation of its ultimate advantages to the whole island.† He married Jane, daughter of Sir Aulay Macaulay, of Ardincaple, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. All his sons, according to the custom of that time, were sent to study at the university of Leyden. The eldest, Tobias, went early into the army, obtained the rank of captain, and died a young man; the second, James, was bred to the law, and succeeded his father in the office of commissary of Edinburgh; the third, George, was also bred to the law, practised for some time at the Scottish bar, and succeeded his brother James as commissary of Edinburgh‡.

* The name of *James Smollett of Pillenflet*, appears among the commissioners of supply for the sheriffdom of Dumbarton, appointed by the estates of Scotland, April 27, 1639.

† Of the thirty-one Scottish commissioners, George Lockhart, Esq. of Carnwath, author of the "Memoirs," &c. alone withheld his concurrence. The exempting articles, by which heritable offices and superiorities were reserved, obstructed, for some time, its beneficial influence on the improvement of Scotland.

‡ The names of *George* and *James Smollett* appear at an Act of the Faculty of Advocates, in favour of Mr Ruddiman, 15th July 1710, with *fac-similes* of their signatures, in Chalmer's "Life of Ruddiman," *Appendix*, No. 3.

The fourth son, Archibald, received a liberal education, but was bred to no profession. Soon after his return from Leyden, he married, without previously consulting his father, Barbara, daughter of Mr Cunningham of Gilbertfield, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, a woman of distinguished understanding, taste, and elegance. As she was of an amiable character and respectable family, his father had no reason to be displeased with the alliance, except that it had been entered into without consulting him, and that she had little or no portion. Sir James gave his son a liferent of the house and farm of Dalquhurn, near the family mansion of Bonhill, on the banks of the Leven, which, with an annuity, made his income about £300 a-year. They had two sons and a daughter. A short time after the birth of the youngest of these children, Archibald died, and left his family entirely dependent on the bounty of their grandfather. The eldest of the sons, whose name was James, went, at an early period of his life, into the army. After he had attained the rank of captain, the regiment to which he belonged was ordered abroad; the transport in which he was, with part of the troops, was lost off the coast of America. He was a young man of distinguished spirit, and of an excellent character.

The daughter, whose name was Jane, married in 1739 Alexander Telfer, Esq. a man of considerable fortune. He was at that time lessee of the lead-mines at Wanlockhead, and resided many years at Leadhills, in Lanarkshire. He afterwards purchased the estates of Scotston, in Peebles-shire, and Symington, in Lanarkshire, and died in 1760, leaving three sons, Alexander, James, and Archibald, and one daughter, Jane. Mrs Telfer was a woman of admirable good sense, and highly esteemed. Upon the death of her cousin, James Smollett, Esq. one of the commissaries of Edinburgh, in 1776, she succeeded to the family estate of Bonhill, for which it was necessary for her to resume her maiden name of Smollett, and died in 1789, in the seventieth year of her age. Her eldest son, Alexander Telfer, Esq. of Scotston and Symington, succeeded to the estate of Bonhill, and assumed the name of Smollett. He married Miss Renton, daughter of John Renton Esq. of Blackadder, in Berwickshire, and niece to the Earl of Eglinton, and died in 1799, leaving two sons, Alexander and John, and six daughters. His eldest son, Alexander, a lieutenant-colonel in the army, and member of par-

liament for the county of Dumbarton, succeeded to the family estates of Symington and Bonhill*, and was killed in the action, near the Helder, on the landing of the army in Holland, in 1799. His brother, John Rouet Smollett, Esq. a captain in the navy, is the representative of the family.

The youngest son of Archibald, whose name is closely allied to the fame and honour of his country, was born in the old house of Dalquhurn†, near the modern village of Renton‡, in the parish of Cardross, in 1721, and baptized the 19th March, Tobias George, as appears from the register of the parish, to which that part of the valley lying between Loch Lomond and the town of Dumbarton belongs.

The valley of Leven, in which Smollett drew his first breath, and spent the years of his childhood, is distinguished, perhaps, beyond any other spot on this favoured island, by comprehending objects the most beautiful, and objects the most sublime, and by possessing the rarely united advantages of being striking from its natural beauties, and interesting from being the birth-place and residence of eminent men, and the scene of heroic actions.

His own lively description of the scenery of his native valley merits some attention in the history of his mind; as it is highly probable, that the beautiful and sublime objects which presented themselves on all sides to his eyes, tended to enliven his fancy, and to cherish that taste for poetry, of which he gave early proofs by his descriptive verses.

"The water of Leven, though nothing near so considerable as the Clyde, is much more transparent, pastoral, and delightful. This charming stream is the outlet of Loch Lomond, and,

* His father had sold the estate of Scotston some time before. The estate of Symington has likewise been sold, to purchase an estate of equal value in Dumbartonshire.

† The venerable birth-place of Smollett, defaced by time, and neglected by its proprietor, when I visited it in 1809, was uninhabited, and the walls partly unroofed, and hastening to decay.

‡ The softness and clearness of the Leven water, and the rare beauty of the spot, having occasioned very extensive bleachfields, and considerable fabrics for the printing of linen and cotton, to be established near Dalquhurn, it became necessary to build a village for the accommodation of the great numbers of people employed. Smollett's sister furnished a part of the farm on which he was born for that purpose; the village was, on her death, built under the patronage of her eldest son, and, in compliment to his wife called Renton; now occupied by above 1200 inhabitants.

through a track of four miles, pursues its winding course, murmuring over a bed of pebbles, till it joins the Firth of Clyde at Dumbarton. On this spot stands the castle, formerly called Alcluyd, washed by these two rivers on all sides, except a narrow isthmus, which at every spring-tide is overflowed: The whole is a great curiosity, from the quality and form of the rock, as well as from the nature of its situation. A very little above the source of the Leven, on the lake, stands the house of Cameron, belonging to Mr Smollett, so embosomed in an oak wood, that we did not see it till we were within fifty yards of the door. The lake approaches on one side to within six or seven yards of the window. It might have been placed on a higher site, which would have afforded a more extensive prospect, and a drier atmosphere; but this imperfection is not chargeable on the present proprietor, who purchased it ready built, rather than be at the trouble of repairing his own family-house of Bonhill, which stands two miles from hence on the Leven, so surrounded with plantations, that it used to be known by the name of the Mavis (or thrush) nest. Above the house is a romantic glen, or cleft of a mountain, covered with hanging woods, having at bottom a stream of fine water, that forms a number of cascades in its descent to join the Leven, so that the scene is quite enchanting.

"I have seen the Lago di Gardi, Albana di Vico, Bolsena, and Geneva, and I prefer Loch Lomond to them all; a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties, which even partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, corn-field, and pasture, with several agreeable villas, emerging, as it were, out of the lake; till, at some distance, the prospect terminates in huge mountains, covered with heath, which, being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Every thing here is romantic beyond imagination. This country is justly styled the Arcadia of Scotland: I do not doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in every thing but climate. I am sure it excels it in verdure, wood, and water. What say you to a natural bason of pure water, near thirty miles long, and, in some places, seven miles broad, and in many above a hundred fathom deep, having four-and-twenty habitable islands, some of them stocked with deer, and all of them covered with wood, containing immense quantities of delicious fish,—salmon,

pike, trout, perch, flounders, eels, and powans, the last a delicate kind of fresh-water herring, peculiar to this lake; and, finally, communicating with the sea, by sending off the Leven, through which all those species (except the powan) make their exit and entrance occasionally?"*

The impressions which his mind had received, at this early period of his life, of the mild and engaging beauties of his native valley, he has delineated, with incomparable elegance and simplicity, in his picturesque and accurately descriptive *Ode to Leven Water*.

"On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.
Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I went to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout, in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and motled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flowered with eglantine.
Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith, that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard."†

If the beauty and grandeur of the scenery which was continually before him, in the earliest part of his life, had a tendency to awaken poetical ideas in his mind, the surrounding objects, which recalled the memory of great and distinguished men, were

* *Expedition of Humphry Clinker.*

† *Expedition of Humphry Clinker.* He speaks of his "little ode to this river" in the following terms:—"There is an idea of truth in an agreeable

doubly calculated for exciting that enthusiasm which is the foundation of every kind of honourable distinction, and that energy which renders freeborn men superior to the rest of mankind.*

When the armies of Edward I. of England had over-run the whole of the low country of Scotland, and held the inhabitants in temporary subjection, the heroic Wallace, whose wonderful exploits revived the dying spirits of his countrymen, and enabled them to expel their invaders, often found an asylum between the two peaks of the embattled rock of Dumbarton; standing, in solitary magnificence, on the sands, where the Leven intermingles with the Clyde; believed, by the fond admiration of the neighbouring inhabitants, to be impregnable.†

The victorious king Robert Bruce, when he had recovered the independence of his country, and crushed the whole army, and nearly the courage, of the English in the battle of Bannockburn, sometimes resided at Cardross castle, near the river of Leven, where popular credulity has laid the scene of some of the marvellous adventures ascribed to him, and where he is said to have died.‡

landscape taken from nature, which pleases me more than the gayest fiction which the most luxuriant fancy can display."—The magic of his pen has turned the banks of the Leven into classic ground; but, unhappily, the rural virtues, occupations, and pastimes of its inhabitants, have, within these few years, been gradually giving way to the prevalence of manufactures, wealth, and corruption of manners.

* "Movemur nescio quo pacto locis ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos admiramur, adsunt vestigia:—naturâne nobis hoc, datum an errore quodam; at cum ea loca videamus, in quibus memoria dignos viros acceperimus multum esse versatos, magis moveamur, quamsi quando eorum ipsorum aut facta audiamus, aut scriptum aliquod legamus."—*M. Tul. Cicer. Lib. v. De Finibus.*

† The forked rock of Dumbarton is 560 feet high, a mile in circumference at the base, and detached about the same distance from every other hill or mountain. The fortress is dignified by the historian of Scotland by the appellation of *arx inexpugnabilis;* and is thought to have baffled all the attempts ever made to reduce it, except two. The first happened in 756, when the garrison was obliged by famine to capitulate; the second in 1571, when an officer of the name of Crawford made the daring proposal to the earl of Lennox, then regent of Scotland of attempting it by escalade, which he executed successfully, displaying, in the performance of this brilliant exploit, a very rare instance of humanity, and a degree of intrepidity that has seldom been equalled, and never was surpassed. See *Buchan. Rer. Scot. Hist.* lib. xx.

‡ Though this heroic prince needed not the embellishments of fable to secure him universal admiration, the legends of chivalry have exaggerated his personal

Across the lake, overshadowed by the gigantic height of Ben Lomond, the residence of the illustrious family of Graham,* naturally recalls to the memory the heroic enterprises of Montrose, whose deportment is marked by an elevation of mind, impatient of superiority, and even of equality, and whose exertions are characterised by something too vast and unbounded for the narrow theatre on which he acted.†

The Leven issues from Loch Lomond, into which the river Endrick falls, running through Strathendrick, close to the ruins of an old castle, in which the famous Napier of Merchiston resided when he invented the logarithms.‡ This river receives the Blane, on the side of which Buchanan,§ the greatest name

exploits, and given popular currency to many marvellous adventures attributed to him, from the metrical history of "The Life of King Robert Bruce," written about the year 1375, by John Barbour, archdeacon of Aberdeen, which he expressly terms a "Romance," being founded on real facts, but embellished in many parts with fiction, to "The famous history of the valiant Bruce, in heroic verse, by Patrick Gordon, Gentleman," Dort, 1615, 4to. "The Life of Robert Bruce, King of Scots, by John Harvey, A. M." Edinburgh, 1729, 4to. and "The Lord of the Isles, a Poem, by Walter Scott, Esq." Edinburgh, 1815, 4to. Barbour's historical poem, the earliest specimen of the Scottish language, is now easily attainable in the original orthography, in Mr Pinkerton's edition, 3 vols 12mo, Perth, 1790. An epic poem, founded on the history of Bruce's reign, had long exercised the powers of my lamented friend, the Rev. James Nicol, of which nine books were completed at the time of his premature death, Nov. 5th, 1819, in the 50th year of his age.

* Buchanan-house, the seat of the duke of Montrose, stands on the north side of the Endrick, near the south-east corner of Loch Lomond, where the Grampian mountains terminate.

† "Le Comte de Montrose Ecossois, et chef de la maison de Graham, le seul homme du monde qui m'ait jamais rapellé l'idee de certains heros que l'on ne voit plus que dans les vies de Plutarque, avoit soutenu le parti du roi d'Angleterre dans son pays avec un grandeur d'ame que n'en avoit point de pareille en ce siècle."—*Memoires du Cardinal de Retz*, tom. ii.

‡ Napier resided much for some years, when he was making his calculations, at Gartness, where there are some remarkable falls of the Endrick. When I visited the spot where the castle stood, in August 1804, the ruins were scarcely discernible. A monument of not inelegant structure, and solid materials, has been raised to the memory of the inventor of the logarithms, by the laudable patriotism and love of science of his venerable biographer the Earl of Buchan.

§ Buchanan was born in the old farm-house of Mid-Leowen, commonly called the Moss, or the House of the Moss, situate on the edge of a morass, on

in Scottish literature, was born, and near which an obelisk has been erected to his memory.*

The scenery of the country in which Smollett caught his first ideas, and the interesting objects which made a deep impression on his imagination, are finely described by an elegant modern

the east side of the Blane, in the parish of Killearn, near the western extremity of Stirlingshire. Having lost his parents in his infancy, he was educated by James Heriot, his maternal uncle His family was bred upon a lease of two farms hard by Cardross, granted by Robert Erskine, commendator of Dryburgh and Inchmahome, to Agnes Heriot, and her sons, Patrick, Alexander, and George Buchanan, in 1531. The Moss is now the property of Mr William Finlay. The proprietor, an old man of 90, remembers to have seen the house twice repaired in his time; and, in both reparations, an old beam in the west chamber, and part of the middle wall in the kitchen, believed to be coeval with the building, was preserved. When I visited the house, with classical reverence, in August 1804, in the company of my friend, the late Professor Richardson of Glasgow, Mr Finlay's son, in the enthusiasm of the moment, cut off a small piece of the oak beam, which he presented to me, with some solemnity, as a memorial of the illustrious scholar.

* The first suggestion of this monument, as it is now executed, was by the late Robert Dunmore, Esq. in a very numerous company, among whom was the late Professor Richardson, in the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood. A subscription for the purpose was then begun and nearly filled up, and the design furnished, as his contribution, by the late Mr Craig of Edinburgh, nephew of Thomson the poet, who also was present on that occasion. It is situated in the village of Killearn, 19 feet square at the base, and reaching to the height of 103 feet above the ground. The foundation was laid in the month of June 1788, by the Rev. James Graham, minister of the parish. In the foundation was deposited a crystal bottle, hermetically sealed, containing a silver medal, on which was engraved the following inscription, written by the late Dr Adam, rector of the High School of Edinburgh:—

In memoriam
GEORGII BUCHANANI,
Poetae et Historici celeberrimi,
Accolis hujus ioci ultro conferentibus,
Haec columna posita est,
M,DCC,LXXXVIII.
Jacobus Craig, Architect,
Edinburgen.

His country owes my learned friend Dr Irving a high obligation, for co-operating in the demonstration of the national gratitude and veneration, by an ample and elaborate biography of the great poet and historian, recommended by diligence of research, competency of erudition, and vigour of narration.

poet,—himself a native, and in the intervals of relaxation from academic toil, an inhabitant of the romantic country which he describes.*

"Fair Leven, in soft flowing verse,
Exults in Smollett's name,
Nor fails triumphant to rehearse
The islands whence she came;
The woody islands, the surrounding caves,
And rocks that Lomond's hoary billow laves.

Th' Endrick, in wildly-lyric mood,
Displays her laurel crown,
And tells, that, musing by her flood,
Sage Napier earn'd renown:
That oft she paused, and marked at midnight hour,
The pale lamp glimmering in his ivy'd tower.

Triumphant, ev'n the yellow Blane,
Though by a fen defaced,
Boasts that Buchanan's early strain
Consoled her troubled breast:
That often, muse-struck, in her loneliest nook,
The orphan boy pored on some metred book."†

* Croy-Leckie, the seat of the late William Richardson, Esq. professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow, stands in a picturesque valley, on the west side of the Blane, about a mile below the birth-place of Buchanan, between the Dowalt and the Carnock, two romantic mountain streams, descending through wild rocky dells, overhung with woods, interspersed with walks, and forming bold cascades and stupendous chasms, which bound the enclosures on the south and north, and enter the Blane separately, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, near its junction with the Endrick. Professor Richardson was a native of the neighbouring parish of Aberfoyle, near the western extremity of the Grampian mountains, of which his father was minister. The romantic aspect of his native country, diversified by mountains, woods, and waters, probably impressed something of its own beauty and grandeur on the imagination of the author of "Poems and Plays," and "Essays on Shakespeare's Dramatis Characters." I expected these reminiscences of the classical scenery of Strathblane and Strathendrick would again meet the eye, and gratify the enthusiasm and local attachment of the amiable poet, whose friendship and social worth endeared to me the romantic beauties, and elegant hospitalities of his summer residence; but the expectation was utterly vain. He died on the 3d of November 1814, after a very short illness, in the 70th year of his age. In the revolution of property, Croy-Leckie has reverted to its former owner, Robert Muirhead, Esq. of Glasgow.

† Richardson's Poems and Plays, vol. i, p. 120, ed. 1805.

In his early childhood, Smollett discovered the most promising indications of a lively wit and vigorous understanding, which were cultivated, not only by the fond partiality of his amiable and accomplished mother, but by the kind attention of his venerable grandfather, whose long experience in public affairs, and enlarged intercourse with mankind, conspired with his natural inclination, in directing his attention to the study of the conduct and characters of men, and the science of life.

He was instructed in the rudiments of classical learning at the grammar school of Dumbarton,* then taught by Mr John Love.† an eminent scholar, an excellent teacher, and a good man; where he exhibited proofs of the acuteness of understanding, fertility of imagination, and independence of spirit, which characterised his future life.

The first blossoms of his poetical genius appeared at this early period of his life: They were chiefly satirical verses on his schoolfellows, whose character and conduct disgusted him; and were remembered, as they evinced, when a boy, the sensibility of his temper, and his disposition to chastise insolence, and expose meanness.

When he was at the school at Dumbarton, he likewise wrote some verses, which were long remembered, to the memory of the renowned Wallace,—

* The school was then, and long after, kept in that part of the church which is now the session-house.

† Mr Love was born in Dumbarton in 1695, educated at the university of Glasgow, became master of the school at Dumbarton in 1720, of the High School of Edinburgh in 1735, and of the school of Dalkeith in 1739, where he died in 1750. He is the author of "Animadversions on Latin Grammar, lately published by Mr Robert Trotter, schoolmaster at Dumfries;" Edinburgh, 8vo, 1733; to which the learned Ruddiman appended a "Dissertation upon the way of teaching the Latin language;" and a "Vindication of Mr George Buchanan," Edinburgh, 8vo, 1749, against his friend Ruddiman, in his prejudices as a politician. To this pamphlet Ruddiman replied, in "Animadversions," &c. Edinburgh, 8vo, 1749. In recording his death in the Caledonian Mercury, 24th September 1750, Ruddiman had the liberality to give the following character of his antagonist:—"For his uncommon knowledge in classical learning, his indefatigable diligence, and strictness of discipline, without severity, he was justly accounted one of the most sufficient masters in this country."

"The peerless Knight of Ellerslie,
Who waved on Ayr's romantic shore
The beamy torch of Liberty,
And, roaming round from sea to sea,
From glade obscure, or gloomy rock,
His bold compatriots called, to free
The realm from Edward's iron yoke."*

Of that heroic patriot he became an early admirer, from the popular stories of his enterprising stratagems and brilliant exploits, related in the metrical history of his life, believed, with fond credulity, by every peasant in Scotland, and repeated by every schoolboy, with a warmer admiration than that with which they applaud the great actions of the Greek and Roman heroes.†

Here too, he became acquainted with the writings of Buchanan, whose eyes first opened on the same sublime scenery that first struck those of Smollett, and whose history of Scotland became an incitement to his studying, and a means of his attaining, a knowledge of the Latin language.

After the ordinary course of school education at Dumbarton, he was removed to the university of Glasgow, where he prosecuted his studies with diligence and success, proportioned to his opportunities of improvement.

In Glasgow he formed an intimacy with some students of medicine, which, more than any predilection for the study, determined him to embrace the profession of physic; and, by the advice of his relations, he was put apprentice to Mr John Gordon,

* Ode to Robert Anderson, M. D. on his leaving the county of Down, September 17, 1802. by the Rev. Henry Boyd, A. M. Poetical Register, vol. ii, p. 136.

† The history of "The Life and Acts of the valiant champion, Sir William Wallace, knight of Ellerslie," was composed, in popular rhyme, by Henry the Ministrel, commonly called Blind Harry, on account of his being blind from his birth, chiefly from the Latin chronicles of Blair, one of the companions of Wallace, of which no manuscripts have been found. The first edition was printed at Edinburgh in 1570, 4to. It was abridged and modernized by Lieutenant William Hamilton of Gilbertfield, one of the poetical correspondents of Allan Ramsay, in 1722. The popularity which it obtained among the peasantry has been for some time declining, with the change of the manners and habits of the common people. As the homage of the united kingdom to the heroic virtues of the glorious defender of his country, Mr Finlay's 'Wallace, or the Vale of Ellerslie,' 12mo, Glasgow, 1804, Miss Holford's 'Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk,' 8vo, London, 1810, and Miss Porter's 'Scottish Chiefs,' 5 vols 8vo, 1810, may be reckoned no inconsiderable circumstance of his fame.

a surgeon of extensive practice, and a man of good sense, integrity, and benevolence.*

Being born to the prospect of no hereditary riches, and brought up amidst scenes which chiefly recalled the memory of warriors and military exploits, he had early imbibed romantic ideas, and expressed a strong inclination for the profession of arms, rather than the profession which sent him

> "To wait on Pain, and silent arts to urge,
> Inglorious†."

But the particular bias which his mind had received from early impression, was thwarted by his situation; for his eldest brother having chosen the profession of a soldier, his grandfather prudently discouraged the inclination he expressed to follow his brother's example, thinking he should be able to promote their advancement in separate professions more effectually than in the same line.

During his apprenticeship, he studied anatomy and medicine, under the different professors of the university, with sufficient diligence and reputation. Their lectures, however, did not engross his whole attention. He found leisure to cultivate the study of general literature, particularly the belles lettres and poetry; and found opportunities also of enlarging his knowledge of the characters of mankind, which afterwards became his favourite study on a larger theatre.

Although, at so early a period of life, he was liable to very great mistakes in judging of the characters of mankind, yet he began to direct the edge of his boyish satire against such scanty shoots of affectation and ridicule as were produced in a city enriched by commerce, and enlightened by its university. The shafts of his wit were not even then confined to the coquetry and

* Mr Gordon, a few years after, having received a *diploma* from the University of Glasgow, practised with great reputation as a physician. Smellett is supposed, in spite of the most incompatible circumstances, to have drawn the character of this worthy man, under the name of *Potion*, in his *Roderick Random*. In the character of *Bramble*, in his *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, he declares his real opinion of him in the following terms:—"I was introduced to Dr Gordon, a patriot of a truly noble spirit, who is the father of the linen manufactory in that place, and was the great promoter of the city work-house, infirmary, and other works of public utility. Had he lived in ancient Rome, he would have been honoured with a statue at the public expense."

† Pleasures of the Imagination, b. i. ver. 72.

foppery of the youthful and fashionable only, but were sometimes aimed at the selfishness and hypocrisy of the more formal and serious part of the citizens, among whom the chief means of acquiring importance were the possession of wealth, and the decent observance of the duties of religion.

These early productions of his muse afforded much entertainment to his young companions, but they gave offence to many pious and industrious persons, who were unjustly accused of being hypocrites, and exposed to his satire. Some of them, it is said, possessed a considerable portion of that species of humour for which he was afterwards so much distinguished. None of them, however, have been thought worthy of preservation.*

His boyish frolics, in which he displayed a boldness of invention, and a spirit of enterprise, exceeding the usual limits of youthful eccentricity and juvenile adventure, were long remembered in the place of his education, and corroborated an opinion which prevailed soon after the publication of the *Adventures of Roderick Random*, that the novel contained the real history of the chief incidents of the early part of his life.

One of his juvenile frolics, related by Dr Moore, from the information of one of his earliest comrades, is much in the style of the boyish pranks of *Roderick Random*.

"On a winter evening, when the streets were covered with snow, Smollett happened to be engaged in a snow-ball fight with a few boys of his own age. Among his associates was the apprentice of that surgeon, who is supposed to have been delineated under the name of *Crab*, in *Roderick Random*. He entered his shop, while his apprentice was in the heat of the engagement. On the return of the latter, the master remonstrated severely with him for his negligence in quitting the shop. The youth excused himself by saying, that while he was employed in making up a prescription, a fellow had hit him with a snow-ball, and that he had been in pursuit of the delinquent. 'A mighty probable story truly,' said the master, in an ironical tone; 'I wonder how

* The late Mr Colquhoun of Camstraddan informed my friend, the late John Ramsay, Esq of Ochtertyre, that Smollett, while at college, wrote satires on his cousins. Mr Colquhoun promised Mr Ramsay copies of the satires which he had preserved, but could not find them at the time. He told Mr Ramsay, that Smollett's conversation was distinguished by vivacity, sarcasm, and epigrammatic facility.

long I should stand here,' added he, 'before it would enter into any mortal's head to throw a snow-ball at me!' While he was holding his head erect, with a most scornful air, he received a very severe blow in the face by a snow-ball. Smollett, who stood concealed behind the pillar at the shop-door, had heard the dialogue, and perceiving that his companion was puzzled for an answer, he extricated him, by a repartee equally smart and *a-propos*."*

While he prosecuted his studies in the university, and had already produced some verses that had met with a very favourable reception among his companions, he was tempted to try his powers in dramatic poetry, and wrote a tragedy, founded on the affecting circumstances, related by the historian of Scotland, of the horrid assassination of James I. by Sir Robert Stuart and Sir Robert Graham, and other accomplices of inferior rank, at the instigation of his uncle, the earl of Athol, in a monastery near Perth, as he sat at supper with the queen, after one of the maids of honour had fixed her arm as a bar, to prevent the assassins from entering the chamber, and the queen herself had interposed her body, and been repeatedly wounded in endeavouring to defend him.† This tragedy, which he afterwards published, under the title of *The Regicide, or James the First of Scotland*, may be

* Memoirs, &c. Works of Smollett, vol. i, p. 16. London, 1798.

† See *Buchan. Rerum Scotic. Histor.* lib. x. The circumstances that attended this amiable but unfortunate prince, are highly romantic. At the age of eleven, he was sent from home by his father, Robert III. to be reared in safety, in the court of France. In the voyage, he was intercepted by the English monarch, and detained a prisoner eighteen years. Care was taken, however, as he grew up, to instruct him in the knowledge and accomplishments suitable to his rank. Gifted, fortunately, with a poetic fancy, he found a solace of his captivity in the inspirations of the muse. In the spirit of poetry and romance, he fell in love with the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, whom he espoused, after he was released from his captivity, and who shared with surpassing tenderness and devotion, the joys and troubles of royalty, during a memorable reign of thirteen years. He was barbarously murdered in the 44th year of his age. The heroic lady who attended as maid of honour at the royal supper, was Catharine Douglas, afterwards married to Alexander Lovell of Ballumbie. The murderers were severely punished. The chief conspirators were made spectacles of public justice, by lingering and exquisite torments. The punishment of Athol was continued three days. After having been on the first day, so often hoisted and lowered by a rope, that all his bones were disjointed, he was, on the second day, crowned with a diadem of red-hot iron (in order to ridi-

justly regarded as an extraordinary production, at so early a period of his life.

Smollett was now in the eighteenth year of his age, and had hitherto been maintained in a decent manner by his grandfather, who, had he lived, would in all probability, have continued to support and push him forward in the world. At his grandfather's death, which happened about this period, he was in an unfortunate situation; for it was found, that Sir James had made little or no provision for the children of his youngest son. His elder brother was then with his regiment; his sister lived with her mother; but was soon after married to Mr Telfer, from which time Mrs Smollett commonly lived with her daughter, first at Leadhills, and afterwards at Scotston, and Edinburgh.

In 1739, at the age of nineteen, his apprenticeship being finished, and having gone through the usual course of education in the university for those who are intended for the profession of physic and surgery, he determined to leave Scotland, and try his fortune in London, the great field of genius and exertion. He set out, accordingly, to solicit employment in the army or navy, and to bring his tragedy upon the stage, with no other help than a small sum of money, a very large assortment of letters of recommendation, the fruitful resources of a mind stored with professional knowledge and general literature, a rich vein of humour, a lively imagination, and an engaging person and address.

On his arrival in London, his tragedy, he tells us, with some recommendations from his literary friends, "was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men, and, like other orphans, neglected accordingly. Stung with resentment, which I mistook for contempt, I resolved to punish this barbarous indifference, and actually discarded my patron; consoling myself with the barren praise of a few associates, who, in the most indefatigable manner, employed their time

cule a prophecy relating to his wearing a crown), and on the third, he was executed as a traitor. Stuart was only hanged and quartered; but Graham, looked on as the worst of the three, was tortured with diabolical ingenuity. The horror conceived at the atrocity of this last assassin, gave birth to a proverb, of which the loyalty is more conspicuous than the poetry,

Robert Grahame,
That slew our king,
God give him shame.

and influence in collecting from all quarters observations on my piece, which, in consequence of those suggestions, put on a new appearance almost every day, until my occasions called me out of the kingdom."*

Although his friends were unsuccessful in using their influence to get his tragedy recommended to the managers of the theatres, they succeeded in procuring for him the situation of surgeon's mate to a ship of the line, according to the forms, and, it may be, under some of the particular circumstances so minutely described in his *Adventures of Roderick Random*.†

At this time, the government, in order to appease the resentment of the people, incited by the clamour of the leaders of a party in parliament, against the depredations of the Spaniards, had declared war against Spain, and were equipping a powerful armament at Portsmouth, destined to join the squadron under Admiral Vernon at Jamaica, and annoy the trade and settlements of the enemy in the West Indies.

In the office of surgeon's mate, Smollett acted on board the Cumberland,‡ one of the largest ships of the armament destined for the West Indies, which sailed from Spithead, under the command of sir Chaloner Ogle, October 26, 1740, and arrived at Jamaica, January 9, 1741, having sustained an irreparable loss during the voyage, by the death of lord Cathcart,§ who commanded the land forces, a nobleman of distinguished valour, capacity, and experience, the command devolving on general Wentworth, an officer of inadequate knowledge, authority, and resolution.

Admiral Vernon having assumed the command of the combined squadrons, and being at the head of the most formidable fleet

* *Preface to the Regicide.*

† *Chap XVI XVII.*

‡ The name of Smollett, cut by himself in the timber of the Cumberland, was shewn long after as a memorial of his service

§ The fate of this nobleman was lamented at the time, in an elegiac poem, written in classical Greek and Latin, by Robert Hunter, A M. afterwards professor of Greek in the university of Edinburgh, entitled, "Questus funebris in obitum summi viri Cathcartis in expeditione ad Indos Occidentales sub regis Britannici auspiciis imperatoris: qui obiit ad insulam Dominicam xiii. kal. Jan. 1740." Edin. 8vo, 1741

and army that ever visited the West Indies,* immediately proceeded on an expedition against Carthagena, on the continent of New Spain; but he performed nothing worthy of the reputation he had acquired by the bombardment of Portobello with six ships only;† the operations of the armament were marked by folly and irresolution, the troops perished by sickness and despair, and the enterprize was abandoned as impracticable.

Of the unfortunate expedition against Carthagena, Smollett wrote a brief but spirited account, which he inserted in his *Adventures of Roderick Random*, and afterwards published a more ample and circumstantial narrative in his *Compendium of Voyages*, distinguished by so much acuteness of observation and depth of reflection, that many have thought that it would have been for the advantage of the nation, if, instead of assisting a surgeon, he had had some share in conducting the expedition, and that some of those who conducted the expedition had been employed in the cockpit.‡

The failure of this expedition, which frustrated the hopes of the nation, Smollett ascribes, from actual observation, to the incapacity and misconduct of the commanders. "The admiral was a man of weak understanding, strong prejudices, boundless arrogance, and over-boiling passions; and the general, though he had some parts, was wholly defective in point of experience, confidence, and resolution."§

The armament returned to Jamaica about the end of April, exhibiting a spectacle of misery and disgrace. Smollett having conceived a disgust at the drudgery and vexation to which his professional duty exposed him, quitted the service, though he had

* The combined squadrons consisted of 29 ships of the line, with almost an equal number of frigates, fire-ships, and bomb-ketches. The number of seamen amounted to 15,000; that of the land-forces, including the American regiment of four battalions, did not fall short of 12,000.

† Vernon was the idol of a party, and praised by the poets of the time, who seem to have mistaken his character. Glover's "Hosier's Ghost," and Thomson's "Britannia," had considerable effect in inciting the resentment of the nation against the Spaniards.

‡ I have it on the authority of Kirkpatrick Williamson Burnet, Esq. of Monboddo, that the late general Horn, who served in the expedition against Carthagena, and who knew Smollett well, thought his account of the expedition, given in *Roderick Random*, very accurate and faithful in every particular.

§ *Account of the Expedition against Carthagena.*

a certainty of being promoted, and resided for some time in Jamaica, where he obtained professional employment, and became acquainted with Miss Anne Lascelles, a native of the island, a beautiful and accomplished woman, well known, and universally respected, whom he afterwards married.

In fixing his residence in Jamaica, it is probable he was determined, not so much from a desire to accumulate wealth, the common concern of all, by practising a gainful profession, as from a desire to observe the peculiar characters of mankind in a new scene, and of improving his growing attachment for Miss Lascelles into a reciprocal affection, which gave birth to the exquisitely beautiful and pathetic verses addressed to *Narcissa*, in his *Adventures of Roderick Random*.*

But, whatever may have been his motives for lingering in the enchanted island, which held the charms that captivated his heart, it is certain he was soon disgusted with the scene of domestic slavery, the grave of so many Europeans, and returned to England, without any considerable portion of wealth, some time before 1746, when he settled in London, and practised surgery, after having improved himself, as he informs us, by travelling in France and foreign countries. Of his travels on the continent at this period of his life nothing is certainly known.

In soliciting employment as a surgeon in London, Smollett possessed advantages superior to many of his more fortunate rivals, not only by his having received a liberal academical education, improved by foreign travel, but by the experience he had acquired in the service of the navy, where the profession of physic and surgery is necessarily conjoined, and by his practice in the West Indies, where the subdivision of the business of a medical practitioner into different departments, which obtains in England, is unknown.

Thus qualified by study, and accomplished by practice, he came forward, among others, as a candidate for employment in the city, in dependence on the patronage of his countrymen, and the aid of his political and literary connections. But the success he experienced, seems to have been disproportionate to his pretensions, and inadequate to his exertions, which were sometimes aided by the good offices of his friends, and sometimes interrupted by his own social and literary propensities.

* *Chap. XL.*

Among his countrymen of the medical profession, he was so fortunate, at this time, as to be cordially connected with Dr Clephane, Dr Macaulay, Dr Dickson, afterwards physician to the London hospital, Dr Hunter, the celebrated anatomist, and Dr Armstrong, author of the admirable didactic poem, "The Art of preserving Health." With the latter he lived on the most intimate footing of private friendship during the subsequent part of his life.

This year was rendered remarkable by a rash attempt to restore the house of Stuart to the throne, which elevated the hopes of the Jacobites, and excited the scorn and indignation of the free and loyal people of Britain. The accounts circulated at the time in England, of the excessive severities exercised upon the Highlanders, after the memorable victory obtained over the rebels by the duke of Cumberland at Culloden, though probably exaggerated, excited Smollett's indignation, and awakened those affectionate feelings which he ever retained for his native country.

He had been bred a whig, and the natural independent turn of his mind was congenial to the early principles in which he was educated; but when he reflected on the sufferings of the misguided adherents of the unfortunate house of Stuart, the sensibility of his heart gave him the feelings of a Jacobite; ideas of national independence arose in his mind, and he expressed his resentment of his country's fate in his pathetic and sublime ode, *The Tears of Scotland*, beginning,

"Mourn, hapless Caledonia! mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!"

Some copies of the ode, which consisted originally of six stanzas, having been imprudently circulated in London, with the name of the author, his friends, thinking it might offend the leaders of the whig party, advised him to suppress it, or conceal his being the author; but the caution of his advisers made him avow it more openly; and, after the remonstrances to suppress it, he added the seventh stanza, beginning,

"While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat*."

* The ode was printed, without the author's name, in "A collection of the most esteemed pieces of poetry that have appeared for some years, with variety of originals," &c. 12mo; Richardson and Urquhart, 1767, 1770; commonly, but erroneously, ascribed to Moses Mendez, Esq. who died in 1758.

Such is the account of the composition of this ode, as given by Dr Moore, and which seems sufficiently credible; though, from the following anecdote concerning it, communicated by the late Robert Graham, Esq. of Gartmore, to Professor Richardson of Glasgow, it will appear that there are some objections to the credibility of this statement.

"Some gentlemen having met at a tavern, were amusing themselves before supper with a game at cards; while Smollett, not chusing to play, sat down to write. One of the company* observing his earnestness, asked him if he was not writing verses. He accordingly read to them the first sketch of his *Tears of Scotland*, consisting only of six stanzas; and on their remarking that the termination of the poem, being too strongly expressed, might give offence to persons whose political opinions were different, he made no reply, but, with an air of great indignation, subjoined the concluding stanza†."

This anecdote, which Mr Graham received from one of those who were present when the incident occurred, it would seem, might easily be reconciled to Dr Moore's account, except in the circumstance of the extemporaneous composition of the ode, which it strips of probability, and invests with wonder; for how could Smollett concentrate his faculties to a particular subject, clothe his conceptions in elegant and vigorous language, and adorn them with spontaneous imagery, amidst the conviviality of a tavern? Making every allowance for powers of mind exceedingly prolific, and habits of composition which never knew the frigid poet's toil and pain, still there are bounds which we must set to our belief on this head; for we cannot suppose Smollett so happy in his genius, that his unpremeditated effusions should appear as strong and perfect as those which he planned at his leisure, fashioned with minute carefulness, and finished by gradual enlargement and progressive improvement. This, therefore, seems to be most probable with respect to the production in question, that, during his abstraction from company, he commited to paper, for the inspection of his friends, not the sudden effu-

* The late Thomas Buntine, Esq. of the island of Jamaica, second son of Mr Buntine, of Bowglass, in Stirlingshire, who was nominated by Smollett to be one of his trustees.

† Richardson's Poems and Plays, vol. i. p. 125.

sion of his mind, heated by indignation, but a preconceived series of verses, matured by meditation, and polished by reflection*.

There is no reason to suppose that Smollett entertained any wish for the restoration of the house of Stuart; but the recollection of fallen greatness, and of the heroic valour worthy of a better cause, which vainly strove to maintain it, mingling with his nationality and romantic sensibility, seems to have perverted his political principles, and made him a keen opponent of the whig ministers of George II. whom he considered as the enemies of his country, and stigmatized as a set of selfish sordid knaves, though they were associated in the support of that constitution which their ancestors established at the era of the revolution, and gave additional security to liberty, by the suppression of the rebellion in favour of the pretender, and by maintaining the protestant succession in the house of Hanover.

In autumn 1746, Smollett began his literary career, and published, without his name, *Advice, a Satire*, in 4to. The plan of this performance is similar to that of Pope's "Apology for Satire;" a dialogue is supposed to be carried on between the *Poet* and his *Friend*, who is represented as giving him advice, to which he answers with great spirit; and, in his replies, attacks, with all the severity of Juvenal, several individuals of rank and fortune, who were suspected of some of the most odious vices of the times; and indulges his ironical vein, with no small degree of freedom, in pointing out, to the scorn and reproach of the nation, the most powerful persons at that time in the administration of the government,

> ——— "The question only, whether
> These names and virtues ever dwelt together †."

* It is some consolation to men of ordinary genius, that some of the most eminent English poets seem to have wanted the surprising faculty of writing verses extemporaneously, and not to have given much credit to those who profess to exercise it. It can hardly be doubted but that Waller intended a censure on compositions of this kind, in this well-known verse—

> "Lines not composed as heretofore in haste,
> Polish'd like marble, shall like marble last."

There is a tradition that Dryden finished his Ode on the Power of Music, the most unrivalled of his compositions, at one sitting Admitting the anecdote to be as true as it is curious, it is not to be understood that the ode was not afterwards reconsidered, retouched, and corrected.

† The names of the dukes of Newcastle and Grafton, the earls of Bath, Granville, and Cholmondeley, sir William Yonge, and Mr Pitt, "th' unshaken Abdiel," are pointed out by the *Friend*, who holds this dialogue with the *Poet* in a manner not to be mistaken.

This performance, though possessed of much poetical merit, gave great uneasiness to those who wished well to Smollett; as, from its peculiar acrimony, it was far more calculated to injure his self-happiness, by raising him powerful enemies, than to advance his reputation by the display of his talent in satire.

The talent of prying into the follies and vices of mankind, though frequently useful to the public, is always dangerous to the possessor. The satirist cannot declaim against the world, without dreading some retribution; in the full career of triumph, he trembles at the thought of being hated by those he pretends to despise, and commonly meets with the contempt he so liberally bestows.

Smollett was aware of the danger and obloquy attending the office of a general satirist, and of the resentment which his poem might kindle in the breasts of indviduals; but he was little influenced, through the whole course of his life, by considerations of prudence, and never intimidated from avowing his sentiments of public men, from the fear of making powerful enemies.

Soon after the appearance of this satire, he wrote for Mr Rich, at that time manager of Covent-garden theatre, an opera, entitled *Alceste;* but a dispute taking place between the author and the manager, it was never acted nor printed. The music to this opera was composed by Handel, who, finding that no use was intended to be made of it, afterwards adapted it to Dryden's lesser "Ode for St Cecilia's day."*

About the beginning of the year 1747, he published *Reproof, a Satire*, in 4to, a second part of the former, and written with equal energy of expression, and acrimony of censure.† In this satire he unkennels, and lashes with redoubled severity, the whole pack of military cowards, army contractors, usurers, gamesters, poetasters, pimps, and prostitutes; and not only renews his attack upon an unpopular general of that time,

"The vanquish'd knight, who triumphed in his trial,"‡

but also exposes the proceedings of the board of inquiry who acquitted him, in a strain of allegorical sarcasm and invective that cannot easily be exceeded.

* Hawkins's History of Music, vol. i. p. 28; vol. v. p. 324.

† A new edition of *Advice and Reproof, two satires*, &c. was printed together, for W. Owen, 4to, 1748.

‡ Sir John Cope. *Smoll.*

His recent quarrel with Mr Rich obtained for him the distinction of being mentioned for his peculiar excellence in the composition of those performances which demand show and expense:—

"Fraught with the spirit of a Gothic monk,
Let Rich, with dulness and devotion drunk,
Enjoy the peal, so barbarous and loud,
While his brain pours new monsters on the crowd." *

Mr Rich had felt the shafts of Pope's satire before,† and was not of a temper to be much disturbed by Smollett's vengeance, which only injured himself, as it procured him the enmity of a manager of one of the theatres, at a time when his friends were using their influence to get his tragedy acted, when he was yet unknown in the town, and when his pecuniary resources were very slender.

At this period, his tender attachment for Miss Lascelles, which began in the island of Jamaica, and had been endeared by a long reciprocal affection, was at length rewarded by the possession of her hand, and the enjoyment of a comfortable though moderate, estate in that island.

The marriage ceremony was performed in London, and to a person in Smollett's circumstances, the fortune of his wife made it a desirable connection; but it proved less happy, in many respects, than might be expected from his union with a woman of an affectionate disposition, and an elegant mind.

He now hired a genteel house, and lived in a style of elegance and hospitality, agreeable to his own generous disposition, and suitable to the taste and education of his wife, in dependence on the produce of her estate, which, being liable to the casualties incident to West-Indian property, the remittances were precarious and uncertain, and, under every kind of management, a perpetual source of vexation and disappointment.

* *Reproof.*

† "And look'd, and saw a sable sorc'rer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies;
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horned fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on earth,
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth;
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all." *Dunciad, Book III.*

In the beginning of the year 1748, he renewed his commerce with the press, and published the *Adventures of Roderick Random*, in 2 vols 12mo.* an historical novel, executed upon the plan of Le Sage's "Adventures of Gil Blas," which had a rapid and extensive sale, and by which he acquired more reputation than money.†

This novel was supposed, at the time of its appearance, to contain the real history of the author's life, the incidents and characters only altered and disguised in some of the circumstances, to prevent application being made to himself or his acquaintance.

The adventures in which Smollett was engaged during his early youth, were easily found in the boyish pranks of *Roderick Random*. *Crab* and *Potion*, the two apothecaries, were believed and asserted to have been intended for two respectable surgeons in Glasgow. *Squire Gawky* was a character well known in that part of the kingdom where the scene is laid. *Captains Oakum* and *Whiffle* were also said to be real persons. A bookbinder and barber are said to have long contended for being designed under the ideal character of *Strap*, but their names are now forgotten.‡

In the story of *Melopoyn*, the severe reflections which are directed against the theatrical managers, Mr Lacy and Mr Garrick, who are designed under the characters of *Brayer* and *Marmoset*, confirm the opinion which prevailed at the time, that *Melopoyn's* tragedy and Smollett's were the same.

Although Smollett has not, in every instance, been sufficiently careful to prevent such application, yet the only resemblance between the circumstances of his own fortune, and those he has attributed to *Roderick Random*, consists in his being born of a respectable family in Scotland, in his being bred a surgeon, and having serv-

* The first edition was published, March 28th, 1748, by J. Osborne, Paternoster-row, with humorous frontispieces, by Hayman, and engraved by Grignion. The *Apologue*, which follows the *Preface*, was not inserted in the early editions.

† On the first appearance of this novel, it was attributed by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to the celebrated author of "Tom Jones." In a letter to her daughter, the countess of Bute, she observes, "Fielding has really a fund of true humour. I guessed *R. Random* to be his, though without his name."—Works of Lady M. W. Montagu, v. iv. p. 261.

‡ It has been lately claimed for Mr Hugh Hewson, who died in London in 1809.

ed as a surgeon's mate on board a man of war, during the expedition against Carthagena. The other circumstances in the story of *Roderick Random* are so different from those which belonged to the author himself, that he believed the application would never have been made. The father of *Roderick Random*, for example, is met by his son in the Spanish West Indies; the father of Smollett died before the latter left Scotland. *Roderick Random* is the only child of his parents; Smollett had a brother, and sister. The mother of *Roderick Random* has a brother, who is a lieutenant in the navy, one of the most distinguished characters in the work; Smollett had no uncle in the navy. Many other incompatible circumstances convinced Smollett that his own character and those of his relations would not be confounded with the persons described in his *Adventures of Roderick Random*.

The same year, he published a *new translation* of M. Le Sage's *Adventures of Gil Blas*, in 4 vols 12mo, *with thirty-three copper-plates*, which quickly supplanted the former translation,* and continues to be a favourite book with readers of every description.

In the year 1749, the tragedy of *The Regicide*, after having been exposed during a period of ten years to the censure of critics of all degrees, and, "after a cajoling dream of good fortune," finally rejected by the managers of the theatres, was published in 8vo, upon the encouragement of a liberal subscription.

To this unfortunate play, which is certainly superior in merit to most of the dramatic productions of that period, he prefixed a *preface*, in which, with persevering bitterness, he complains, as he had done before in *Roderick Random*, of the insolence of pretended patrons, and the duplicity of theatrical managers, and dwells with a tedious and unavailing minuteness, on the numerous difficulties and disappointments he encountered in attempting to get it represented on the stage.

"I and my production were introduced to a late patentee, of courteous memory, who found means to amuse me a whole season, and then declared it impracticable to bring it on till next year, advising me to make my application more early in the winter, that we might have time to concert such alterations as should be thought necessary for its successful appearance on the stage. But I did not find my account in following this wholesome ad-

* The fourth edition was printed for Messrs Tonson, in 3 vols 12mo, 1733.

vice; for to me he was always less and less at leisure. In short, after sundry promises, and many evasions, in the course of which he practised upon me the whole art of procrastination, I demanded his final answer, with such obstinacy and warmth, that he could no longer resist my importunity, and refused my tragedy in plain terms—Not that he mentioned any material objections to the piece itself, but seemed to fear my interest was not sufficient to support it in the representation; affirming, that no dramatic composition, however perfect, could succeed with an English audience by its own merit, but must entirely depend upon a faction raised in its behalf."*

The uncandid and unjust reflections into which the warmth and impetuosity of his temper hurried him on this occasion against patrons and patentees he afterwards regretted; and, in handsome terms, retracted the hasty expressions of his disappointment, in giving a sketch of the characters of lord Lyttleton and Mr Garrick, the principal objects of his resentment, in his *History of England.*

In the course of this year, he took the degree of doctor in medicine, and became a candidate for fame and fortune as a physician; but the university, whether foreign or domestic, from which he obtained this distinction, and returned the honour he received, is not certainly known. The researches which have hitherto been made, have not discovered his name, as might be expected, in the list of graduates in the university of Glasgow, or the other Scottish universities.

In the summer of 1750, Smollett went to Paris, whether for the first time or not is uncertain, to survey the characters of mankind on a new theatre, and in greater variety than he had hitherto had any opportunity of viewing them in the capital of England.

At Paris he formed an acquaintance with Mr Hunter of Burnside, and some other Scottish gentlemen, who had been engaged in the rebellion of 1745, and renewed his acquaintance with Dr Moore of Glasgow, who had been introduced to him in England, and accompanied him in some excursions to St Cloud, Versailles, and other places in the environs of the capital of France.

Though Smollett was an accurate observer of human nature,

* *Preface to the Regicide.*

and an acute investigator of character, yet he had imbibed some of the common English prejudices against the French nation, of which he never got entirely free. He never attained the power of speaking their language with facility, which prevented him from mixing in their society, and deciding from his own observation on their national character.

The success attending his novel of *Roderick Random* having encouraged him to exercise his abilities in that species of composition, he wrote about this time his *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, with *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*, which was published in 1751, in 4 vols 12mo, and received with such extraordinary avidity, that a very large impression was quickly sold in England, another was bought up in Ireland, a translation was executed into the French language, and it soon made its appearance in a *second edition*, with an apologetical *Advertisement* and *Two Letters*, relating to *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, sent to the editor by a Person of Honour*, inserted at the beginning of the second volume.

In the *Advertisement* prefixed to the new edition he complains bitterly of the arts and industry that were used to stifle *Peregrine Pickle* in the birth, by certain booksellers and others, who were at uncommon pains to misrepresent the work, and calumniate the author.

"It was the author's duty, therefore," he says, "as well as his interest, to oblige the public with this edition, which he has endeavoured to render less unworthy of their acceptance, by retrenching the superfluities of the first, reforming its manners, and correcting its expression. Divers uninteresting incidents are wholly suppressed; some humorous scenes he has endeavoured to heighten; and he flatters himself that he has expunged every adventure, phrase, and insinuation that could be construed by the most delicate reader into a trespass upon the rules of decorum.

"He owns with contrition, that, in one or two instances, he gave way too much to the suggestion of personal resentment, and represented characters, as they appeared to him at that time, through the exaggerating medium of prejudice. But he has in this impression endeavoured to make atonement for these extravagancies. Howsoever he may have erred in point of judgment or discretion, he defies the whole world to prove that he was ever guilty of one act of malice, ingratitude, or dishonour. This de-

claration he may be permitted to make, without incurring the imputation of vanity or presumption, considering the numerous shafts of envy, rancour, and revenge, that have lately, both in public and private, been levelled at his reputation."

In the *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, Smollett observed the same historical arrangement which, in imitation of Le Sage, he has adopted in the *Adventures of Roderick Random*; and inserted in it, as he had done in his former novel, many real incidents and characters, exhibited sometimes with the fidelity of history, and sometimes in the broad style of caricature.

The *Memoirs of a Lady Quality*, the materials of which *Lady Vane**, the subject of the narrative, herself furnished, and for inserting which Smollett received a very handsome reward, excited much attention at that time, and contributed greatly to the success of *Peregrine Pickle*.

To the fate of this lady, who in personal charms and accomplishments was reckoned inferior to no woman that had appeared in England in the eighteenth century, Dr Johnson has a striking allusion in his "Vanity of Human Wishes:"

> "Yet VANE could tell what ills from beauty spring,
> And SEDLEY cursed the form that pleased a king." †

Her life afforded a melancholy instance of the miseries inseparable from a misapplication of superior talents and elegant accomplishments. The misunderstandings, elopements, litigations, and

* The daughter of Francis Hawes, Esq. of Purley-hall, near Reading in Berkshire, one of the South-sea Directors in 1720. She was married about the beginning of 1732, at the age of seventeen, to Lord William Hamilton, who dying July 11, 1734, she married, May 19, 1735, Lord Viscount Vane, of the kingdom of Ireland, with whom she had various scandalous lawsuits. She died in London, March 31, 1788, in the seventy-second year of her age.

The anecdotes of *Lady Vane*, which are inserted in *Peregrine Pickle*, produced, "A letter to Lady V——, on her Memoirs in Peregrine Pickle," 8vo, 1751; "History of Lady Frail," by Dr Hill, 12mo, 1751; "Parallel between the Character of Lady Frail, and the Lady of Quality in Peregrine Pickle," 8vo, 1751; and "Apology for the conduct of Lady Frail," 8vo, 1751; and other performances, now deservedly neglected.

† The allusion has been applied to another person, perhaps more correctly; yet it is not improbable that Dr Johnson might take his example from the scandalous chronicle of the day. Catharine, only daughter of sir Charles Sedley, Bart. though not handsome, had unfortunately captivated King James II. who created her baroness of Darlington and countess of Dorchester.

various disgraceful situations to which she exposed herself, are too well known to be concealed, but may now, with no impropriety, be buried in oblivion *

The story of the Scottish exiles, whom *Pickle* meets at Boulogne, on their return from their diurnal pilgrimage to the sea-side to view the white cliffs of Britain, which they were never more to approach, is attested by Dr Moore. Mr Hunter of Burnside was the individual among them who is mentioned as having wept bitterly over the misfortune of having involved a beloved wife and three children in misery and distress, and, in the impatience of his grief, having cursed his own fate with frantic imprecations. Dr Moore heard Mr Hunter express himself in this manner to Smollett, and at the same time relate the affecting visit which he and his companions daily made to the sea-side when they resided at Boulogne.

Among the several instances which are given in *Peregrine Pickle* of the arbitrary nature of the French government, and of the intolerable insolence of the higher classes of society towards the inferior, the story of the king's horse-dealer, who stabbed a barber for having accidentally cut his face in shaving, was much talked of at that time in Paris. Whether the barber actually died of his wound, as stated by Smollett, is not certainly known.

In the description of the painter, designed under the name of *Pallet* in this performance, Smollett glanced at the character of an English artist whom he met at Paris, and who used to declaim on the subject of *virtu*, and often used the following expression: "Paris is very rich in the arts; London is a Goth, and Westminster a Vandal, compared to Paris." This preference, with the pert manner of the man, disgusted Smollett, and he exhibited *Pallet* in *Peregrine Pickle.*

In the caricature of *Pallet's* companion, the *physician*, Dr Akenside, a man of superior genius, worth, and learning, he is less justifiable, in giving way to personal resentment, and representing his character as it appeared to him through the medium of political prejudice. His pique at Dr Akenside, according to Dr Moore's information, arose from some reflections he had thrown out against Scotland, after his return from Edinburgh, where he

* "Mr C. the little North Briton," the companion of Lord Berkeley, with whom Lady Vane lived and parted, was the late Mr Christie of Baberton.

had studied. However inexpiable such an offence may appear in the eyes of a young North Briton, the world in general will think it highly blameable to have given any grounds for the application of so ridiculous a character as the *physician* in *Peregrine Pickle*, to a man of so much genius and real worth as Dr Akenside.

In the interesting story of *Mr M——*, *Pickle's* fellow-prisoner in the Fleet, Smollett exhibited, in more favourable colouring, the character of his friend Daniel Mackercher, Esq. "the melting Scot*," a man well known, from the active and benevolent part he took in supporting the pretensions of Mr Annesly, the unfortunate claimant of the Anglesey title and estate†.

At this period Smollett resided occasionally at Bath, where he announced himself a candidate for employment as a physician, among the valetudinary visitants of that place, by a publication entitled, *An Essay on the external use of water, in a Letter to Dr ——, with particular remarks upon the present method of using the mineral waters in Bath, in Somersetshire, and a plan for rendering them more safe, agreeable, and efficacious;* 4to, 1752. This publication originated in a dispute then subsisting between Mr Cleland, a surgeon in Bath, and the opponents of that gentleman's plan for remedying certain inconveniencies relating to the baths of that place. Smollett engaged in it, as was his practice, with some warmth, in vindication of Mr Cleland, which does not seem the remotest design of his performance, but it contains sufficient proofs of his reading and reflection. In his method of using the waters at Bath, he advances several hypothetical objections against the supposed virtues of the mineral principles in hot springs, which he thinks have often, in the case of patients by bathing, usurped the reputation which was really due to the simple element. He prefers pure water, both for warm and cold bathing, in many cases; though he allows, that, in vapour bathing, the hot mineral springs may be used to more advantage than simple hot water.

This is the only performance in the line of his profession

* *Reproof, a Satire.*

† Smollett seems, by the following note, to have occasionally assisted Mr Mackercher in his distress. "I am much mortified that my rascally situation will not at present permit me to send more than the trifle inclosed, as nothing could give more pleasure than an opportunity of showing with how much friendship and esteem I am," &c.—European Magazine, vol. v.

which is known to have proceeded from his pen. Whatever may have been the immediate design of the performance, it was calculated, as might be expected, to advance his reputation as a man of science, according to the chemical knowledge of the time, but failed to conduct the physician to professional eminence and wealth.

In the practice of physic, Smollett, though possessed of superior endowments and eminent scientific qualifications, had the mortification, from whatever cause, to be unsuccessful, at a moment when perhaps the neglect he experienced was aggravated by the unaccountable success of many a superficial unqualified contemporary, reaping the harvest of wealth and reputation.

It has been supposed, that his want of success in a profession where merit cannot always insure fame and affluence, was owing to his failing to render himself agreeable to the fair sex, whose favour is certainly of great consequence to all candidates for eminence, whether in physic or divinity. But his figure and address, which were uncommonly elegant and prepossessing, and his unsullied manners, render this supposition highly improbable. It is more likely that his irritable temper, increased by the teasing and uncomfortable circumstances of the profession, and his contempt for the servility, cunning and quackery on the one hand, and the mysterious pedantry on the other, which the faculty practise, either from choice or necessity, were the real causes of his failure. It may be supposed also that his publications, as a general satirist and censor of manners, were far more calculated to retard his progress as a physician, than to augment his practice.

Having been disappointed, or perhaps too soon discouraged, in soliciting employment as a physician, he gave up all thoughts of practice, and resolved to assume the character and avocation of an author by profession, and to dedicate his life to the cultivation of general literature.

Accordingly, he now fixed his residence at Chelsea, a situation at a sufficient distance from London to prevent his literary occupations from being interrupted by too many visitors, and sufficiently near to permit him to see his friends at his intervals of leisure, and to preserve an easy communication with his employers.

As an author by profession, his genius, learning, and industry,

unaided by external help, were equally conspicuous in the several departments of novel-writing, of writing for the booksellers, of writing for the stage, and of writing for a party in the name of the community.

At the time he assumed the avocation of an author, the patronage of the court and of the nobility, which was conspicuous at a former period, and gave rise to a more refined taste in literature and the arts, had fallen into disuse; and authors of literary productions of intrinsic and original merit, depended chiefly on the public, whose taste and interest they consulted, for the remuneration of their labours.

Some writers, indeed, of considerable merit, in the department of poetry and polite literature, that species of learning and talent which has been most favoured by monarchs and the great, were rewarded by the government, though not in the splendid style of former times; but the motive for their remuneration was not their literary merit only, but the influence of their names, in giving currency to certain political opinions among the people.

Smollett, in the progress of his authorship, experienced no substantial encouragement from the whig administration of George II. to which he was almost uniformly and often indecently hostile; and his partiality for the tory party failed to procure him the liberal patronage of the leaders of opposition, at the end of the last reign. The enmity of the theatrical managers, which he had drawn on himself, as well as that of the state managers, precluded him from the encouragement he might have expected in dramatic poetry, which is the most profitable branch of literature, and comes immediately under the patronage of the public.

The booksellers were his principal resource for employment and subsistence; for them he held the pen of a ready writer, in the walk of general literature, comprehending compilations, translations, criticism, and miscellaneous essays, and towards him they were always as liberal as the patronage of the public enabled them to be. They were almost his only patrons; and indeed a more generous set of men can hardly be pointed out in the trading world. By their liberality, wit and learning have perhaps received more ample, more substantial encouragement, than from all their princely or noble patrons. Accusations, indeed, of injustice, selfishness, and meanness, have been long reiterat-

ed against them by disappointed authors, and in some instances, they may be well founded; but the large sums which have been paid for manuscripts by the booksellers of London, in the course of the eighteenth century, are sufficient to rescue the venders of literature from the reproach of suffering the dispensers of knowledge to consume themselves in the operation.*

In the year 1753, he published his *Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, in 2 vols. 12mo. This novel was not so generally read on its first appearance, and has not since obtained such an extensive popularity as his former novels. The principal character is chosen from the circles of treachery and fraud, and exhibited in a series of vicious actions which excite the reader's abhorrence. *Fathom* is not less amiable and interesting than either *Random* or *Pickle*, who unite agreeable qualities with profligate manners, but he is utterly void of principle, perfidious, and superlatively wicked. In the *Dedication to Dr* *****, evidently himself, he makes an apology for following a character of this kind through the intricacies of fraud, and justifies the introduction of vicious characters into works of fiction, by rendering them detestable and odious, with considerable energy and effect.

"Let me not therefore be condemned for having chosen my principal character from the purlieus of treachery and fraud, when I declare that my purpose is to set him up as a beacon for the benefit of the inexperienced and unwary, who, from the perusal of these memoirs, may learn to avoid the manifold snares with which they are continually surrounded in the paths of life, while those who hesitate on the brink of iniquity may be terrified from plunging into that irremediable gulf, by surveying the deplorable fate of *Ferdinand Count Fathom*."

The self-accusation of *Fathom*, on a retrospective view of his conduct, affords a striking but melancholy proof, drawn

* The list of fortunate authors includes some of the greatest names of the last century, Pope, Johnson, Smollett, Blackstone, Hume, Robertson, Smith, Blair, Hawkesworth, Gibbon, Beattie, Ferguson, &c. In the present century, the remuneration which authors have received from our Cadells, Longmans, Murrays, and Constables, has redoubled the liberality of the Lintots, Tonsons, Millars, and Dodsleys of the last age.

from the genuine compunctions of human nature, that the representation of such a character may serve the purposes of morality.

" To what purpose have I deserted the paths of integrity and truth, and exhausted a fruitful imagination in contriving schemes to betray my fellow-creatures; if, instead of acquiring a splendid fortune, which was my aim, I have suffered such a series of misfortunes, and at last brought myself to the brink of inevitable destruction? By a virtuous exertion of those talents I inherit from nature and education, I might, long before this time, have rendered myself independent, and perhaps conspicuous in life; I might have grown up like a young oak, which, being firmly rooted in its kindred soil, gradually raises up its lofty head, expands its leafy arms, projects a noble shade, and towers the glory of the plain; I should have paid the debt of gratitude to my benefactors, and made their hearts sing with joy for the happy effects of their benevolence; I should have been a bulwark to my friends, a shelter to my neighbours in distress; I should have run the race of honour, seen my fame diffused like a sweet-smelling odour, and felt the ineffable pleasure of doing good: Whereas I am, after a vicissitude of disappointments, dangers, and fatigues, reduced to misery and shame, aggravated by a conscience loaded with treachery and guilt.

" I have abused the confidence and generosity of my patron: I have defrauded his family, under the mask of sincerity and attachment: I have taken the most cruel and base advantages of virtue in distress; I have seduced unsuspecting innocence to ruin and despair: I have violated the most sacred trust reposed in me by my friend and benefactor: I have betrayed his love, torn his noble heart asunder, by means of the most perfidious slander and false insinuations: and, finally, brought to an untimely grave the fairest pattern of human perfection. Shall the author of these crimes pass with impunity? Shall he hope to prosper in the midst of such enormous guilt? It were an imputation on Providence to suppose it. Ah, no! I begin to feel myself overtaken by the eternal justice of Heaven! I totter on the edge of wretchedness and woe, without one friendly hand to save me from the terrible abyss."*

* *Chap. LVI.*

The history of a law-suit, inserted in this performance, seems to have drawn on Smollett, at the time of its appearance, the resentment of the lawyers; a class of men whom he found as dangerous to offend as the managers of the state, and of the theatres.

Soon after the appearance of *Count Fathom*, he displayed the impetuosity of his temper by the rash manner in which he chastised his countryman, Mr Peter Gordon, who had behaved towards him with rudeness and ingratitude. A simple blow, given to this person, after repeated provocation, and that of the most flagrant kind, was exaggerated by him and his counsel into an intended assassination; and a prosecution in the King's-Bench commenced accordingly. Of that intention he was honourably acquitted by the decision of an upright judge, and the good sense of an English jury, who, in spite of all the artifices of calumny, and the misrepresentations of malice, distinguished between a premeditated assault, and the sudden impulse of a gentleman, in repelling unprovoked rudeness, by a stroke with a cane across the shoulders.

The honourable Alexander Hume-Campbell,* the prosecutor's counsel, having, in Smollett's opinion, exceeded the licence of the bar in intemperance of language, he drew up the following rough draught of a letter, demanding an adequate reparation for the injurious treatment he had received at his hands, which he communicated to his friend Mr Mackercher, with a note, dated Chelsea, Feb. 23, 1753, signifying his intention to send it to him, provided he thought it contained nothing actionable. It is not known whether the letter was ever sent to Mr Hume-Campbell, or whether he retracted what

* The only brother of the late earl of Marchmont, an eminent lawyer and parliamentary orator of that time. He assumed the surname of his mother, the daughter and heiress of sir George Campbell of Cessnock, and died in 1760. In conducting the prosecution against Smollett, M Hume-Campbell, himself a professed whig, might have recollected, with feelings of honourable Scottish pride, that his grandfather, Patrick Hume of Polwarth the first earl of Marchmont, and sir James Smollett of Bonhill, the grandfather of his ingenious and high-spirited countryman, sat in the same Convention of Estates, espoused the same political principles, and concurred in all the great public measures by which the glorious Revolution was effected, and the protestant succession established.

he had said to Smollett's prejudice on his receiving it; but the letter itself, whether it be considered as an indignant remonstrance, or a manly representation of the injustice he had done him, expressed with proper spirit and pointed freedom, is equally admirable:—

"I have waited several days, in hope of receiving from you an acknowledgment touching those harsh, unjustifiable, and, let me add, unmannerly expressions, which you have annexed to my name, in the court of King's-Bench, when you opened the cause depending between me and Peter Gordon; and, as I do not find that you have discovered the least inclination to retract what you have said to my prejudice, I have taken this method to refresh your memory, and to demand such satisfaction as a gentleman, injured as I am, has a right to claim.

"The business of a counsellor is, I apprehend, to investigate the truth in behalf of his client; but surely he has no privilege to blacken and asperse the character of the other party, without any regard to veracity or decorum. That you assumed this unwarrantable privilege in commenting upon your brief, I believe you will not pretend to deny, when I remind you of those peculiar flowers of elocution which you poured forth on that notable occasion.—First of all, in order to inspire the court with horror and contempt for the defendant, you gave the jury to understand, that you did not know this Dr Smollett; and, indeed, his character appeared in such a light, from the facts contained in your brief, that you never should desire to know him.—I should be glad to know of what consequence it could be to the cause, whether you did or did not know the defendant, or whether you had or had not an inclination to be acquainted with him.—Sir, this was a pitiful personality, calculated to depreciate the character of a gentleman to whom you was a stranger, merely to gratify the rancour of an abandoned fellow who had fee'd you to speak in his cause.—Did I ever seek your acquaintance, or court your protection?—I had been informed, that you was a lawyer of some reputation, and when the suit commenced, would have retained you for that reason, had not I been anticipated by the plaintiff; but, far from coveting your acquaintance, I never dreamed of exchanging a word with you on that or any other subject: you might therefore have spared your invidious declaration, until I had put it in your power, to mortify me with a repulse, which, upon

my honour, would never have been the case, were you a much greater man than you really are.—Yet this was not the only expedient you used to prepossess the jury against me.—You was hardy enough to represent me as a person devoid of all humanity and remorse; as a barbarous ruffian, who, in a cowardly manner, had, with two associates as barbarous as myself, called a peaceable gentleman out of his lodgings, and assaulted him in the dark, with intent to murder.—Such an horrid imputation, publicly fixed upon a person whose innocence you could hardly miss to know, is an outrage for which, I believe, I might find reparation from the law itself, notwithstanding the artful manner of qualifying the expression, by saying, *provided the facts can be proved.*—This low subterfuge may, for aught I know, screen you from a prosecution at law, but can never acquit in that court which every man of honour holds in his own breast. I say you must have known my innocence, from the weakness of the evidence which you produced, and with which you either was, or ought to have been, previously acquainted, as well as from my general character and that of my antagonist, which it was your duty to have learned—I will venture to say, you did know my character, and in heart believed me incapable of such brutality as you laid to my charge.—Surely I do not overrate my importance, in affirming that I am not so obscure in life as to have escaped the notice of Mr Hume-Campbell; and I will be bold enough to challenge him and the whole world, to prove one instance in which my integrity was called, or at least left, in question.—Have not I, therefore, reason to suppose, that, in spite of your own internal conviction, you undertook the cause of a wretch, whose ingratitude, villany, and rancour, are, I firmly believe, without example in this kingdom? that you magnified a slight correction, bestowed by his benefactor, in consequence of the most insolent provocation, into a deliberate and malicious scheme of assassination; and endeavoured, with all the virulence of defamation, to destroy the character, and even the life, of an injured person, who, as well as yourself, is a gentleman by birth, education, and profession? In favour of whom, and in consequence of what, was all this zeal manifested, all this slander exhausted, and all this scurrility discharged? Your client, whom you dignified with the title of esquire, and endeavoured to raise to the same footing with me in point of station and character, you knew to be an abject miscreant, whom my compassion and humanity

had lifted from the most deplorable scenes of distress; whom I had saved from imprisonment and ruin; whom I had clothed and fed for a series of years; whom I had occasionally assisted with my purse, credit, and influence.—You knew, or ought to have known, that, after having received a thousand marks of my benevolence, and prevailed upon me to indorse notes for the support of his credit, he withdrew himself into the verge of the court, and took up his habitation in a paltry alehouse, where he not only set me and the rest of his creditors at defiance, but provoked me, by scurrilous and insolent letters and messages to chastise him in such a manner as gave him a handle for this prosecution, in which you signalized yourself as his champion, for a very honourable consideration.—There is something so palpably ungrateful, perfidious, and indeed diabolical, in the conduct of the prosecutor, that, even in those degenerate days, I wonder how he could find an attorney to appear in his behalf. *O tempora! O mores!* —After having thus sounded the trumpet of obloquy in your preamble, and tortured every circumstance of the plaintiff's evidence to my detriment and dishonour, you attempted to subject me to the ridicule of the court, by asking a question of my first witness, which had no more relation to the cause, than if you had desired to know the name of his grandmother.—What title had you to ask of a tradesman, if he knew me to be an author? What affinity had this question with the circumstances of the assault? Was not this foreign to the purpose? Was it not impertinent, and proposed with a view to put me out of countenance; and to raise the laugh of the spectators at my expense? There, indeed, you was disappointed, as you frequently are in those little digressive efforts by which you make yourself remarkable.—Though I do not pretend to possess that superlative degree of effrontery by which some people make a figure at the bar, I have assurance enough to stand the mention of my works without blushing, especially when I despise the taste, and scorn the principles, of him who would turn them to my disgrace.—You succeeded, however, in one particular; I mean, in raising the indignation of my witness; of which you took all imaginable advantage, puzzling, perplexing, and brow-beating him, with artifice, eagerness, and insult, as overwhelmed him with confusion, and had well nigh deprived me of the benefit of his evidence—Luckily for me, the next gentleman who was called confirmed what

the other had swore, and proved, to the satisfaction of the judge and jury, and even to your own conviction, that this terrible deliberate assassination was no more than a simple blow given to a rascal, after repeated provocation, and that of the most flagrant kind; that no advantage was taken in point of weapons; and that two drabs, whom they had picked up for the purpose, had affirmed upon oath a downright falsehood, with a view to blast my reputation.—You yourself was so conscious of this palpable detection, that you endeavoured to excuse them by a forced explanation, which, you may depend upon it, shall not screen them from a prosecution for perjury. I will not say that this was like patronising a couple of gypsies who had forsworn themselves, consequently forfeited all title to the countenance, or indeed forbearance of the court; but this I will say, that your tenderness for them was of a piece with your whole behaviour to me, which I think was equally insolent and unjust; for, granting that you really supposed me guilty of an intended assassination before the trial began, you saw me, in the course of evidence, acquitted of that suspicion, and heard the judge insist upon my innocence in his charge to the jury, who brought in their verdict accordingly. Then, Sir, you ought in common justice to have owned yourself mistaken, or to have taken some other opportunity of expressing your concern for what you had said to my disadvantage; though even such an acknowledgment would not have been a sufficient reparation; because, before my witnesses were called, many persons left the court with impressions to my prejudice, conceived from the calumnies which they heard you espouse and encourage. On the whole, you opened the trial with such hyperbolical impetuosity, and conducted it with such particular bitterness and rancour, that every body perceived you was more than ordinarily interested; and I could not divine the mysterious bond of union that attached you to Peter Gordon, Esq. until you furnished me with a key to the whole secret, by that strong emphasis with which you pronounced the words, *Ferdinand Count Fathom.* Then I discovered the source of your good-will towards me, which is no other than the history of a law-suit inserted in that performance, where the author takes occasion to observe, that the counsel behaved like men of consummate abilities in their profession; exerting themselves with equal industry, eloquence, and erudition, in their endeavours to perplex the truth, brow-beat the

evidence, puzzle the judge, and mislead the jury.—Did any part of this character come home to your own conscience? or did you resent it as a sarcasm levelled at the whole bench without distinction? I take it for granted, this must have been the origin of your enmity to me; because I can recollect no other circumstance in my conduct, by which I could incur the displeasure of a man whom I scarce knew by sight, and with whom I never had the least dispute, or indeed concern. If this was the case, you pay a very scurvy compliment to your own integrity, by fathering a character which is not applicable to any honest man, and give the world to believe, that our courts of justice stand greatly in need of reformation. Indeed, the petulance, licence, and buffoonery of some lawyers, in the exercise of their function, are a reproach upon decency, and a scandal to the nation; and it is surprising that the judge, who represents his majesty's person, should suffer such insults upon the dignity of the place. But, whatever liberties of this kind are granted to the counsel no sort of freedom, it seems, must be allowed to the evidence, who, by-the-bye, are of much more consequence to the cause.—You will take upon you to divert the audience at the expense of a witness, by impertinent allusions to some parts of his private character and affairs; but if he pretends to retort the joke, you insult, abuse, and bellow against him, as an impudent fellow, who fails in his respect to the court. It was in this manner you behaved to my first witness, whom you first provoked into a passion by your injurious insinuations; then you took an advantage of the confusion which you had entailed upon him; and, lastly, you insulted him as a person who had shuffled in his evidence. This might have been an irreparable injury to the character of a tradesman, had not he been luckily known to the whole jury, and many other persons in court, as a man of unquestioned probity and credit. Sir, a witness has as good a right as you have to the protection of the court, and ought to have more; because evidence is absolutely necessary for the investigation of truth; whereas the aim of the lawyer is often to involve it in doubt and obscurity. Is it for this purpose you so frequently deviate from the point, and endeavour to raise the mirth of the audience with flat jokes and insipid similes? or have you really so miserably mistaken your own talents, as to set up for a man of humour?—For my own part, were I disposed to be merry, I should never desire a more

pregnant subject of ridicule than your own appearance and behaviour; but, as I am at present in a very serious mood, I shall content myself with demanding adequate reparation for the injurious treatment I have received at your hands; otherwise I will, in four days, put this letter in the press, and you shall hear, in another manner—not from a ruffian and an assassin—but from an injured gentleman, who is not ashamed of subscribing himself," &c.*

This attrocious prosecution, which was only disgraceful to Mr Gordon, and his accomplices, together with the loss of employment, pressed heavily on the finances of Smollett, at a time when he was involved in great difficulties, by the bankruptcy of a person for whom he had given his security for £186, and the failure of a remittance from some persons of the name of Harvey, in the East Indies, and of another of above £1000, from Mr Buntine, in Jamaica, upon which he had considerable dependence.

At this juncture, he found a seasonable alleviation of his distress in the kindness of his friend Dr Macaulay, which he had experienced before, and in the liberality of provost Drummond of Edinburgh, who gave him £100, for revising the manuscript of a work written by his brother, Alexander Drummond, Esq. entitled *Travels through Germany, Italy, Greece, &c.* which was printed in one volume folio, 1754.

In the difficulties which perplexed Smollett at this time, and to which his inconsiderate generosity and habitual disregard of the clear-sighted prudence that anticipates the evils of penury, made him liable, through the whole course of his life, he had recourse to the assistance of his relations in Scotland; and it seems probable, he might be indebted to his wealthy brother-in-law, Mr Telfer, through the powerful interposition of his mother and sister, for a temporary accommodation of money; though it appears, from the following paragraph, in his letter to Dr Macaulay, dated Chelsea, December 11, 1754, that it was not made with a promptitude suitable to the pressing necessity:—

* European Magazine, vol. v. The original letter was in the possession of the late Isaac Reed, Esq. editor of that valuable literary miscellany, and was by him inserted, with an original letter of Mrs Smollett, in a copy of the 4to edition of Smollett's *Don Quixote*, which was sold in the auction of his library, 1807. See *Bibliotheca Reediana*, &c. 8vo, p. 86.

"I have not had the least answer to the letter I wrote to Scotland, nor is one farthing arrived from Jamaica; circumstances which fill me with astonishment and consternation; and what increases my wonder is, to hear that Mr Telfer is, or was lately, at Edinburgh. I would still hope that a favourable answer might be received from that country; otherwise, methinks, they would have signified their refusal, as I pressed the thing in such strong terms. For my own part, I never was reduced to such a dilemma as I am now brought into, for I have promised to pay away tradesmen's bills to a considerable amount, by Christmas, and my credit absolutely depends upon my punctuality; nay, I am now in very great straits for present subsistence, as I have done nothing all the last summer but worked upon *Don Quixote*, for which I was paid five years ago."

Among his resources for immediate subsistence, he assisted his countryman, Dr Smellie, in the course of this year, in the composition of his *Treatise on Midwifery;* the result of his experience in the obstetrical art, of which he was the first who made the practice general among the men in our island.* The first volume of this popular work, printed in 8vo, 1751, and the second and third volumes, which followed in 1754 and 1763, comprehending the modern practice, owe their chief recommendations to the pen of Smollett.

In the beginning of the year 1755, he published the new translation of *Don Quixote*, which he finished amidst the distraction and solicitude of the preceding summer, upon the encouragement of a subscription of which he had received the emolument before, in 2 vols 4to, with the following title, *The History of the renowned Don Quixote, from the Spanish of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; to which is prefixed, some Account of the Author's Life; illustrated with 28 new copperplates, designed by Hayman, and engraved by the best Artists.* The translation is preceded by a *Dedication to his Excellency Don Ricardo Wall, principal Secretary of State to his most Catholic Majesty, &c.* who encouraged the undertaking, and had permitted Smollett to inscribe

* This celebrated accoucheur spent the latter years of his life at Smellie-House, near Lanark, now the residence of Sir William Honyman, Bart.—Among other liberal donations, he bequeathed his books for the use of the school of Lanark.

the work to him, while he resided in London, as ambassador and plenipotentiary at the court of Great Britain.

He informs us, in a short *Advertisement*, that his aim, in this undertaking, was to maintain that ludicrous solemnity and self-importance, by which the inimitable *Cervantes* has distinguished the character of *Don Quixote*, without raising him to the insipid rank of a dry philosopher, or debasing him to the melancholy circumstances and unentertaining caprice of an ordinary madman; and to preserve the native humour of *Sancho Panza* from degenerating into mere proverbial phlegm, or affected buffoonery; that he has endeavoured to retain the spirit and ideas, without servilely adhering to the literal expressions of the original, from which, however, he has not so far deviated, as to destroy that formality of idiom so peculiar to the Spaniards, and so essential to the character of the work; that the satire and propriety of many of the allusions, which had been lost in the change of customs and lapse of time, are restored in explanatory notes; and the whole conducted with that care and circumspection, which ought to be exerted by every author, who, in attempting to improve upon a task already performed, subjects himself to the most invidious comparison.

If it should be thought that all those advantages have not been attained by Smollett in this undertaking, it ought to be remembered, that *Don Quixote* is the most difficult book in the world to translate, from the extreme frequency of its idiomatic phrases, especially in the colloquial part, which is studiously filled with idioms; that few, even of the present day, understand all the beauties, or can explain the obscurities which the lapse of time has occasioned; and that, to transfuse all the spirit of *Cervantes*, the force of his humour, and the beauty of his numerous allusions, into a foreign language, it would be requisite that the translator lived some years in Spain, and that he had obtained, not only a knowledge of the language of the court and polite society, but an acquaintance with the vulgar idioms, the popular proverbs, and the various customs of that country. It would likewise be requisite, that the translator should be a man possessed of a genius akin to the author, of a great native fund of humour, of a complete knowledge of his own language, and of the idioms, colloquial expressions, and provincial phrases, proverbial sayings, and local customs, of the people for whom the translation is intended.

Smollett unquestionably possessed, in an eminent degree, the requisites last mentioned; and though he never was in Spain, he certainly had acquired a very competent knowledge of the language; and the explanatory notes, which accompany his translation, show that he had been at pains to inform himself of many of the obsolete customs of the country to which allusions are made.

In undertaking a task which had been already performed with general approbation,* Smollett challenged a comparison with his immediate predecessors, Motteux and Jarvis, both of them translators of established reputation; the one a French refugee and dramatic writer, applauded in his time,† and the other a painter of a neighbouring country, more known by the praises of Pope and other wits, than by his own pictures.‡ If it should be thought that the palm of superiority, in this contest, is due, in some respects, to Motteux, the meanest of his rivals, it will cer-

* A translation of Don Quixote was printed in 4to, in 1620; another by Shelton, in folio, in 1675.

† *Peter Anthony Motteux* was a native of Normandy. In the revocation of the edict of Nantz, he settled as a merchant in London, and died in 1718. He acquired a perfect knowledge of our language, and, besides poems and translations, wrote fifteen plays. His translation of Don Quixote bears on the title page, that it is the work of several hands; but as of these he was the principal, and revised and corrected the parts that were translated by others, the whole work goe under his name. In the common edition of the English Don Quixote, the name of Ozell, a noted translator, appears on the title-page, in conjunction with that of Motteux.

‡ *Charles Jarvis* or *Jervas*, was a native of Ireland, and died about 1740. Pope took instructions from him in the art of painting, honoured him with his friendship, and immortalized him by his panegyric. In the 8th number of the Tatler, he is mentioned as "the last great painter Italy has sent us." The late Earl of Orford speaks of him much less favourably. Pope used to say of him, that he produced his translation of Don Quixote without understanding Spanish. It is the fate of Cervantes to be so represented in Britain, for the same objection has been made to Smollett. Warburton added a supplement to Jarvis's Preface, on "the Origin of Romances," which was inserted at the end of "Love's Labour Lost," (Warb. ed. Shakespeare), and praised at the time by Bishop Hurd and Mr Warton; but has since been ably and decisively refuted by Mr Tyrwhitt, in his "Supplemental Notes on Love's Labour Lost," and Bishop Percy, in his "Essay on the Ancient Metrical Romances," prefixed to the third vol. of "The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," 4th ed. 1794. An improved edition of Jarvis's translation was printed in 4 vols. 8vo, 1800.

tainly be allowed, that he has shown himself eminently qualified for the task he undertook, and that a better translation than Smollett's, upon the whole, cannot be expected to appear in our language. The version of Jarvis may, indeed, be thought more exact, but it is less spirited and elegant. In adhering to the literal sense of the author, he often allows the humour to escape. The version of Smollett comes nearest to the original, though it fails him in preserving the formality of the Spanish idiom. In this respect he is surpassed by Motteux, his inferior in genius, who displays the ludicrous solemnity of *Don Quixote*, and the native humour of *Sancho Panza*, with more felicity of expression, and propriety of allusion; though he sometimes assumes an intemperate licence in the permutation of idioms.* What proves that the romance of Cervantes has been happily translated by both Motteux and Smollett is, that their versions of that work are highly relished and admired by readers of every description. But the reader who takes up an English *Don Quixote* merely to be diverted, will probably pronounce Motteux's version the most entertaining book.†

The comparative estimate of the merit of these translations, by the learned author of an "Essay on the Principles of Translation," is too valuable to be withheld: whether it be considered as the suffrage of a competent judge on a controverted point of taste, or as an honourable testimony to the character and qualifications of Smollett.

"Smollett inherited from nature a strong sense of ridicule, a

* The contrasted version of the following passage will serve as an example of the abuse of corresponding idioms. Sancho says, *De mis vinas vengo; no se nada, no soy amigo de saber vidas agenas.* He is made to say by Motteux, "I never thrust my nose into other men's porridge; it's no bread and butter of mine; every man for himself, and God for us all, say I." A Spanish peasant should not have been made to employ expressions which have exclusively a reference to British manners. Smollett, on the contrary, with more propriety, and with more fidelity to his original, makes Sancho say, "I prune my own vine, and I know nothing about thine; I never meddle with other people's concerns."

† "I am sorry my friend Smollett," observes Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "loses his time in translations; he has certainly a talent for invention, though I think it flags a little in his last work (*Count Fathom*). Don Quixote is a difficult work; I shall never desire to read any attempt to new-dress him."—Works, &c. vol. iv, p. 283.

great fund of original humour, and a happy versatility of talent, by which he could accommodate his style to almost every species of writing. He could adopt, alternately, the solemn, the lively, the sarcastic, the burlesque, and the vulgar. To these qualifications he joined an inventive genius, and a vigorous imagination. As he possessed talents equal to the composition of original works of the same species with the romance of Cervantes; so it is not perhaps possible to conceive a writer more completely qualified to give a perfect translation of that romance.

"Motteux, with no great abilities as an original writer, appears to me to have been endowed with a strong perception of the ridiculous in human character, a just discernment of the weaknesses and follies of mankind. He seems likewise to have had a great command of the various styles which are accommodated to the expression both of grave burlesque, and of low humour. Inferior to Smollett in inventive genius, he seems to have equalled him in every quality which was essentially requisite to a translator of Don Quixote. It may, therefore be supposed, that the contest between them will be nearly equal, and the question of preference very difficult to be decided. It would have been so, had Smollett confided in his own strength, and bestowed on his task that time and labour which the length and difficulty of the work required; but Smollett too often wrote in such circumstances, that dispatch was his primary object. He found various English translations at hand, which he judged might save him the labour of a new composition. Jarvis could give him faithfully the sense of the author; and it was necessary only to polish his asperities, and lighten his heavy and awkward phraseology. To contend with Motteux, Smollett found it necessary to assume the armour of Jarvis. This author had purposely avoided, through the whole of his work, the smallest coincidence of expression with Motteux, whom, with equal presumption and injustice, he accuses, in his preface, of having "taken his version wholly from the French." We find, therefore, both in the translation of Jarvis, and that of Smollett, which is little else than an improved edition of the former, that there is a studied rejection of the phraseology of Motteux. Now Motteux, though he has frequently assumed too great a licence, both in adding to, and retrenching from, the ideas of his original, has, upon the whole, a very high degree of merit as a translator. In

the adoption of corresponding idioms, he has been eminently fortunate; and, as in these there is no great latitude, he has, in general, pre-occupied the appropriated phrases; so that a succeeding translator, who proceeded on the rule of invariably rejecting his phraseology, must have, in general, altered for the worse. Such, I have said, was the rule laid down by Jarvis, and by his copyist and improver, Smollett, who, by thus absurdly rejecting what his own judgment and taste must have approved, has produced a composition decidedly inferior, on the whole, to that of Motteux.—

"Smollett was a good poet, and most of the verse translations interspersed through this work, are executed with ability. It is on this head that Motteux has assumed to himself the greatest licence. He has very presumptuously mutilated the poetry of Cervantes, by leaving out many entire stanzas from the larger compositions, and suppressing some of the smaller altogether. Yet the translation of those poems which he has retained is possessed of much poetical merit, and, in particular, those verses which are of a graver cast, are, in my opinion, superior to those of his rival.—

"On the whole, I am inclined to think the version of Motteux is by far the best we have yet seen of the romance of Cervantes; and that, if corrected in its licentious abbreviations and enlargements, and in some other particulars, which I have noticed in the course of this comparison, we should have nothing to desire superior to it in the way of translation."*

Immediately on his translation of *Don Quixote* being finished, Smollett made a journey, which he had long meditated, to his native country, to visit his mother, who then resided with her

* Essay on the Principles of Translation, by the Hon. Alexander Fraser-Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, 2d edit. pp. 178, 184, 303, 312.

With his work before me, a token of the friendship of the amiable and learned author, I cannot refrain from deploring the loss which his country, and the cause of literature have recently sustained by the premature death of this respectable judge and accomplished scholar, Jan. 5, 1813, in the 66th year of his age. From the dignity which he had so amply earned, and his attention to elegant learning, which gave a grace and splendour to his studies of law, the public, and the literary world might have hoped great and continued benefits. The republication of his biography of Lord Kames was the last service which he rendered to English literature. To his relatives and friends, his social virtues are irreparable.

daughter, Mrs Telfer, at Scotston, in Peebles-shire; where he passed some time in the gratification of those fine feelings of affection and gratitude towards his relations, and the friends of his choice, which occupied so large a portion of his heart.

On his arrival, he was introduced to his mother, with the connivance of Mrs Telfer, as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character, he endeavoured to preserve a very serious countenance approaching to a frown; but while his mother's eyes were rivetted on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling. She immediately sprung from her chair, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, "Ah, my son! my son! I have found you at last!"

She afterwards told him, that if he had kept his austere looks, and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer; "but your old roguish smile" added she, "betrayed you at once."*

Before he returned to England, he gratified still farther that affectionate prejudice in favour of his relations and countrymen, of which he had a large share, by visiting various parts of his native country, particularly the city of Glasgow, the scene of his early friendships and boyish pastimes, where he spent two very agreeable days with Dr Moore, then an eminent surgeon there,†

* The particulars of this interview were communicated to Dr Moore by the late lieutenant-colonel Smollett. Memoirs, &c. p. 40.

† Dr *John Moore* succeeded Smollett, at the distance of some years, as apprentice to Mr Gordon. When he had obtained knowledge of the usual practice, he went abroad for improvement, and acted for some time as hospital-mate at Maestricht, and afterwards as assistant surgeon to the Coldstream regiment of guards. On the conclusion of peace in 1748, he repaired to Paris, where he resided two years. On his return to Glasgow, Mr Gordon assumed him as a partner. Two years after, his partner having obtained a *diploma* from the university, the partnership was dissolved, and he chose Mr Hamilton as his associate. In 1769, having obtained a *diploma* from the university, he was invited to accompany Douglas, duke of Hamilton, in his travels. In 1778, he returned to England, and settled his family in London. He died at Richmond, Feb. 20, 1802. He is well known for his "Views of Society and Manners on the Continent," the result of his travels, and his novels, "Zeluco," "Edward," and "Mordaunt," which rank with the most instructive and entertaining works of fiction in the English language. See my account of the Life and Writings of Dr Moore, prefixed to the collected edition of Works, in seven vols 8vo. 1820.

and some of his old companions, to whom he was attached with unshaken steadiness.

In the capital of Scotland, the love of his country was farther gratified, by observing the growing prosperity of the seminaries of education, and the increasing activity of the associations of men of science and literature which he found there. An acquaintance which he had been so fortunate as to form, in his early days, with the Rev. Dr Carlyle, of Inveresk, a clergyman distinguished by the superiority of his understanding and the refinement of his taste, gained him an easy introduction to the particular notice of that illustrious class of contemporaries who adorned the last age of Scottish literature.

On his arrival in London, he was prevailed upon to undertake the chief direction of *The Critical Review*, or *Annals of Literature*, a new literary journal, which commenced in January 1756,* in dependence on the support of the tories and the high church party; in opposition to the "Monthly Review," an established literary journal, conducted upon the principles of civil and religious liberty, favourable to the measures of the whigs, and the sentiments of the low church party and the dissenters.†

* The first number of the *Critical Review*, for January and February, was published in March 1756, by R. Baldwin, Paternoster-row; it was afterwards published by A. Hamilton, Falcon-court, Fleet-street, and continued by his son, with some deviation from its original principles, until 1804, when it was transferred to J. Mawman, Poultry. A new series has been published by succeeding proprietors, with varying success. In support of the principles on which it had been established, modified by the circumstances of the times, the *British Critic*, was published by F. and C. Rivingtons, St Paul's Church-yard, in 1793; which was followed by the *Anti-Jacobin Review and Magazine*, undertaken on similar principles, but of a more political and party tendency, published by J. Wright, Piccadilly, in 1798.

† The first number of the *Monthly Review* was published in May 1749, by Ralph Griffiths (afterwards LL. D.), at the Dunciad, St Paul's Church-yard. The original publisher and proprietor retained the chief direction of it, during a period of 55 years. Since his death, in 1804, it has been conducted by his son, the present proprietor, upon its original principles. Before the establishment of the *Monthly Review*, what might be termed a regular literary journal was unknown in this country. The literary reviews which preceded it, obtained no permanent establishment, and were not in any high degree instructive and interesting, probably from the nature of their plan, which includes abridgments rather than opinions of books. The *Censura Temporum*, established in 1708, and the *Bibliotheca Curiosa*, about the same time, only gave notices of a

In the plan of the *Critical Review* Smollett, and his l coadjutors, estimated the duties of the office they had as with justice and moderation; they made strong profess impartiality and independence; and solemnly promised, th would revive the true spirit of criticism; that they would condemn or extol, without having first carefully perused t formance; that they would never act under the influence nection or prejudice; that they would not venture to cri translation without understanding the original; that they never wrest the sense, nor misinterpret the meaning, of a thor; that they would never, without reluctance, disa even of a bad writer who had the least title to indulgenc that they would not exhibit a partial and unfair assemb the blemishes of any production.

Although these promises, solemnly made to the public not strictly observed in every particular, by the autho *Review* was conducted with much ability, and met wit siderable success. Smollett engaged in the undertakin

few remarkable publications, and retailed selections from foreign journa were followed by the *Memoirs of Literature*, 1722, 8 vols 8vo; *New of Literature*, by Michael de la Roche, 1725-27, 6 vols; *Present sta Republic of Letters*, by Andrew Reid, 1728-36, 16 vols; *Historia l* by Archibald Bower, 1730-32, 4 vols; *History of the Works of the* 1737-43, 13 vols; and *Literary Journal*, printed at Dublin, 1744-4 When the *Monthly Review* had obtained a firm establishment, a libe ship arose; and, in the progress of periodical criticism, which kept the increase of books, the literary journals, whose titles are subjoined, peared and disappeared at different times since its commencement:— *Britannique*, by Dr Maty, 1750-55, 18 vols; the *Edinburgh Rev* numbers, in July and December 1755; the *London Review*, by Dr 1774-78, 8 vols; the *New Review*, by Mr Maty, 1782-85, 8 vols; *lish Review* 1783-98, 30 vols; the *Analytical Review*, 1788-9, 22 *London Review* 1799-1800, 4 vols; and the *Imperial Review*, 1805-(The established journals were reinforced by the *Edinburgh Review*, quarterly, by A. Constable, in 1802; the *Annual Review*, by Arth in 1802; the *Literary Journal*, in 1803; the *General Review*, by W son, in 1806; the *Eclectic Review*, in 1806; and the *Quarterly Revi* lished by J. Murray, in 1809. Besides the regular reviews, the *Ge Magazine*, 1731; the *Annual Register*, 1758; the *European Magazi* the *New Annual Register*, 1783; the *Monthly Magazine*, 1796; the *Mirror*, 1796, give abstracts of the best books published within the y remarks upon them.

honest zeal, and wrote his share: his critical strictures evinced, as might be expected, sufficient taste and judgment in works of literature, but too much irritability and impatience, when any of the incensed authors, whose performances he had censured, attempted to retaliate; and a degree of acrimony of style, and intemperance of language, that involved him in a variety of disputes, frequently more vexatious than creditable.

Soon after the commencement of the *Critical Review*, came out, *A Compendium of authentic and entertaining Voyages, digested in a chronological Series; the whole exhibiting a clear View of the Customs, Manners, Religion, Government, Commerce, and Natural History, of most Nations of the known World; illustrated and adorned with a variety of genuine Charts, Maps, Plans, Heads, &c. curiously engraved*, in 7 vols 12mo; a popular compilation, of which Smollett had the superintendance, and to which he contributed his share, undertaken at the expense of Mr Dodsley, a man who had sense and spirit to reward authors according to their genius and capacity.*

This useful collection of voyages, deviating from the plan of other collections, begins with the discoveries of Columbus, and, tracing the spirit of adventure in a regular progress through all the various streams of discovery, introduces the subsequent voyages of Vasco de Gama, Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, Magellan, sir Francis Drake, sir Walter Raleigh, sir Thomas Rowe, captain John Monk, captain James, Mr John Nieuhoff, Mr Lionel Wafer, captain Dampier, Dr Gemelli, captain Rogers, and lord Anson, in chronological order, so as to form, as it were, the Annals of Navigation. To these are added, the histories of the conquest of Mexico and Peru; the voyages made for the discovery of Florida; the curious relation of eight men who were preserved, and of seven others who wintered in Greenland; description of Iceland and Ceylon; Baldæus's account of Malabar and Coromandel; authentic memoirs relating to Russia; and Smollett's own well-written *Account of the Expedition against Carthagena in* 1741, never before published.

In forming this collection of voyages, and interesting the reader in a succession of incidents and adventures, that at once improve

* A second edition was printed in 1766.

the mind and delight the imagination, Smollett has unquestionably disencumbered this useful species of history from a great deal of unnecessary lumber, that tended to clog the narration, and fatigue the memory; and has not only retrenched the superfluities, and rendered the narrative less embarrassed and more succinct, but has polished the style, strengthened the connection of incidents, animated the narrative, and interspersed a variety of original observations and characters.—The well-drawn character of *sir Francis Drake*, in particular, is worthy of the pencil of Smollett.

In the disputes which were carried on, at the commencement of the *Critical Review*, between his friend Dr Hunter and Dr Monro of Edinburgh, concerning certain anatomical discoveries, the system of the journal, which excluded controversy, was made subservient, in a great measure, to the zeal of friendship, and all the attacks and all the replies on the side of Dr Hunter, were revised, corrected, and published under the immediate eye, influence, and direction of Smollett. *

In the year 1757, at a period of national despondency, occasioned by the disastrous commencement of the war in America, the miscarriage of admiral Byng's squadron in the Mediterranean, and the consequent loss of Minorca, Smollett, indignant at the pusillanimous conduct of the ministry, and the disgrace of the British arms, ineffectually vindicated by shedding the blood of the unfortunate admiral, as a sacrifice to the discipline of the navy, wrote his comedy of *The Reprisal, or the Tars of Old England*, an afterpiece of two acts, designed to rouse the warlike spirit of the nation, and to point the vengeance of his countrymen against their insolent and perfidious foes.

> "What heart will fail to glow, what eye to brighten,
> When Britain's wrath aroused begins to lighten!
> Her thunders roll—her fearless sons advance,
> And her red ensigns wave o'er the pale flowers of France.
> Such game our fathers played in days of yore.
> When Edward's banners fanned the Gallic shore;
> When Howard's arm Eliza's vengeance hurled,
> And Drake diffused her name around the world.

* The amount of the controversy, was merely who had the best claim to priority of discovery of the *hernia congenita*, the injection of the *testis*, and the use of the lymphatic veins, in which last, Dr Akenside was made a party. See Foot's Life of John Hunter, &c. 8vo, 1794, p. 61.

Still shall that godlike flame your bosoms fire,
The gen'rous son shall emulate the sire;
Her ancient splendour England shall maintain,
O'er distant realms extend her genial reign,
And rise—th' unrivalled empress of the main." *

The comedy of *The Reprisal*, written professedly for the stage, was offered to Mr Garrick, with whom Smollett had been previously reconciled, and performed early in the season, at the theatre-royal in Drury-Lane, and met with good success, yet not equal to what its merit might have justly claimed. It was afterwards printed in 8vo, and is still a favourite afterpiece.

The *prologue* acquaints us with the principal characters, in the following lines:—

" A stout Hibernian, and ferocious Scot,
Together boil in our enchanted pot;
To taint these viands with the true fumet,
He sheds a musty, vain, French—martinet.
This stale ingredient might our porridge mar,
Without some acid juice of English tar.
To rouse the appetite, the drum shall rattle,
And the desert shall be—a bloodless battle."

The piece concludes with a spirited song, in honour of the *Tars of Old England*, the chorus of which is remarkably characteristic, and finely expressive of national rivalry, and the invincible spirit of British seamen.

" While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls,
To crown our toils, the fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea."

The satisfaction which the author derived from the success of his comedy was enhanced by the generous behaviour of the manager. Mr Garrick not only acted with candour and cordiality in preparing it for the stage, but allowed his benefit on the sixth night instead of the ninth, to which authors are entitled for afterpieces; exempted him from the payment of the advance that had been made at that time in the charge of the theatre on benefit nights; † and also appeared himself in the part of Luisgnan, in the tragedy of " Zara," in the evening of its performance.

* *Prologue to the Reprisal.*

† From the information of J. P. Kemble, Esq. I have it, on the same respectable authority, that the sum abated in favour of Smollett was ten pounds.

By this generous behaviour on the part of Mr Garrick, the breach between Smollett and the manager was entirely closed. Understanding, however, from Mr Derrick, a common acquaintance,* that some officious persons had circulated reports in his name, with a view to prejudice him in Mr Garrick's opinion, he wrote the following letter to him, justifying himself from those misrepresentations.

"In justice to myself, I take the liberty to assure you, that if any person accuse me of having spoken direspectfully of Mr Garrick, of having hinted that he solicited for my farce, or had interested views in bringing it forward, he does me wrong, upon the word of a gentleman. The imputation is altogether false and malicious. Exclusive of other considerations, I could not be such an idiot to talk in that strain, when my own interest required a different sort of conduct. Perhaps the same insidious methods have been taken to inflame former animosities, which, on my part, are forgotten and self-condemned. I must own you have acted in this affair of the farce with that candour, openness, and cordiality, which even mortify my pride, while they lay me under the most sensible obligations; and I shall not rest satisfied until I have an opportunity to convince Mr Garrick that my gratitude is as warm as any other of my passions."

A short time before the representation of *The Reprisal*, the following panegyric on Mr Garrick, mingled with some disparaging reflections on Mr Moore, the author of "The Gamester," and Dr Brown, the author of "Barbarossa," appeared in the *Critical Review*, unquestionably with the approbation of Smollett, and probably intended by him as a public retraction of the very unfair representation he had given in *Roderick Random* of his treatment of him respecting *The Regicide*.

"We often see this inimitable actor labouring through five tedious acts to support a lifeless piece, with a mixture of pity

* Samuel Derrick, Esq. was well known, at that time, in the literary and social circles of London, and afterwards generally esteemed in the gay and polished circles of Bath, where he was master of the ceremonies. As an author, he is remembered by two little volumes of lively and agreeable "Letters," published in 1763; some miscellaneous poems and translations; and a valuable edition of "Dryden's Poetical Works," in 4 vols 8vo, 1760.

and indignation, and cannot help wishing there were in this age good poets to write for one who so well deserves them.

"Quicquid calcaverit hic toga fiet."

"He has the art, like the Lydian king, of turning all that he touches into gold, and can ensure applause to every fortunate bard, from inimitable Shakespeare and Old Ben, to gentle Neddy Moore, and the author of "Barbarossa."*

His engagements in the *Critical Review*, which, from the beginning, had been a source of disquiet, continued to diminish his self-happiness; for, as he was at no pains to conceal his having the chief direction of the work, the vengeance of the incensed authors was directed against him, in particular, though it frequently happened that he had not written the article that gave offence. Finding themselves smitten by an unseen hand, they sometimes suspected their brethren, and reviled, bespattered, and fastened upon each other,

"And dunce met dunce, and jostled in the dark;"

while the spirit of criticism sat in the clouds, and, like Ariel in the "Tempest," enjoyed the uproar and commotion she had raised among the children of dulness and impertinence.†

Among others, he incurred, at this time, the resentment of Dr Shebbeare, a well-known political and miscellaneous writer, who had been chastised in the *Review*, for his insolent and seditious publications; and severely punished by the government, for his arrogance and abuse, in stigmatising some great names with all the virulence of censure, and even assaulting the throne itself, with oblique insinuation and ironical satire.‡ The incensed au-

* *Critical Review*, 1756.

† The names of the individuals who incurred suspicion, at the time, are whimsically pointed out in the following passage. "One inveighs against a vain, meagre, exhausted hireling, as the invidious *inspector* of his fame; another accuses a crazy sculler in divinity, as the Zoilus who makes *free* with his writings; a third declares war against a Scots adventurer in wit and physic, who hacks at *random* the reputation of his betters; while others denounce vengeance upon a little lank *Hibernian* poet, who beats the bush for this ferocious North Briton." *Crit. Rev.* 1756.

‡ After a long series of virulent invectives against the ministry and the reigning family, circulated chiefly in a series of printed "Letters to the People of England," which were bought with avidity by the public, he was at length apprehended by a warrant from the secretary's office, and, after a short trial in

thor suspected Smollett, and retaliated in a pamphlet, entitled, "The Occasional Critic, or the Decrees of the Scots Tribunal in the Critical Review rejudged," 8vo, 1757, written with all the presumption of Dennis without his learning; with all his rage, without his integrity.

Although the "Occasional Critic," in many instances, stumbled on the truth, the whole animation of the performances arose from the vivacity and virulence with which the enraged writer maintained, that the authors of the *Critical Review* were Scots scrubs and rascals, barbers, tailors, apothecaries, and surgeons' mates, who understood neither Greek, Latin, French, nor English, nor any other language,* and that

the Court of King's-bench, found guilty of having written the "Sixth Letter to the People of England," adjudged a libellous pamphlet, sentenced to stand in the pillory, to pay a small fine, to be imprisoned three years, and give security for his future good behaviour. The mode of executing the former part of the sentence became the ground of an attachment against the under-sheriff, in the Court of King's-bench, and drew on the criminal, and the city magistrates, who patronised him, the censure of Churchill, in "The Author."

"To ope the fountain whence sedition springs,
To slander government, and libel kings;
With Freedom's name to serve a present hour,
Though born and bred to arbitrary power,
To talk of William with insidious art,
Whilst a vile Stuart's lurking in his heart;
And, whilst mean Envy rears her loathsome head,
Flattering the living to abuse the dead,
Where is Shebbeare? Oh let not foul reproach,
Travelling thither in a city-coach,
The pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
that parade was fame, not punishment."

On the accession of George III., he was thought of so much importance, that a pension of £300 was conferred upon him: and from that time he wielded his pen in defence of government. The source of animadversion which this mark of the royal favour, and the general tendency of his principles in church and state, afforded to the author of the "Heroic Epistles to sir William Chambers and Dr John Shebbeare," is well known to the readers of poetry. The only copy which exists of his "Seventh Letter to the People of England," which was never completed or published, was in the possession of the late Isaac Reed, Esq. He died in 1788.

* With the "Occasional Critic," the authors of the "Monthly Review" coincided in opinion respecting their brethren. "They appear to be physicians

Scotland never produced any one man of genius, learning, or integrity.*

The acrimony of Dr Shebbeare's retaliation was greater than Smollett's patience, which was not his most shining virtue, could bear, without resistance or reply; and it immediately drew from him, or one of his literary associates, the following observations.

"Whatever regard we may have for our fellow-subjects in North Britain, and surely we do regard them, not only as our brethren, but also as a people distinguished by their learning and capacity, we have no call to enter the lists as their champions, against an antagonist whom they themselves would hardly deign to oppose.

"We cannot help, however, taking this opportunity of declaring, that of five persons concerned in writing the *Critical Review*, one only is a native of Scotland; so that our hypercritic's national rancour against that kingdom seems to have mistaken its object; unless he levelled the whole at one member of our society, whom indeed he has reviled, bespattered, and belied, with all the venom of low invidious malice, and all the filth of vulgar abuse. These attacks, however, we forgive, as the natural effects of resentment. That person has occasionally checked and chastised him, as an ignorant and presumptuous quack in politics, an enemy to his king and country, and a desperate incendiary, who, by misrepresenting facts, and aspersing characters, endeavoured to raise a ferment in the nation, at a time when a concurrence of unfortunate incidents had produced a spirit of discontent among the people."†

without practice, authors without learning, men without decency, and writers without judgment."—*M. R.* 1757. The *Critical Reviewers* replied, in an "Address to the Old Gentlewoman who directs the Monthly Review." (Mrs Griffiths, the publisher's wife), containing many strokes of wit, and much spirited recrimination. *C. R.* Nov. 1757.

* The course invective of a public writer, couched in the language of passion and scurrility, may be contrasted with the liberal panegyric pronounced by a great orator of a neighbouring country, giving vent to the effusions of forensic eloquence, "Scotland, a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty, and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth; cool and ardent, adventurous and persevering; winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires."—Speeches of the Right Hon. John Philpot Curran, late master of the Rolls in Ireland, p. 114, 8vo. Dublin, 1808.

† *Critical Review*, 1757.

He had no sooner repelled the illiberal abuse of a writer whose injustice he reprobated, and whose resentment he despised, than he was thrown into a more vexatious, and less creditable dispute, with Dr Grainger, a man of genius, and a poet, who suspected him to be the writer of the article in the *Critical Review*, in which his "Translation of Tibullus" had been treated with unjustifiable severity. Whether Dr Grainger's suspicions were well or ill-founded, he thought his translation had been criticised in the *Review*, with malignity, and published an angry "Letter to Tobias Smollett, M. D. occasioned by his criticism upon a late translation of Tibullus," 8vo, 1758; in which, after refuting the criticisms of the reviewer, he proves, by examples principally taken from the article on his own work, that the authors of the *Critical Review* had broken, in every particular, their promises solemnly made to the public, in the plan of their journal; mentions Smollett in contemptuous terms, and indulges himself in some ludicrous reflections on the unlucky diminutive of his christian name.

These personal reflections and pleasantries, which mingled in the controversy between the poet and the critic, who mutually respected each other's talents and character, were not forgotten when Dr Grainger's "Letter" fell under the animadversions of Smollett, or one of his associates in the *Critical Review*, who, in ridiculing that playful species of vengeance, was guilty of injustice, if he meant to insinuate that his antagonist could be classed among the dunces of the age.

The writer of the article observes, that "Dr Grainger had found in Dr Smollett's christian name *Tobias*, and its diminutive *Toby*, a very extraordinary fund of humour and ridicule; but that this species of wit, however entertaining, was not new, for that others had played on the cognomen with as much dexterity as he had on the prenomen; that *Smollett* had been facetiously converted by that stupendous genius, Dr Hill, into *Small-head* and *Small-wit*; that the same happy thought had struck the dunces of a former age, who had not only punned successfully on the name of *Alexander Pope*, but had even written a poem against him entitled *Sawney*." "Think not, reader," he adds, "that we presume to compare Dr Smollett, as a writer, with Mr Pope; we are sensible of the infinite disparity; but, in one respect, their fate is similar; they have both been abused, belied, and accused

of ignorance, malice, and want of genius, by the confessed dunces of the age, at a time when their works were read and approved, at least as much as any other English contemporary author."

Men of letters, it has been often remarked, are more easily provoked, and more vindictive when provoked, than other men. Their quarrels, when they are enraged, are commonly more violent, and better known, than the ordinary competitions of interest in which other men indulge themselves; as they originate in the jealousy of their own fame, or in the envy of that of their brethren, and are circulated in the popular vehicles of wit and satire. The controversy between Smollett and Dr Grainger, it is probable, did not originate in envy, with which the mind of Smollett was not tainted, nor in any personal animosity against his amiable and ingenious countryman, but in a systematic opposition to the authors of the "Monthly Review," in which Dr Grainger was known to be concerned, who had an interest in decrying the qualifications of his colleagues, and of impeaching the decrees of the tribunal in which he presided.*

Of the unjust suspicions which his concern in the *Critical Review* excited in the breasts of Mr Home, the author of the tragedy of "Douglas," Dr Wilkie, author of "The Epigoniad,"† and some other writers of his own country, whose talents and characters he respected, he complains in a letter to Dr Moore, in the year 1758, in which is the following paragraph:

"I have for some time done very little in the *Critical Review*. The remarks upon Home's tragedy I never saw until they were in print; and yet I have not read one line of 'The Epigoniad.' I am told the work has merit; and I am truly sorry that it should

* Among the recollections concerning Dr Grainger, which I owe to the friendship of the learned and venerable Bishop Percy, I find a tradition, that ascribes the aggravation of Dr Grainger's offence to the disclosure of Smollett's christian name, of which only the ambiguous initial letter had been cautiously given to the world before. But this may be reasonably doubted, if it is considered, that the baptismal name *Tobias* is of great antiquity in the family of Smollett, and has been assumed with the pride of ancestry, by every generation, to the present day. In all the letters in Smollett's hand-writing in my possession, his uniform signature is *Ts. Smollett.* See my account of the life and writings of Dr Grainger, prefixed to "The Sugar-Cane, and other Poems," 2 vols 8vo, 1817.

† See my account of the Life of Dr Wilkie, Works of the British Poets, vol. xi. p. 12, 1795.

have been so roughly handled. Notwithstanding the censures that have been so freely bestowed upon these and other productions of our country, the authors of the *Critical Review* have been insulted and abused as a *Scots Tribunal.*"*

Besides these, many other disputes arose with different writers who considered themselves injured by the severity of his criticisms. Seldom a month passed without some complaints of his injustice and inhumanity towards bad writers, or their employers, and those not often expressed in the most decent terms. The public, to whom they appealed, refused their sympathy, and retorted the charge, with disgrace, on his accusers; who being authors without talents, were themselves impostors, who defrauded the public, and had little reason to expect his indulgence. But whatever reason he had to complain of the personal abuse he suffered from detected dulness, and mortified vanity, he afterwards found that the revenge of an author was nothing compared to the rancour of the politician, and the resentment of little men placed in great stations.

The year 1757 brought an accession to his fame, more solid and durable than the applause which attended the representation of *The Reprisal*, or the triumphs which he obtained over the whole republic of literary grubs, by the publication of his *Complete History of England deduced from the descent of Julius Cæsar, to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle*, 1748, *containing the transactions of one thousand three hundred and three years*, in 4 vols. 4to,† preceded by a *plan* of the work, written with great judgement and ability, and embellished by engraved allegorial *frontispieces*, representing the *Savage State*, the *Great Charter*, *Wealth and Liberty*, *Concord leading Britannia to the Temple of Liberty*, designed by Hayman and Miller. It has been declared, and never contradicted, that this work was composed and finished for the press in fourteen months; an effort to which nothing but the most distinguished abilities, and the most vigorous application, could have been equal.

"No man knows better than Mr ——, (he writes to a gentle-

* Memoirs, &c. p. 61.

† Printed for Messrs Rivington and Fletcher, at the Oxford Theatre, Paternoster-row, price £3, 3s. The three first volumes were published separately, and the fourth given gratis to the purchasers of the other three.

man in New Jersey, May 8, 1763), what time I employed in writing the four first volumes of the *History of England*; and indeed the short period in which that work was finished appeared almost incredible to myself, when I recollected that I turned over above three hundred volumes in the course of my labours."

The shortness of time bestowed on the *History of England*, joined to the merit of the performance, and the consideration of the infinite pains and perseverance it must have cost him to form and digest a proper plan, compile materials, compare different accounts, collate authorities, and compose, polish, and finish the work, will make it be regarded as one of the most striking proofs of facility in writing that is to be found in the annals of literature.

The work was reprinted the same year, in 8vo, in numbers, of which the weekly sale amounted to more than ten thousand, and published in 11 vols. with *engraved heads*, and a *dedication* to Mr Pitt, then one of the secretaries of state, a minister of unconquerable spirit and untainted integrity, recommended by the people, and the idol of the nation. This public testimony of his peculiar veneration was acknowledged by that illustrious patriot, with sensibility and gratitude, in the following letter, dated Chelsea, May 15, 1757.

"After a long disability from the gout in my right arm, I have a particular satisfaction in making this first use of my pen to return you my best acknowledgments for the obliging favour you was so good to send me, and to express the sense I have of that undeserved opinion of me, which you have ventured to tell the world you are pleased to entertain. One of the first and most agreeable occupations of my summer's leisure, will be the perusal of your volumes; a work which, I doubt not, will fully answer, with all good judges, the great expectations which the known talent of the author have so justly gained. I am with great regard," &c.

The extensive sale of the *History of England* alarmed the proprietors of Rapin's History, who caballed, and encouraged his political opponents to expose the absurdities, inconsistencies, contradictions, and misrepresentations, which either diligence or malignity could detect in the *History*, in pamphlets, and the periodical publications of the time, in which Smollett was represented

as a determined partisan and panegyrist of the family of Stuart, a venal prostitute, and a papist.*

The following pamphlet was circulated with uncommon industry, and with considerable effect: "A Vindication of the Revolution in A. D. 1688, and of the Character of king William and queen Mary, together with a Confutation of the Character of James II. as misrepresented by the author of the Complete History of England, by extracts from Dr Smollett: to which are added, some Strictures on the said historian's account of the punishment of the rebels in A. D. 1715 and 1746, and on the eulogium given to the History of England by the Critical Reviewers. By Thomas Comber,† A. B. 8vo, 1758. In the several passages in the *History of England*, animadverted upon in this pamphlet, particularly the account of the Revolution, and the character of king William, the writer has often reprehended the historian with judgment and propriety, but generally with a profusion of zeal, and, in some instances, without discretion. He is not content to defend the principles of the Revolution, but he is an advocate for corruption, when the measures of a king or minister manifestly tend to public weal, and justifies the abuses which followed that crisis. If the historian has exhibited a degrading picture of king William, his vindicator has erred in the other extreme, by representing him as a perfect character, and making the personal merit of our great deliverer the test of the Revolution.

Smollett was not without his favourers and defenders, who declared, with justice, that he was, on all occasions, a professed enemy to the religion of Rome; that, as an historian, he freely censured both parties; that he had praised each other occasionally, as either were praise-worthy; and written with such a spirit, resolution, and impartiality, as no slave to a faction could manifest, as no other historian of this country ever displayed.

* His partiality for popery was inferred, from the declaration he subjoins to the account of the death of James II. "His religion certainly opened and improved the virtues of his heart." To this declaration may be opposed these just remarks on his character, in other places. "He seemed to be emasculated by religion."—"All his faculties were swallowed up in bigotry."—B. viii. c. 1. § xxxviii. He seems never to have given himself the trouble of a thought about maintaining consistency in the character of James; and it seems now much too late to attempt to establish it.

† A clergyman, and relation of the duke of Leeds.

He himself ingenuously apologised for his defection from the whig principles in which he was educated, in the following letter to Dr Moore, dated Chelsea, January 2, 1758.

"I deferred answering your kind letter, until I should have finished my history, which is now completed. I was agreeably surprised to hear that my work had met with any approbation at Glasgow, for it was not at all calculated for that meridian The last volume will, I doubt not, be severely censured by the west-country whigs of Scotland.

"I desire you will divest yourself of prejudice, at least as much as you can, before you begin to peruse it, and consider well the facts before you pass judgment. Whatever may be its defect, I protest before God, I have, as far as in me lay, adhered to truth, without espousing any faction; though, I own, I sat down to write with a warm side to those principles in which I was educated; but, in the course of my inquiries, some of the whig ministers turned out such a set of sordid knaves, that I could not help stigmatising them for their want of integrity and sentiment." *

In another letter to Dr Moore, dated Chelsea, September 28, 1758, he expresses himself as follows:

"I some time ago was favoured with yours, which I should have answered sooner, had I not been extremely busied in correcting my history for a new impression. That task is now finished, and the book, I hope, rendered less unworthy of the public acceptance. I am much obliged to you for the generous warmth which you have so often interposed in behalf of my reputation; of this, and of every other instance of friendship which I have experienced at your hands, I shall ever retain a cordial remembrance. I am not so much surprised at my book's meeting with such censures and enemies in Glasgow, as that it should find any number of friends and favourers.

"I speak not of the few who think like philosophers, abstracted from the notions of the vulgar. The little petulant familiarities of our friend I can forgive, in consideration of the good-will he has always manifested towards me and my concerns. He is mistaken, however, in supposing that I have imbibed priestly notions: I consider the church, not as a religious, but a political establishment, so minutely interwoven in our constitution, that

* Memoirs, &c. p. 65.

the one cannot be detached from the other, without the most imminent danger of destruction to both. The use which your friend makes of the *Critical Review* is whimsical enough; but I shall be glad if he uses it at any rate. * I have not had leisure to do much in that work for some time past; therefore I hope you will not ascribe the articles indiscriminately to me; for I am equally averse to the praise and censure that belong to other men. Indeed, I am sick of both, and wish to God my circumstances would allow me to consign my pen to oblivion. I really believe that mankind grow every day more malicious.——

"You will not be sorry to hear that the weekly sale of the *History* has increased to above ten thousand. A French gentleman of talents and erudition has undertaken to translate it into that language, and I have promised to supply him with corrections. My best wishes," &c. †

Without attempting to defend the consistency of some parts of the *History of England*, with the principles he avows in others, Dr Moore justly and forcibly observes, that men who are not thought unsteady in their political principles, when they contemplate the headstrong absurdity of rulers, and see the arm of government lifted too high, and the public money squandered foolishly, are apt to wish the government reduced to a state of weakness, which might prove inconsistent with the safety of the country; and yet the same men, when terrified with the examples of popular commotion, and the shocking effects of anarchy, are inclined to yield to government a greater degree of power than the constitution warrants, or is compatible with the freedom they love.

While he incurred the resentment of individuals and parties, by the manly freedom with which he characterised and described them in his *History*, he convinced his friends, by the liberality of his praise, that his gratitude was at least as warm as any other of his passions.

In his sketch of the liberal arts, towards the end of the reign of George II. and about the beginning of that of George III., he

* Dr Moore's friend was so much enraged at some criticisms in the *Review*, that he continued to take it, for no other purpose than that he might read all the publications censured by it, and none of those which it praised.

† Memoirs, &c. p. 65. The translation alluded to, it is probable, never was executed.

enumerates the most distinguished writers in the various branches of literature at that period, and makes a public atonement for wrongs done to Dr Akenside, Mr Garrick, and Lord Lyttleton, by certain allusions in *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle.*

" Genius in writing spontaneously arose, and though neglected by the great, flourished under the culture of a public which had pretensions to taste, and piqued itself in encouraging literary merit.—Young still survived, a venerable monument of poetical talents. Thomson, the poet of the Seasons, displays a luxuriancy of genius in describing the beauties of Nature. *Akenside* and Armstrong excelled in didactic poetry. Even the epopœa did not disdain an English dress, but appeared to advantage in the 'Leonidas' of Glover, and the 'Epigoniad' of Wilkie. The public acknowledged a considerable share of merit in the tragedies of Young, Mallet, Home, and some other less distinguished authors. Very few regular comedies, during this period, were exhibited on the English theatre, which, however, produced many less laboured pieces, abounding with satire, wit, and humour. 'The Careless Husband' of Cibber, and 'The Suspicious Husband' of Hoadley, are the only very modern comedies that bid fair for reaching posterity. The exhibitions of the stage were improved to the most exquisite entertainment, by the talents and the management of *Garrick*, who greatly surpassed all his predecessors of this, and perhaps every other nation, in his genius for acting, in the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of attitude, and the whole pathos of expression. Quin excelled in dignity and declamation, as well as in exhibiting some characters of humour equally exquisite and peculiar. Mrs Cibber breathed the whole soul of female tenderness and passion, and Mrs Pritchard displayed all the dignity of distress. That Great Britain was not barren of poets at this period, appears from the detached performances of Mason, Gray, the two Whiteheads, and the two Wartons, besides a great number of other bards who have sported in lyric poetry. Candidates for literary fame appeared in the higher spheres of life, embellished by the nervous style and extensive erudition of a Corke, by the delicate taste, the polished muse, and tender feelings of a *Lyttleton*. King shone unrivalled in Roman eloquence."

He proceeds to mention other eminent writers with the happi-

est discrimination of their different merits, particularly Hume and Robertson, with whom he had always been upon a friendly footing, and gives his suffrage to the great talents of Fielding and Richardson, who pursued the same line with himself.

"Even the female sex distinguished themselves by their taste and ingenuity. Miss Carter rivalled the celebrated Dacier in learning and critical knowledge; and Mrs Lennox signalized herself by many successful efforts of genius, both in poetry and prose. The field of history and biography was cultivated by many writers of ability, among whom we distinguish the copious Guthrie, the circumstantial Ralph, the laborious Carte, the learned and elegant *Robertson*, and, above all, the ingenious, penetrating, and comprehensive *Hume*, whom we rank with the first writers of the age, both as an historian and philosopher. Nor let us forget the merit conspicuous in the works of Campbell, remarkable for candour, intelligence, and precision. Johnson, inferior to none in philosophy, philology, poetry, and classical learning, stands foremost as an essayist, justly admired for the dignity, strength, and variety of his style, as well as for the agreeable manner in which he investigates the human heart, tracing every interesting emotion, and opening all the sources of morality. The genius of Cervantes was transfused into the novels of *Fielding*, who painted the characters, and ridiculed the follies of life, with equal strength, humour, and propriety. The laudable aim of inlisting the passions on the side of virtue was successfully pursued by *Richardson*, in his Pamela, Clarissa, and Grandison, a species of writing equally new and extraordinary; where, mingled with much superfluity and impertinence, we find a sublime system of ethics, an amazing knowledge and command of human nature."

Mr Garrick having expressed his sense of the panegyric on his character in the *History of England*, in a letter to Smollett, accompanying a present of his "Winter's Tale," he repeats the public declaration of his sentiments in still stronger terms, in the following letter to him, dated Chelsea, January 27, 1762.

"I this morning received your 'Winter's Tale,' and am agreeably flattered by this mark of your attention. What I have said of Mr Garrick in the *History of England*, was, I protest, the language of my heart. I shall rejoice, if he thinks I have done him barely justice. I am sure the public will think I have done no

more than justice. In giving a short sketch of the liberal arts, I could not, with any propriety, forbear mentioning a gentleman so eminently distinguished by a genius that has no rival. Besides, I thought it was a duty incumbent on me in particular, to make a public atonement, in a work of truth, for wrongs done him in a work of fiction.

"Among the other inconveniences arising from ill health, I deeply regret my being disabled from a personal cultivation of your good will, and the unspeakable enjoyment I should sometimes derive from your private conversation, as well as from the public exertion of your talents; but, sequestered as I am from the world of entertainment, the consciousness of standing well in your opinion, will ever afford singular satisfaction to," &c.

At this period, Smollett availed himself of his intimacy with Mr Wilkes, who had hitherto shewed a partiality for the acquaintance of North Britons, and was a frequent visitor at Chelsea, to solicit his intercession with the lords commissioners of the admiralty, in procuring the liberty of Dr Johnson's servant, Francis Barber, who had been impressed, in the following letter, dated Chelsea, March 16, 1759.

"I am again your petitioner, in behalf of that great *cham* of literature, Samuel Johnson. His black servant, whose name is Francis Barber, has been pressed on board the Stag frigate, Captain Angel, and our lexicographer is in great distress: He says the boy is a sickly lad, of a delicate frame, and particularly subject to a malady in his throat, which renders him very unfit for his majesty's service.—You know what matter of animosity the said Johnson has against you, and I dare say you desire no other opportunity of resenting it, than that of laying him under an obligation. He was humble enough to desire my assistance on this occasion, though he and I were never cater-cousins; and I gave him to understand, that I would make application to my friend Mr Wilkes, who, perhaps by his interest with Dr Hay and Mr Elliot, might be able to procure the discharge of this lacquey. It would be superfluous to say more on the subject, which I leave to your own consideration; but I cannot let slip this opportunity of declaring, that I am, with the most inviolable esteem and attachment, dear sir, your affectionate, obliged, humble servant," &c. *

* In Mr Wilkes's Miscellanies, in which the letter was published, the word *cham*, the title of the sovereign of Tartary, applied to Dr Johnson, the monarch

Mr Wilkes, who, upon all occasions, as a private gentleman, acted with the most polite liberality, applied to his friend Dr Hay, then one of the lords commissioners of the admiralty; and Francis Barber was discharged, and returned to Dr Johnson's service.

His connection with the *Critical Review*, in which, for some time, he had done very little, involved him, soon after the date of the foregoing letter, in a dispute with admiral Knowles, in which the interference of Mr Wilkes was not so successful.

A secret expedition to the coast of France, near Rochefort, had been planned by Mr Pitt, in 1757, under sir John Mordaunt, with a view to give a decisive blow to the marine of that kingdom, and, at the same time, to make a diversion in favour of the king of Prussia, then sorely pressed, and of the duke of Cumberland, driven from all his posts in Hanover. The expedition failed, and the commander-in-chief was tried by a general court-martial, for disobeying his instructions, and acquitted. In the proceedings upon the trial, some blame was imputed to admiral Knowles, and he published a pamphlet in his own vindication, in 1758, entitled, "The Conduct of Admiral Knowles, on the late Expedition, set in a true light," 8vo. On this pamphlet, and the character of the admiral, the writer of the article in the *Critical Review* was so particularly and unguardedly severe, that admiral Knowles commenced a prosecution against the printer; declaring, at the same time, that his only reason for commencing an action was to know the author of the offensive article, and, if he proved to be a gentleman, to demand satisfaction of another kind.* In this affair Smollett behaved with prudence and spi-

of literature, was printed *chasm*, which led Mr Boswell, in his life of Dr Johnson, to animadvert on Smollett's ignorance of the English language. On his being better informed, he candidly acknowledged the mistake he had been led into, adding, "For which let me propitiate the manes of that ingenious and benevolent gentleman."

* Smollett, who was himself the writer of the article, expressed his dislike against admiral Knowles in the following words,—"As to his character, of them who know him, they will not scruple to say, he is an admiral without conduct, an engineer without knowledge, an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity." The resentment which this intemperate paragraph kindled in the breast of his prosecutor, instead of intimidating him from expressing his dislike, made him avow it more openly in the *Continuation* of his *History*. Admiral Knowles acted as Captain of the Weymouth, of sixty guns, in the unfortunate expedition to Carthagena, and his conduct is censured in the *History*, B. ii. c. 7. B. iv. c. 6, &c.

rit. Desirous of compromising the dispute in an amicable manner, he applied to his friend Mr Wilkes, to interpose his good offices with his opponent, in the following letter, dated Chelsea, March 24, 1759.—

"*Ecce iterum Crispinus!*—Your generosity with respect to Johnson shall be the theme of our applause and thanksgiving. I shall be very proud to find myself comprehended in your league, offensive and defensive; nay, I consider myself already as a contracting party, and have recourse to the assistance of my allies. It is not, I believe, unknown to you, that admiral Knowles has taken exception at a paragraph in the *Critical Review* of last May, and commenced a prosecution against the printer. Now, whatever termination the trial may have, we shall infallibly be exposed to a considerable expense, and therefore I wish to see the prosecution quashed. Some gentlemen, who are my friends, have undertaken to find out and talk with those who are supposed to have influence with the said admiral; may I beg the same favour of you and your friends? The trial will come on in the beginning of May, and, if the affair cannot be compromised, we intend to kick up a dust, and die hard. In a word, if that foolish admiral has any regard to his own character, he will be quiet, rather than provoke farther the resentment of," &c.

Admiral Knowles continued inflexible; the prosecution went on; and sentence was about to be pronounced against the printer when Smollett gallantly stood forth, avowed himself the writer of the strictures in question, and offered the admiral any satisfaction he might demand. The consequence was, that a prosecution was immediately commenced against him, and he was fined one hundred pounds, and sentenced to three months imprisonment in the King's-Bench prison. His spirited conduct on this occasion gained him much credit and applause.

While Smollett was in confinement in the King's-Bench prison, his unconquered spirit was consoled for the temporary deprivation of liberty, by the cordial attachment of his friends and acquaintance, who visited him very attentively; and his abilities were exercised in writing his *Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves*, an English Don Quixote, in which he described some remarkable characters, then his fellow-prisoners. This novel, apparently executed with precipitation, though in many parts delightfully written, was first printed in detached portions, in the monthly

numbers of the *British Magazine*, or *Monthly Repository*, for 1760 and 1761, one of those publications in which he was induced to engage, * that promised to produce profit rather than praise, and afterwards published in 2 vols. 12mo, 1762.

Smollett seems to have been aware that his *Sir Launcelot Greaves* must appear to great disadvantage after the Don Quixote of Cervantes, and anticipates the strongest objection that can be made to the plan of the work, in the following dialogue: "What!" said *Ferret*, addressing *Sir Launcelot*, "you set up for a modern Don Quixote! The scheme is too stale and extravagant: what was an humorous and well-timed satire in Spain near two hundred years ago, will make but a sorry jest, when really acted from affectation, at this time of day, in England." The knight, eyeing the censor, a knavish, worthless fellow, with a look of disdain, replied, in a solemn lofty tone, "I am neither an affected imitator of Don Quixote, nor, as I trust in Heaven, visited by that spirit of lunacy so admirably displayed in the fictitious character exhibited by the inimitable Cervantes. I see and distinguish objects as they are discerned and described by other men. I quarrel with none but the foes of virtue and decorum, against whom I have declared perpetual war, and them I will every where attack, as the natural enemies of mankind."—"I do purpose," continued the knight, eyeing *Ferret* with a look of ineffable contempt, "to act as a coadjutor to the law, and even to remedy evils which the law cannot reach; to detect fraud and treason, abase insolence, mortify pride, discourage slander, disgrace immodesty, and stigmatise ingratitude."

When Cervantes wrote the history of the renowned knight of La Mancha, the actual exercise of knight-errantry, as a profession, no longer existed in Europe. With the decline of the feudal institutions, the right assumed by the barons, of supporting their claims by force, and redressing their own wrongs, which

* Smollett's name was appended to this publication, which commenced in January 1760, in all the advertisements. Dr Goldsmith was an occasional contributor, and wrote for it some of the essays and tales, which appeared in a separate volume in 1765. He also wrote occasionally for the *Critical Review*.—The account of Massey's translation of Ovid's "Fasti," inserted in it, and his "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," first introduced him to the acquaintance of Smollett, who recommended him to his literary friends, and to most of the booksellers by whom he was afterwards employed.

produced quarrels, fights, murders, robberies, rapes, and violations of all kinds, had been restrained by law; and the associations to which they gave rise, for the protection of the weak and defenceless in general, and for that of women in particular, which laid the foundation of chivalry, was in a great measure exploded. The aim of that inimitable writer, therefore, in exhibiting a knight-errant of his own creation, could only be to turn into ridicule the prevailing taste of his countrymen for books of chivalry, filled with marvellous and unnatural adventures of invincible knights, peerless virgins, magicians, giants, dwarfs, and dragons; misrepresenting historical facts, perverting their understanding, and rendering them unfit for the necessary occupations and ordinary duties of domestic life. But, while this mighty magician, by the magic of his wit, drove the absurdities of the old romance entirely out of Spain, he gave, in the same work, a representation of the real state of manners in that country, at the time he wrote, intermixed with scenes of exquisite humour, and many admirable lessons of morality.

Smollett, after the example of Cervantes, has endowed the gentle knight of *Greavesbury-hall* with the distinguishing qualities of genuine knights-errant, as they were properly styled; their courtesy, affability, and gallantry; their romantic ideas of justice; their passion for adventures; their eagerness to run to the succour of the distressed; and the pride they took in redressing wrongs, and removing grievances: he has led him out in quest of adventures, and provided occasions on which to exercise his generosity and valour, and displayed much of the spirit and humour of his model; but he has not attained in an equal degree the moral purposes of this species of romance; and, excepting the character of the heroine, he has not exhibited a faithful picture of life and manners in England, at the time he wrote.*

In the year 1759, the publication of *The modern part of an Universal History, from the earliest account of time; compiled from Original Writers, by the Authors of the Ancient Part*, un-

* *Sir Launcelot Greaves* has been followed by similar imitations of Quixote—"The Female Quixote, or the Adventures of Arabella," by Mrs Lennox, 2 vols 12mo, 1762; "Spiritual Quixote, or the Summer Rambles of Mr Geoffrey Wildgoose, a comical romance," by the Rev. Mr Graves, 3 vols 12mo, 1776; "The Philosophical Quixote," 2 vols. 1783; "The Amiable Quixote," 4 vols. 1788, &c.

dertaken at the expense of the London booksellers, commenced with the appearance of the first, second, and third volumes, and was completed in 1764, in 42 vols. 8vo. In the compilation of this great historical work, which does honour to our nation, Smollett gave his assistance, and is supposed, among other articles, to have contributed the *Histories of France, Italy, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Holland* *. The separate volumes as they appeared, were noticed at considerable length in the *Critical Review.*

In the year 1761, Smollett published in detached numbers, the first volume of his *Continuation of the History of England,* which was completed in 4 vols. 8vo, in 1762, and a fifth volume in 1765, which brought down the history to that period.† The year following, he published a revised and improved edition of the *Continuation,* in 2 vols. 4to, to correspond with the quarto edition of the *History,* with a general index. It has been asserted, and is generally believed, that Smollett sold this work to his printer at a price which enabled the purchaser to sell it to Mr Baldwin, the bookseller, on the day the bargain was made, at a profit of no less than one thousand pounds.‡

In this undertaking, Smollett encountered difficulties inseparable from the historian who relates present transactions. The pencil of genius, drawing from living nature, is necessarily animated with a fire unfelt by the transcriber of the history of remote transactions; the historian of his own times sympathises with the distress, and rejoices in the prosperity of his country, with heartfelt emotions, that appear counterfeit, should they be expressed by the writer of a future age; but the contemporary historian cannot penetrate into the causes of disgrace or triumph, nor develope the secrets of the cabinet, and the motives of faction, upon which time reflects light. Under this disadvantage, Smollett has shewn his regard for truth, and his courage in asserting it; but, in delineating the characters of individuals, and the motives of parties,

* See correspondence between Smollett and Richardson, relative to the compilation of the *Universal History,* among the original letters appended to this narrative.

† It is said, that as soon as the paragraph, p. 444, respecting his Majesty's illness, was observed, the whole edition, unsold, was bought up.

‡ Smollett is said to have cleared £2000 by the sale of the *History* and the *Continuation.*

he has sometimes mistaken the impulse of feeling for decision of judgment, and the bias of personal and political attachment for the ardour of genuine patriotism.

In the beginning of the poetical warfare among the wits and players, occasioned by the publication of "The Roseiad," in 1761, without the name of the author, the *Critical Reviewers* appeared in the ranks of opposition, and incurred the vengeance of a more formidable antagonist than they had yet encountered in the course of their periodical censures. The writer of that article in the *Review* rashly pronounced an unfavourable judgment of the performance, after it had received the sanction of public approbation, and incautiously insinuated that Mr Lloyd was concerned in writing it, in conjunction with Mr Colman and Mr Thornton; an insinuation founded on some resemblance it was supposed to bear to a popular poem, on a similar subject, called "The Actor," published by Mr Lloyd in the preceding year. Mr Lloyd and Mr Colman took the alarm, and solemnly denied the charge, and renounced all right to the performance, in the public papers. Churchill set his name to the second edition; and, suspecting Smollett to be the writer of the offensive article in the *Review*, aggravated by the asperity of subsequent comments which betrayed the source of his chagrin, retaliated, with great severity and spirit, in the following lines, among others, of his "Apology to the Critical Reviewers."

"Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The muse a trifler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done, that angry heav'n should send
The bitterest foe where most I wish'd a friend?
Oft hath my tongue, been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchless fame;
For me let hoary *Fielding* bite the ground,
So nobler *Pickle* stand superbly bound;
From *Livy's* temples tear the historic crown,
Which, with more justice blooms upon thine own;
Compar'd with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the life of Tommy Thumb."

Although this merciless satirist was of a disposition prone to take offence, yet the charge of unprovoked hostility cannot, in this instance, with justice be imputed to him. The *Reviewers* were evidently the aggressors, by ungenerously endeavouring to prejudice the public mind against an anonymous poem, of very

extraordinary merit, by groundless insinuations, uncandid strictures, and personal abuse.

But Churchill was himself mistaken in the suspicion he entertained of Smollett's concern in the judgment passed on "The Rosciad;" and it is probable, the punishment he inflicted on him for an offence committed by one of his colleagues, was not mitigated by the consideration of his being a North Briton, and the advocate of political opinions opposite to his own. On seeing Mr Colman's advertisement in the public papers, and hearing that he had also accused him of having made an attack on his moral character in the *Critical Review*, Smollett exculpated himself from the charge, in the following manly letter to Mr Garrick, dated Chelsea, April 5, 1761.

"I see Mr Colman has taken offence at the article in the *Critical Review* which treats of "The Rosciad;" and I understand he suspected me to be the author of that article. Had he asked me the question, I should have freely told him I was not the author of the offensive article, and readily contributed to any decent scheme which might have been proposed for his satisfaction; but, as he has appealed to the public, I shall leave him and the real author to settle the affair between themselves, and content myself with declaring to you, and that upon my honour, that I did not write one word of the article upon "The Rosciad," and that I have no ill will nor envy to Mr Colman, whom I have always respected as a man of genius, and whose genius I shall always be ready and pleased to acknowledge, either in private or in public. I envy no man of merit; and I can safely say, I do not even repine at the success of those who have no merit. I am old enough to have seen and observed that we are all playthings of Fortune, and that it depends upon something as insignificant and precarious as the tossing up of a halfpenny, whether a man rises to affluence and honours, or continues to his dying day struggling with the difficulties and disgraces of life. I desire to live quietly with all mankind, and, if possible, to be on good terms with all those who have distinguished themselves by their merit. I must own, that if I had examined the article upon "The Rosciad" before it was sent to the press, I should have put my negative upon some expressions in it, though I cannot see in it any reflection to the prejudice of Mr Colman's moral character; but I have been so hurried since my enlargement, that I had not time to write one

article in the *Critical Review*, except that upon *Bower's History*, and perhaps I shall not write another these six months. That hurry, and a bad state of health, have prevented me from returning in person the visit you favoured me with in the King's-Bench. I beg you will accept this letter in lieu of it, and believe me that no man respects Mr Garrick, more than he is respected by his obliged humble servant," &c.

In the year 1762, Mr Wilkes, who had been returned member for Aylesbury, in the parliament which assembled November 3, 1761, and was known as a man of cultivated mind, lively talents, and dissipated manners, entered on that career in politics which he afterwards pursued with so much turbulence, and at last terminated with so much success, and published, without his name, "Observations on the Papers relative to the Rupture with Spain, laid before both Houses of Parliament, in a Letter from a Member of Parliament to a Friend in the Country," 8vo; a copy of which he presented, in the confidence of friendship, to Smollett, who, in the following letter to him, dated Chelsea, March 28, 1762, expresses, with deference, a disapprobation of his political opinions.

"My warmest regard, affection, and attachment, you have long ago secured. My secrecy you may depend upon. When I presume to differ from you, in any point of opinion, I shall always do it with diffidence and deference. I have been ill these three months, but hope soon to be in a condition to pay my respects to Mr Wilkes in person. Meanwhile, I must beg leave to trouble him with another packet, which he will be so good as to correct at his leisure. That he may continue to enjoy his happy flow of spirits, and proceed through life with a flowing sail of prosperity, is the wish, and the hope, and the confident expectation of," &c.

The commencement of the reign of George III. had been attended with the introduction of the earl of Bute to the ministry; and, on the 29th of May 1762, he was appointed first commissioner of the treasury, and assumed the management of public affairs. The sudden advancement of that nobleman, a native of North Britain, and a tory, without any apparent experience in public business, over men of the highest rank and character, some of whom had held the principal offices under government during the greater part of the reigns of the two preceding

kings;* the system of favouritism imputed to him, which established a distinction between the views of the court and the interest of the people, exemplified in the resignation of Mr Pitt, and the injudicious patronage of his immediate countrymen, which gave rise to a spirit of disunion and mutual irritation, rendered him an object of national jealousy, suspicion, and aversion.

The new minister, happy in the smiles of his sovereign, whom he had cultivated from his cradle, but without possessing the confidence of the people, found it necessary to employ some able writers to reconcile the public to his elevation, and to defend the measures of his administration. Among others,* Smollett was prevailed upon to palliate the steps which had led to his advancement, and to defend the unpopular measures that had attended his elevation; of which the most objectionable were, the subsequent peace, and the oppressive tax on cider. He entered on his employment with alacrity, and on the day of his patron's promotion, published the first number of a weekly paper, entitled *The Briton;* in which he combated, periodically, the bold and imperious language of a strong body of opposition in parliament, and a powerful host of pamphleteers, with such arguments as the confidence of the minister and his own zeal and ability could supply. But he seems to have had little more success in vindicating Lord Bute's system of favouritism, and of general politics, than in obviating that particular objection which had so much weight with the multitude, and which was insurmountable,—that he was a native of Scotland.

Soon after the publication of *The Briton*, Mr Wilkes, who afterwards rendered himself conspicuously useful by his pen on the other side, happened to be in company, where it was asserted that lord Bute had engaged Smollett to conduct that paper, on

* The duke of Newcastle had, for more than fifty years, filled the greatest offices in the state. His rank and fortune gave him great weight, and his princely establishments rendered him popular. After the death of his lamented brother, Mr Pelham, he was too weak to sustain his party, and, though he continued in office until 1762, he possessed but little influence. At this period, finding it necessary to resign, to make room for the earl of Bute, and being offered a lucrative and dignified, but unimportant situation, he nobly replied, "that he would not continue to burden a country he was no longer permitted to serve."—He died in 1768.

* Mallet, Shebbeare, Ruffhead, Cleland, Guthrie, Murphy, &c.

which he observed, " After having distributed among his adherents all the places under government, his lordship is determined to monopolize the wit also."

To encounter *The Briton*, it was then proposed that Mr Wilkes should publish a paper, to be called " The Englishman." He agreed to the proposal, but chose another name for the paper, that of " The North Briton," as more consonant to the jealous nationality that prevailed among the multitude, of which he ungenerously took the advantage. The first number appeared on the 5th of June, 1762, under the patronage of that party which formed an opposition to the court, on the popular pretence of rescuing the government of the country from the influence of the royal favourite.*

This famous paper, in which Mr Wilkes was assisted by Churchill, who received the profit arising from its sale, declared hostilites against the ministry and the Scottish nation, and attracted the attention of the public from the acrimonious boldness with which it was written; and was read with avidity, because its invectives were chiefly directed against an unpopular minister.

In ability to wield the weapons of political altercation, Mr Wilkes soon shewed a manifest advantage over Smollett, who was not formed with the insensibility and coolness that are necessary for political controversy; and, at last, by the force of elegant invective, popular argument, and concomitant personal abuse, extended to the whole of the Scottish nation, completely defeated his opponent. The abuse of Scotland, that worst species of nationality, of which Mr Wilkes took the advantage, and made a political use, was considered by Smollett, Dr Armstrong, and his other friends from the northern side of the Tweed, as a mortal offence. They could not bear that political game in which he indulged as sport, without the fiercest indignation; and, as might

* The " North Briton," was followed on the 10th June by a weekly paper on the other side, entitled " The Auditor," conducted by Mr Murphy. " Mist's Journal " was the first party paper that appeared against the government, after the accession of the house of Hanover. It was followed by " Fog's Journal," " Common Sense," " The True Briton," written by the duke of Wharton, " The Craftsman," conducted by Mr Amhurst, with the assistance of Bolingbroke, Pulteney, and other great names; " Old England," by Mr Guthrie; " The Remembrancer," by Mr Ralph; &c. " The North Briton," like most of its predecessors, had properly no national object of offence, an indispensable requisite in an opposition paper.

be expected, suffered their friendship for an individual to yield to the love of their native land.

The following character of Mr Wilkes, which appeared in *The Briton* of January 1, 1763, strongly evinces the sudden and total change of the best affections, under the malign influence of the demon of party.

"I would ask, if common honesty can reside in the breast which is consecrated to falsehood and dissimulation? if one virtue of humanity can warm the breast that swells with perfidy, with hatred, and unprovoked revenge? or if the duties of a good citizen can ever be performed by the hired voluntary instrument of sedition? No; such should not escape unpunished; he does not deserve to enjoy the protection of the laws, far less the privilege of a native Briton; he does not deserve to breath the free air of heaven, but ought to be exiled from every civilized society."

The Briton, the suspicious vehicle of undeserved praise, and misplaced panegyric, was laid down on the 12th February 1763; and on the 8th of April following, the nobleman in whose defence it was undertaken, finding the stream of popular discontent, and party violence, too strong to be resisted, resigned his place of first commissioner of the treasury, which had excited so much envy and clamour, and spent the remainder of his life in retirement. Whatever his deserts may be, it is certain the tribute of public applause was never paid to his merits. The unfavourable impression which his conduct left on the minds of the multitude, remained undiminished many a distant year, and acquired additional strength from subsequent occurrences. Visible or invisible, the influence of lord Bute was supposed to predominate, was repeatedly asserted in parliament, and added considerably to the popular discontents.

Although the zeal which Smollett displayed, in the progress of *The Briton*, was not, like that of his opponent, assumed from motives of private policy, but excited by a sense of the rectitude of his opinions, and directed against such an inundation of invective and abuse as has not been exceeded by any thing which latter times have witnessed, yet this periodical publication was not so favourably received by the public as his former writings had been. He had reason, it is said, to complain of lord Bute for withholding from him the information that was necessary, on many occasions, for the defence of the measure of his administration, and for not

fulfilling his engagements with him. But the secrets which he learned from that nobleman, when he was in the plentitude of his power, it is probable, were not much calculated to improve the serenity of his mind; and he had himself to blame for becoming a party-writer, by which he lost some of his old friends, and acquired but very cold-hearted new ones in their stead.

When lord Bute seceded from the ostensible situation of a minister, leaving to his successors, Mr Grenville, and the earls of Halifax and Egremont, the violent and unconstitutional punishment of Mr Wilkes,* he certainly experienced unmerited neglect from that nobleman, who was himself a man of science and taste, and had, in many instances, been found a generous patron of men of inferior importance and ability. Churchill, is mistaken in giving him a place in "The Author," among the "vile pensioners of state," whom he stigmatizes,

> "Some dead to shame, and, of those shackles proud
> Which Honour scorns, for slavery roar aloud;
> Others, half-palsied, only mutes become,
> And what makes Smollett write, makes Johnson dumb." †

He received pecuniary assistance from government as long as he wrote in its defence, but no stated pension was ever conferred on him as a recompense for the honour and advantage which his writings have conferred on English literature.

In the year 1763, Smollett permitted his name to appear, in

* It seems, indeed, that in the early, as well as in the succeeding parts of his political career, Mr Wilkes, whatever his views might be, was determined to acquire the resentment of ministers. Churchill, on seeing No. 45. of the "North Briton" in manuscript, in the most earnest manner intreated Mr Wilkes to withhold that paper from the press, and pointed out the obvious and certain consequences of its publication. It was, nevertheless, immediately printed; and Mr Wilkes obtained his end, by becoming the object of an illegal prosecution. The execution of the general warrant for that purpose, by the secretary of state, gave rise to the most popular, and only beneficial part of the contest, that ensued with government. Churchill was the dupe of this designing demagogue, the witty and profligate supporter of a good cause.

† The pension bestowed upon Johnson was merely honorary. At a period long subsequent to the grant of it, he wrote, "The False Alarm," and "Thoughts on some late transactions respecting Falkland Islands," in support of a minister to whom he owed no personal obligation.

conjunction with that of *T. Francklin, A. M.** *and others*, to a translation undertaken at the expense of Mr Newbery, of the *Works of M. de Voltaire, translated from the French, with notes historical and critical*, in 27 vols. 12mo, to which he gave but little assistance, except the notes, which fell entirely to his share. His coadjutor, in a separate additional title, prefixed his name to the translation of the *Dramatic Works*, in 7 volumes.

At this time, Voltaire, graced with the personal favour of sovereign princes, and covered with literary honours, occupied, almost without a rival, the first rank in the republic of letters. His works were admired by every man of education in every part of Europe, and separate translations of his most celebrated performances had appeared in Italy, Germany, and in our own country. With the love for men of talents that was natural to him, Smollett had hitherto manifested a partiality for the gay philosopher of Ferney, the favourite of the heroic Frederick of Prussia, at the height of his temporary popularity in England, and the advocate of humanity and toleration. He had, on every occasion, expressed his admiration of the universality of his knowledge, and the versatility of his talents, and bestowed high encomiums on his public spirit and benevolence, so ostentatiously displayed in his writings. Alarmed at the unbounded influence of his opinions on literature and morals, he now discovered the danger of his extensive popularity, and scrupled not to declare that his writings had infinitely more wit than truth, more beauty of composition than purity of sentiment; that he wrote licentiously in some of his performances, and superficially in others; that his brilliant wit and light ridicule were employed in inspiring irreverent ideas of morality and religion; and that his patriotism was seditious, and his benevolence hypocritical.

This change of opinion, and concomitant censure of Voltaire, drew on him the satirical animadversion of Churchill, in his "Apology," and an animated apostrophe to that extraordinary man, from the same thoughtless satirist; who little suspected that the subject of his panegyric, with the transcendent qualities of wit, taste, and imagination, was the specious friend of religious

* Afterwards Dr Francklin, Greek professor at Cambridge, one of Smollett's coadjutors in *The Critical Review*, the translator of Sophocles, Phalaris, and Lucian, and the author of several plays and sermons. He died in 1793.

toleration, the artful advocate of civil liberty, the mean slave of interest, caprice, and vanity, and equally destitute of principle as of veracity.

"When first my muse, perhaps more bold than wise,
Bade the rude trifle into light arise,
Little she thought such tempests should ensue,
Less, that such tempests should be rais'd by you,
The thunder's fury rends the tow'ring oak,
Rosciads, like shrubs, might 'scape the fatal stroke:
Vain thought! a critic's fury knows no bound,
Drawcansir-like, he deals destruction round;
Nor can we hope he will a stranger spare,
Who gives no quarter to his friend Voltaire.
"Unhappy genius! plac'd by partial fate
With a free spirit in a slavish state;
Where the reluctant Muse oppress'd by kings,
Or droops in silence, or in fetters sings.
In vain thy dauntless fortitude has borne
The bigot's furious zeal and tyrant's scorn:
Why didst thou safe from home-bred danger steer,
Reserv'd to perish more ignobly here?
Thus, when the Julian tyrant's pride to swell,
Rome with her Pompey at Pharsalia fell,
The vanquish'd chief escap'd from Cæsar's hand,
To die by ruffians in a foreign land."

His name also appears to a popular compilation, published about this time, entitled, *The Present State of all Nations, containing a geographical, natural, commercial, and political History of all the Countries of the known World*, in 8 vols. 8vo; to which he contributed very largely. A second edition of this useful work was printed in 1768.

At this time, Smollett had the misfortune to suffer the heaviest of all calamities, in the loss of his only child, a daughter, named Elizabeth, of amiable dispositions, and elegant accomplishments, the solace of his cares, and the object of his fondest affections and fairest hopes, who died in the 15th year of her age, and left him quite inconsolable. His daughter was attended, during her last illness, by his friend Dr Dickson, physician to the London hospital, of whose professional skill he had a high opinion.

This domestic calamity, which made a lasting impression upon

his mind; the infirm state of his health, impaired by a sedentary life, and assiduous application to study; the earnest request of his wife, with the neglect of his patron, and the uncomfortable state of public affairs, determined him to leave England, and spend some time in a foreign country and milder climate.

Accordingly, in June 1763, he went abroad with his family, and continued in France and Italy about two years; residing chiefly at Boulogne and Nice; making excursions to Turin, Florence, and Rome; and returned to England in June 1765, in a state of health and spirits considerably improved, but unconfirmed, and exceedingly fluctuating and uncertain.

Soon after his return, in 1766, he published his *Travels through France and Italy, containing Observations on Character, Customs, Religion, Government, Police, Commerce, Arts and Antiquities, with a particular Description of the Town, Territory, and Climate of Nice; to which is added, a Register of the Weather, kept during a Residence of Eighteen Months in that City;* in 2 vols. 8vo, in the form of letters to his friends in England, from Boulogne,* Paris, Lyons, Montpelier, and Nice.

In the first letter he describes the state of his own mind, and mentions the motives that induced him to leave England, in the following words.—

"In gratifying your curiosity, I shall find some amusement to beguile the tedious hours, which, without some employment, would be rendered insupportable by distemper and disquiet. You knew and pitied my situation; traduced by malice, persecuted by faction, and overwhelmed by the sense of a domestic calamity, which it was not in the power of fortune to repair. My wife earnestly begged I would convey her from a country where every object served to nourish her grief.† I was in hopes that a succession of new scenes would engage her attention, and gradually call off her mind from a series of painful reflections; and I ima-

* In the letters from this place, he mentions a conversation with a Frenchman at Ghent, in 1749, and his passage from Flushing to Dover about five years before. Of the object of these visits to the Continent nothing is certainly known.

† She was accompanied by a female friend, and he was "attended by his trusty servant, who had lived with him a dozen of years, and now refused to leave him."

gined the change of air, and a journey of near a thousand miles would have a happy effect upon my own constitution." *

All the time Smollett passed abroad, on this occasion, he unfortunately laboured under bad health, low spirits, and ill humour; and his letters afford a melancholy proof of the influence of mental disquiet and bodily pain over the best disposition.

Although he had distemper and discontent to give a fretful and less pleasant cast than usual to his observations, yet the vigour of his intellect predominated over his infirmities, and his *Letters from France and Italy*, on their first publication, were received with general approbation, both abroad and at home.

As might be expected, where national reflections are discoverable, some murmurs arose; the ridicule which he endeavours to throw on French manners was censured as illiberal, and the exaggeration with which he describes certain usages in France and Italy excited disgust; for, in delineating the objects before him, observed through the medium of disappointment and indignation, he sometimes forgot the following remark, which he makes in his fifth letter: "There are certain mortifying views of human nature, which ought undoubtedly, to be concealed as much as possible, in order to prevent giving offence." †

* The origin of his valetudinary state of health is mentioned in the following paragraph of the narrative of his case, which he drew up for the opinion of Professor F ——, "the Boerhaave of Montpelier," with remarkable elegance and precision. "Quibusdam abhinc annis, exercitationibus juvenilibus subito remissis, in vitam sedentariam lapsum. Animo in studia severiora converso, fibræ gradatim laxabantur. Inter legendum et scribendum, inclinato corpore, in pectus malum ruebat.—Vere novo casus atrox diras procellas animo immisit: toto corpore, totâ mente, tumultuatur. Patriâ relictâ, tristitiâ, solicitudo, indignatio, et saviesima recordatio, sequuntur. Inimici priores furore inveterato revertuntur Rediit febris hectica; rediit asthma cum anxietate, tusse, et dolore lateris lancinante."—*Letter XI.*

† Chevalier Millin, in his "Voyage en Savoie, en Piemont, a Nice, et a Genes," 1816, reprehends Smollett for the "injustice of his complaints against Nice." These complaints should be treated with tenderness. According to the French traveller's own shewing, Smollett must have felt, and seen enough at Nice, to put him out of humour. "The streets in the interior of the town are gloomy and cheerless. The houses are pestiferous and filthy. The Nizards are as beggarly, and as nasty as their habitations. The torments inflicted by the insects are insupportable. They continue at all seasons of the year, and at all times of the day and night." These horrors may well excuse a trifling ebullition of spleen in a valetudinary inhabitant of *le bord de la Thamise.*

In describing the statues in the famous gallery at Florence, and the antiquities of Rome, though he foresaw the ridicule that would follow the declaration of his sentiments, he deliberately hazarded the following remarks, which exposed him to the reprehension of the formidable class of connoisseurs in the arts of taste.

"With respect to the famous Venus Pontia, commonly called *de Medicis*, I believe I ought to be entirely silent, or at least conceal my real sentiments, which will otherwise appear equally absurd and presumptuous. It must be want of taste that prevents my feeling that enthusiastic admiration with which others are inspired at sight of this statue. I cannot help thinking there is no beauty in the features of Venus, and that the attitude is awkward and out of character.*—I was much disappointed at sight of the Pantheon, which, after all that has been said of it, looks like a huge cock-pit, open at the top." †

Those declarations drew upon him also the following severe censure, which he probably felt more sensibly, from the lively sarcastic pen of Sterne, the popular writer of the day, who perhaps would have spared his sarcasm, if he had been impressed, as he ought, with the recollection, that Smollett not only laboured under the lassitude of distemper, but the depression of sorrow.

"The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris—from Paris to Rome—and so on;—but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he passed by was discoloured and distorted.—He wrote an account of them, but it was nothing but an account of his miserable feelings.—I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon—he was just coming out of it—"It is nothing but a huge cock-pit," said he. "I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus Medicis," replied I;—for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess, and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature. I popped upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home, and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell; "wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and field, and of the cannibals which each other eat: the Anthropophagi."—He had been flayed alive, and bedeviled, and worse used than S[t] Bartholomew, at every stage he had come at "I'll tell it," cried Smelfungus," to the world." "You had better tell it," said I, "to your physician." ‡

* *Letter XXVIII.* † *Letter XXXI.*

‡ Sentimental Journey, vol. i.

The sarcasm of Sterne, as might be expected, threw a temporary ridicule on Smollett, who was not so fortunate as to be able to bear disease with the good-humour of that gay valetudinarian. But although Sterne tripped along the same road more cheerily than Smollett, and never allowed disease to "tinge the objects which came in his way, either with sable or sickly green," * and, as he himself describes it, danced with Death a merrier dance than any other person ever had with such a partner,—yet Smollett feared Death, "when at his heels," as little as this "fellow of infinite jest, and most excellent fancy;" † and met him at last, "no distant date," with as much composure as any man ever encountered the "king of terrors."

Soon after the publication of his *Travels*, at a time when he felt his strength declining, and his mind depressed with sorrow, he set out on a journey to his native country; a journey probably undertaken from a sense of his approaching dissolution, and a desire of seeing his mother and his other relations, before he should be separated from them for ever, rather than from any sanguine hope that air and exercise would restore his former health and spirits.

He arrived at Edinburgh about the beginning of June 1766, and found there, not merely the agreeable society of many authors of the first distinction, whose acquaintance he delighted to cultivate, ‡ but such marks of warm and cordial affection as one would wish to find among near relations, after a long absence.

The asthmatic disorder under which he had so long laboured, and which had given him much disturbance since he left London, attended with fever, cough, and lowness of spirits, had now made a dismal alteration in his face and person; and his relations, who had never seen him but in the bloom of health, of a vigorous

* Tristram Shandy, vol. vii. † Shakespeare.

‡ In the character of *Bramble* in *Humphry Clinker*, he has recorded the names of his illustrious countrymen with liberal praise. "Edinburgh is a hot-bed of genius. I have had the good fortune to be made acquainted with many authors of the first distinction, such as the two Humes, Robertson, Smith, Wallace, Blair, Wilkie, Ferguson, &c. and I have found them as agreeable in conversation as they are instructive and entertaining in their writings. These acquaintances I owe to the friendship of Dr Carlyle, who wants nothing but inclination to figure with the rest upon paper." The last of the illustrious list, the celebrated historian of the Roman republic, the revered instructor of my youth, died in 1816, aged 93.

make, an elegant form, and agreeable countenance, were deeply affected by his wan, dejected, and emaciated appearance.

Oppressed with an habitual distemper, that never left him, and wasting visibly every day, he consulted Dr Gregory, "an eminent physician, of an amiable character," who advised the Highland air, and the use of goat-milk whey; a prescription which was the more agreeable, as he expected to find those remedies on the borders of Argyleshire, which he proposed as the utmost extent of his journey.

After a short stay in Edinburgh, during which he experienced many gratifying testimonies of personal attachment, he took leave of his mother, who retained, at an advanced age,* a strong understanding, and un uncommon share of humour, and whom he loved with all the warmth of filial affection, and proceeded with his sister, Mrs Telfer, and his nephew, a young officer in the army, to Glasgow;† from whence, after they had made a short stay, they went, accompanied by Dr Moore, to Cameron, the residence of his cousin, Mr Smollett, on the banks of Loch Lomond, which, with some excursions into Argyleshire, terminated his journey.

During the time of his stay in Scotland, besides his asthma, which had become inveterate, he was greatly tormented with rheumatic pains; and he was afflicted also with an ulcer in his arm, which had been neglected on its first appearance, and afterwards resisted every attempt to heal it. These disorders confined him much to his chamber, but did not prevent his conversation from being highly entertaining, when the misery of which they were productive permitted him to associate with his friends. The peevishness which he imagined he had displayed when he joined society, was exaggerated by his recollections far beyond what was observed by the company.

* She had then attained the age of 72. They were not in death long divided. She died in 1770.

† "There," he observes, in the character of *Melford*, in *Humphry Clinker*, "we had the good fortune to be received into the house of Mr Moore, an eminent surgeon.—Mr Moore is a merry facetious companion, sensible and shrewd, with a considerable fund of humour; and his wife an agreeable woman, well-bred, kind, and obliging. Kindness, which I take to be the essence of good nature and humanity, is the distinguishing characteristic of the Scots ladies in their own country."

He left Scotland about the latter end of August, without any alleviation of his complaints, and proceeded directly to Bath, with a pleasing impression on his mind of the affectionate attention which had been shewn him by his relations, acquaintances, and countrymen in general, of whom he had taken a last farewell.

He spent the winter in Bath; for some months with an aggravation and increase of his complaints; but, in the beginning of the year 1767, his health and spirits were surprisingly restored, as appears by the following letter to Dr Moore, dated Bath, February 8, 1767, which is transcribed here, because the account he gives of his case is curious in itself, and also because the first paragraph affords an instance of that benevolent and friendly interest he took in the unfortunate, which is one of the leading features of his character.

"I have been for some weeks resolved to write you an account of my health, about which I know your friendly solicitude; but what hastens the execution of my purpose, is a letter I received last post from Commissary Smollett, desiring me to recommend a poor relation of ours to your countenance and protection. Her name is Mrs ———, sister to ———. This unfortunate gentlewoman married ———, who had a small estate in the Highlands, which having squandered away, he made his retreat to Jamaica, leaving his wife destitute, with a child upon her hands. In this emergency, she had virtue enough to study midwifery under Dr Young at Edinburgh, who, I am told, has given ample testimony of her capacity; and she is represented to me as a person of unblemished character. She has, it seems, resolved to settle at Glasgow, and exercise her profession. I need say no more, knowing as I do, that you will have a proper regard to the interest I take in her concerns; and that, if you find her properly qualified, you will encourage her as much as your own views and connection may permit. So much for Mrs ———, now for Dr Smollett.—You must remember the miserable way in which I was at parting from you in August last: at my return to Bath I caught a cold, in consequence of which my rheumatic pains returned, and the disorder in my breast recurred, namely, an orthopnœa, with an ugly cough and spitting, exclusive of a slow fever, from which I had never been free. But these symptoms gave me little disturbance, in comparison with the ulcer on my fore arm, which continued to spread until it occupied the

whole space from about three inches above the wrist to the ball of the thumb, so that I was entirely deprived of the use of my right hand, and the inflammation and pain daily increased. In the beginning of November, it was supposed to be cancerous: at that period I could not sleep without an oppiate, my fever became continual, my appetite failed, and the rheumatism again invaded me from the neck to the heel. In a word, I despaired of ever seeing the end of winter; and every night when I went to bed, fervently wished that I might be dead before morning. In this uncomfortable situation, I consulted with Messrs Middleton and Sharp, the two most eminent surgeons in England, who were then, and are still at Bath. I had my hand dressed before them, and proposed a course for the cure, which they approved. I forthwith began to dress the sore with double mercurial ointment made without turpentine. I took a dose of Van Swieten's solution of corrosive sublimate every morning, and drank a quart of strong decoction sarsæ every day. On the second day of this regimen, the matter was much mended, and the pain considerably abated. In one week I was quite free of the fever and rheumatism, and my appetite returned in full perfection. In ten days I left off taking the sublimate, for by this time the ulcer was almost closed, and, in another week, skinned over. It continues still hard and scaly; but the cicatrix, seems quite firm, and I can now use my hand almost as well as ever. I still drink the decoction, and never stirred out of my house till yesterday, when I ventured out in a chair, and got a cursed cold, which I find will produce an ugly fit of the asthma; this, however, I will bear without repining. In a word, my cure is looked upon as something supernatural; and I must own, that I now find myself better in health and spirits than I have been at any time these seven years. Had I been as well in summer, I should have exquisitely enjoyed my expedition to Scotland, which was productive of nothing to me but misery and disgust. Between friends, I am now convinced that my brain was in some measure affected; for I had a kind of *coma vigil* upon me from April to November, without intermission. In consideration of these circumstances, I know you will forgive all my peevishness and discontent; and tell good Mrs Moore, to whom I present my most cordial respects, that, with regard to me, she has as yet seen nothing but the wrong side of the tapestry. Pray remember me

kindly to your brother-in-law, Mr Simson, Drs Stevenson and Douglas, to honest Robin Urie,* and all my Glasgow friends. Write to me with your first conveniency, directing to Dr Smollett, Gay-street, Bath; and believe me, with the warmest affection and esteem,' &c.

During this interval of convalescence, Smollett again entered the thorny paths of political discussion, and, in 1769, published, without his name, his *History and Adventures of an Atom*, in 2 vols. 12mo, a work of a different nature from any of his other performances, being a political romance, supposed to be written in 1768, exhibiting, under *Japanese* names, the characters and conduct of the leaders of party in Great Britain, from the commencement of the French war, in 1754, to the dissolution of Lord Chatham's administration, in 1768.† In this work he found reason for altering his opinion of Lord Bute, the theme of his former panegyric, as he did, in the *Continuation* of his History, for changing his sentiments with regard to Mr Pitt, "the great commoner," for maintaining those continental connections against which he had directed all the vast powers of his commanding eloquence.‡

Soon after the publication of this work, his complaints recurred with violence, and his friends, Dr Armstrong, Dr Hunter, and Dr Dickson, advised him to try again the influence of the Italian climate; but his circumstances not being deemed adequate to the expense of the journey, and of his remaining free from all care but what concerned his health, application was made to the Earl of Shelburne, one of the secretaries of state, to obtain for him the office of consul at Nice, Naples, or Leghorn. This ap-

* This worthy man is only remembered by the productions of his press, which, for elegance and accuracy, entitle him to commemoration as a respectable rival of Robert and Andrew Foulis, the celebrated Elzevirs of Glasgow.

† Mr Pitt, in 1766, was created earl of Chatham, and, with the office of Privy Seal, took the direction of the measures of government; but he forfeited the attachment of his friends, and his popularity, by his coalition with the men whom he had hitherto opposed. In 1768 he resigned, and was reconciled to his friends, but never regained the confidence of the people. He died in 1778.

‡ Most of the reflections which gained credit to that seasonable pamphlet against continental connections, entitled, "Considerations on the German War," written by Israel Mauduit, Esq. may be found disseminated with a liberal hand through every part of Smollett's *Continuation*. Mr Pitt scarcely experienced an attack from the press till the appearance of that pamphlet.

plication, prompted by the anxiety of his friends to preserve his health, and supported by the interest of the duchess of Hamilton and Mr Hume, was unsuccessful; because he was not the panegyrist of the men in power, and because he could not stoop to practise the degrading arts of solicitation.

The neglect which Smollett experienced on this occasion, from an administration of which Lord Chatham had the chief direction, aggravated his mental sufferings, already too great for his delicate frame to bear. But he had pleasure in the reflection that he had never solicited the protection which ought to have come spontaneously; and he was now approaching fast to that state in which money could be of no avail, and the indifference of ministers towards literature, and his want of riches, would give him less concern than ever.

He set out for Italy, accompanied by his wife, early in the year 1770, with a constitution reduced to the last stage of debility; and after residing a short time at Leghorn, and making an excursion to Pisa, he retired to Monte Nero, a more tranquil and salutary situation, in the neighbourhood; where he was visited, not long after, by his cordial friend Dr Armstrong, then on a tour through Italy, and, for a longer time, on his return from Rome, as appears by the following letter to his ingenious friend Caleb Whiteford, Esq. dated Monte Nero, May 18, 1770.

" You could not have made me a more agreeable present than the papers I received by the hands of our good friend Dr. Armstrong. Some of the pieces I had read with great pleasure in one of your evening papers; but my own satisfaction is much increased by knowing you are the author: for, without flattery, I really think these fourteen letters contain more sense, spirit, wit, and humour, than all I have as yet seen written on the other side of the question; and am fully persuaded, that if you had two or three coadjutors of equal talents to play to one another's hands, and keep up the ball of argument and ridicule, you would actually, at the long run, either shame or laugh the people out of their absurd infatuation.* Your ideas of characters and things so

* Mr Whiteford's essays and squibs, of which Smollett expresses his approbation, appeared in the " Public Advertiser," where the celebrated letters of Junius were inserted, and all the squibs of party were thrown. He turned the various topics of the day into all sorts of shapes—horse-races, play-bills, auctions, exhibitions, and female administrations, became the whimsical vehicles of his

exactly tally with mine, that I cannot help flattering myself so so far as to imagine I should have expressed my sentiments in the same manner on the same subjects, had I been disposed to make them public, supposing still that my ability corresponded with my ambition.

"I hope you will not discontinue your endeavours to represent faction and false patriotism in their true colours, though I believe the ministry little deserves that any man of genius should draw his pen in their defence. They seem to inherit the absurd stoicism of Lord Bute, who set himself up as a pillory, to be pelted by all the blackguards of England, upon the supposition that they would grow tired and leave off. I don't find that your ministers take any pains even to vindicate their moral characters from the foulest imputation; I would never desire a stronger proof of a bad heart, than a total disregard of reputation. A late nobleman, who had been a member of several administrations, owned to me, that one good writer was of more importance to the government than twenty placemen in the house of commons.

"I do not know when I shall have an opportunity of transmitting the papers to Mr Udney; neither do I know in what part of Italy he resides. I should have sent them by Dr Armstrong to Rome, had I read your letter before he set out; but as he staid at Leghorn only to dine with me, I did not open your packet until he was gone; however, I shall not fail to comply with your directions as soon as possible. I am at present rusticated on the side of a mountain that overlooks the sea, in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, a most romantic and salutary situation, where I should be happy in receiving another such mark of your charity and good-will; and if there is any thing in Tuscany that you desire, I beg you will, without ceremony put it in my power to oblige you. Pray, who is *Old Sly-boots?* Is not *Junius* supposed

humour. His "Cross-reading," Ship-news Extraordinary," "Errors of the Press," &c. which excited much mirth, and occasioned many imitations, have been collected in the "Foundling Hospital for Wit." He ridiculed the petitions, remonstrances, and grievances of Mr Wilkes, by giving a humorous history of petitions, and a ludicrous representation of modern grievances, answering all these grievances, and advertising for a new grievance. Dr Goldsmith's exquisite portrait of Merry Whiteford, in his poem of "Retaliation," is well known to the readers of poetry. He died in 1809.

to be *Burke*?* What is become of Mrs Macaulay? They say she has been obliged to retire; for what reason I know not. Do, pray, throw away half an hour in giving me the political anecdotes of the times, and direct *a Monsieur Monsieur Smollett, chez, Monsieur Renner, negotiant, a Livourne.* In the mean time, wishing you every comfort and consolation that this rascally age affords, I am, with great affection and esteem," &c.†

While he resided in Italy, he published, in 1771, his *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, in 3 vols. 12mo, arranged in the form of letters; in which, under the character of *Matthew Bramble*, whimsically fretful and misanthropic, he represented truly and humorously his own, and inserted the observations he made on visiting his native country, and the scenes of infancy, interspersed with cordial remembrances of the marks of hospitality and affection which he found among his friends and relations, and his exquisite *Ode to Leven Water.* This novel was read with general approbation on its first appearance, and is still considered by good judges as the most entertaining and agreeable of all his works.

This was the last publication Smollett gave to the world. A life of labour, honourable industry, and of many difficulties and disappointments, was now drawing near an end.

He lingered through the summer, during which his strength sunk gradually, but he retained his lively humour, fortitude, and composure, as well as the full use of his faculties, to the last. He died on the 21st October 1771, in the 51st year of his age.

Soon after his death, a plain monument was erected to his memory by his disconsolate widow, in the burying-ground, belonging to the English factory at Leghorn, with the following inscription, written by Dr Armstrong, with whom he lived in friendship from their first acquaintance till his last breath, and to whose lot it fell to see his friend's

> ——" neglected genius bloom,
> Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb," ‡

* Conjecture has been baffled in ascribing the letters of this mysterious writer, successively, to Burke, Lord Sackville, W. G. Hamilton, S. Dyer, H. M. Boyd, Glover, the duke of Portland, and sir Philip Francis.

† *Memoirs, &c. ibid.* p. 89.

‡ Pope's Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot.

in a strain of energetic elegance, affectionate sorrow, and manly indignation, that reflects equal honour on his understanding and his heart.

Hic ossa conduntur
TOBIAE SMOLLETT, Scoti;
Qui, prosapia generosa et antiqua natus,
Priscæ virtutis exemplar emicuit;
Aspectu ingenuo,
Corpore valido,
Pectore animoso,
Indole apprime benigna,
Et fere supra facultates munifica,
Insignis,
Ingenio féraci, faceto, versatili,
Omnigenæ fere doctrinæ mire capaci,
Varia fabularum dulcedine
Vitam, moresque hominum,
Ubertate summa ludens, depinxit.
Adverso, interim, nefas! tali tantoque alumno,
Nisi quo satyræ opipare supplebat,
Seculo impio, ignavo fatuo,
Quo musæ vix nisi nothæ
Mecœnatulis Britannicis
Fovebantur.
In memoriam
Optimi et amabilis omnino viri,
Permultis amicis desiderati,
Hocce marmor,
Dilectissima simul et amantissima conjux
L. M.
Sacravit.

Translation.

Here
Rest the remains
of
TOBIAS SMOLLETT,
A North Briton,
Who, sprung
From an ancient and respectable family,
Shone forth an example
Of the virtue of former times.
Of an ingenuous countenance,
And manly make.

With a breast animated by the justest spirit,
He was eminently distinguished
For great benevolence of temper,
And a generosity even above his fortune.
His wit had every character
Of fertile inventiveness,
Of true pleasantry,
Of flexibility to every subject,
From his aptness and wonderful capacity
For every kind of learning,
The exercise of these talents,
Produced a variety of pleasing fictions,
In which,
With great exuberance of fancy,
And true humour,
He laughed at, and described,
The lives and manners of men:
While
(Shameful to relate!)
This genius,
This honour to his country,
Met with nothing,
In these abandoned, worthless, insipid times,
But what was unfavourable to him,
Except indeed
Their abundance of supply to his pen
Of matter of satire!
Times!
In which
Hardly any literary merit,
But such as was in the most false or futile taste,
Received any encouragement
From the paltry, mock Maecenases of Britain.
In honour to the memory
Of this most worthy and amiable
Member of society,
Sincerely regretted by many friends,
This monument
Was, by his much beloved and affectionate wife,
Dutifully and deservedly
Consecrated.

Within the tomb of Smollett, situated in a romantic spot, of an octagonal form, about thirty feet in height, four marble slabs were placed, we are told, at a subsequent period, with inscriptions in the Italian, Latin, Greek and English languages, of

which the following translations appeared in the "S[t] James's Chronicle," Oct. 3, 1818, as the homage of veneration paid by foreigners to our countryman. The account of his tomb may be a fabrication, but the inscriptions claim a place among the memorials of his fame:

ITALIAN.

Stranger! respect the name of TOBIAS SMOLLETT,
An Englishman,
A man of letters, and playful genius.
He died
Contented in Tuscany.
His soul
Requires your prayers. J. B.

LATIN.

He knew every thing—he loved every one.
Familiar with past
and
Present ages,
His works merit a place by the side
of
Boccaccio.
Pray for his soul. S.

GREEK.

Here SMOLLETT rests,
A Citizen of the world,
A Xenophon and an Hippocrates,
A Terence and a Boccaccio.
If he had
A native country, it was this;
For here
He chose to die:
I was his friend

J. PALLIONIETTA.

THE ENGLISH INSCRIPTION.

"*Patria cara carior libertas.*"
The great historian of his day,
Who rivall'd all but HUME below,
Thou tread'st upon his lowly clay;
Then let thy tears of rapture flow.
The *first* of novelists he shone,
The *first* of moralists was he,
Who Nature's pencil waved alone,
And painted man as he should be.

Dumbarton's vale in life's gay prime
Cherish'd this blossom of the North,
Italia's sweet and favoured clime
Enshrines in death the man of worth.

J. H. B.

In the year 1774, a round column, of the Tuscan order, with an urn on its entablature, was erected to Smollett's memory on the banks of the Leven, near the house in which he was born,* by his cousin, Mr Smollett of Bonhill, with the following nervous and classical inscription, written partly by Dr George Stuart, professor of humanity in the university of Edinburgh, and partly by John Ramsay, Esq. of Ochtertyre, and Dr Johnson.† The first four lines were adopted from an inscription, written at the request of Lord Kames, by Mr Ramsay, his intimate friend, in autumn 1773; the lines printed in Italics were furnished by Dr Johnson, at the request of Mr Smollett, when he passed a night with him, in the latter end of the autumn of that year, on his return from the Western Islands; the remainder is the production of Dr Stuart. The inscription, it is probable, received its form and arrangement, at that time, from the interposition of Dr Johnson's advice.

Siste, viator!
[Si leporis, ingeniique venam benignam,
Si morum callidissimum pictorem,
Unquam es miratus.]
Immorare paululum memoriæ
TOBIAE SMOLLETT, M.D.
Viri virtutibus hisce
Quas in homine et cive
Et laudes et imiteris,
Haud mediocriter ornati:
Qui in literis variis versatus,
Postquam felicitate sibi propria,
Sese posteris commendaverat,
Morte acerba raptus
Anno ætatis 51.

* The pillar is situated at the west end of the village of Renton, with a marble tablet to the road, about a quarter of a mile from Dalquhurn.

† Dr Armstrong took offence at Mr Smollett for not adopting the inscription which he wrote for the tombstone, and peevishly considered the substitution of another, on the pillar, which he understood was "insipid and stupid enough," as deliberate misbehaviour on the part of Mr Smollett.

Ehen! quam procul a patria!
Prope Liburni portum in Italia,
Jacet sepultus.
Tali, tantoque viro, patrueli suo,
Cui in decursu Lampada
Se potius tradidisse decuit,
Hanc Columnam,
Amoris, heu! inane monumentum
In ipsis Levinæ ripis,
Quas versiculis sub exitu vitæ illustratas;
Primis infans vagitibus personuit,
Ponendam curavit
JACOBUS SMOLLETT de Bonhill.
Abi, et riminiscere,
Hoc quidem honore,
Non modo defuncti memoræ.
Verum etiam exemplo, prospectum esse:
Aliis enim, si modo digni sint,
Idem erit virtutis præmium! *

Translation.

Stay, traveller!
If elegance of taste and wit,
If fertility of genius,
And an unrivalled talent
In delineating the characters of mankind,
Have ever attracted thy admiration,
Pause a while
On the memory of TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.
One more than commonly endowed with those virtues,
Which, in a man and citizen,
You would praise, or imitate,
Who,
Having secured the applause
Of posterity
By a variety of literary abilities,
And a peculiar felicity of composition,
Was,
By a rapid and cruel distemper,
Snatched from this world in the 51st year of his age.
Far, alas! from his country,
He lies interred near Leghorn, in Italy.

* When I revisited Lochlomond, after some years, in September 1809, I observed, with regret, the tablet bearing this inscription mutilated, and many of the words illegible.

In testimony of his many and great virtues,
This empty monument,
The only pledge, alas! of his affection
Is erected
On the banks of the Leven,
The scene of his birth, and of his latest poetry,
By JAMES SMOLLETT of Bonhill,
his cousin;
Who should rather have expected this last tribute from him.
Go, and remember
This honour was not given alone to the memory of the deceased,
But for the encouragement of others;
Deserve, like him, and be alike rewarded.

The inscriptions of Dr Armstrong and Dr Stuart have each their appropriate excellence; the one for the fortune of Smollett, and the other for his character. The inscription written by Mr Ramsay is of too much value to be withheld; not only for the connection it has with the composition of two of the most eminent Latinists of the present age, but for the intrinsic merit it possesses as a truly local inscription, which recals to every reader what he feels on seeing his native spot. It is inserted in this narrative, by the permission of my ingenious and learned friend, who now wants himself a memorial of his excellencies and virtues. *

Siste, viator!
Si leporis, ingeniique venam benignam,
Si morum callidissimum pictorem,
Unquam miratus es;
Domum istam inornatam paulisper intuere.
Ibi enim nascebatur
TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.

* This amiable and benevolent man, and accomplished scholar and antiquary, died March 2, 1814, at an advanced age. He was employed during the last forty years of his life, spent in retirement, in preparing for the press an extensive and elaborate work, containing historical sketches of the government, manners, language, literature, ecclesiastical policy, and rural economy of Scotland, during the eighteenth century, and biographical sketches of the most distinguished characters among his contemporaries, in public and private life, which he had studied with the most discriminating sagacity. In my last visit at Ochtertyre, in the autumn before his death, he shewed me his work, consisting of ten folio volumes, and a volume of Latin Inscriptions, and *Icones*, characteristic portraits, singularly appropriate, classical, and elegant. It is incumbent on his executors to publish the work, which he bequeathed as a legacy to his country, according to his requisition, or to place the MSS. for preservation and use, in the library of the Faculty of Advocates.

To Face the Last Page 167

MONUMENT,

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF SMOLLET.

1774.

EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY STIRLING AND SLADE.

1820.

In hocce agello, prope Levini marginem,
Sæpissime lusit puer:
Illorum sub umbra arborum recubans felix,
Silvestris musæ primitas olim meditatus est.
Denique, in patriam aliquantisper reversus,
Post varios casus, longamque perigrinationem,
Hujus anguli secura quiete,
Ac memoria vitæ puerilis, solum fallere nescæi,
Mirifice refectus est.*
Qualis, quantusque fuit in re literaria,
Non ignores, viator!
Neque te morari fas est.
Abi igitur, valeque;
At semper reminiscere,
Quam dulcis et decorus est
Soli natalis amor!

Translation.

Stop passenger!
If a rich vein of genius and humour,
If exquisite drawings from life,
By the hand of a master,
Were ever admired by thee,
Fondly contemplate for a moment
Yon unadorned mansion.
Under its roof
TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.
Drew his first breath.
In those very fields, on the banks of the Leven,
Did he often play while a boy;
Under the shade of yonder trees
He first courted the rural muse.
After a variety of adventures,
And travelling much in foreign climes,
Having returned for a short space
To his native country,
He was wonderfully refreshed
With the quiet of this sequestered spot,
And with the recollection of his boyish years,
Which alone did not deceive.
Of his character and rank in the literary world
Thou canst not be ignorant,
Nor it is proper to detain thee;
Go then; fare thee well!
Always remembering how sweet and becoming
Is the love of our native soil.

* See *Humphry Clinker*.

To add to the regret which every reader of sensibility must feel at the untoward fortune that attended Smollett through life, his widow was left in straitened circumstances in a foreign country. The desire of being independent had never disposed Smollett to accumulate money; and his slender property had been considerably diminished by the frequent journeys which he undertook for the recovery of his health. Of the small portion which remained for the maintenance of his widow, he appointed Mr Graham of Gartmore, and Mr Buntine, trustees. The delicacy of her constitution, and the neglect of his relations, induced her to prefer the climate of Italy to that of England, and to reside at Leghorn, the habitation of many of his countrymen, the scene of his latest connections, and the place of his dust. About twelve years after his death, spent in loneliness and grief, she was deprived of her scanty resource against the necessities of old age, by an unavoidable calamity, which drove her from her solitary dwelling, and reduced her to a deplorable dependence on the accommodation and support of the benevolent merchants of Leghorn. To relieve her from the misery of extreme indigence, which it would seem might have been either prevented by the liberality of his cousin, Mr Smollett, *, or removed by the well-timed application of a small portion of the wealth of his more fortunate sister, † she had recourse to the aid of private charity, among her friends at Bath, as appears by the following letter of acknowledgment, to Mr Lewis Bull of that city, dated Leghorn, September 23, 1783, which cannot be read, while the language in which it is written is intelligible, without the strongest emotions of pity and indignation.

" The proofs you have given me of your desire to serve me, lay me under infinite obligations; and, in course, after the trouble you have taken for the benefit of one of the most unfor-

* Although Smollett, when living, never experienced any substantial kindness from Mr Smollett, on occasions that called for it, yet from motives which it is not difficult to analyse, he erected a monument to his memory, after his death, and suffered his widow to live in indigence, in a foreign country!

" But still the great have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury, whom he help'd to starve!"

† Had Smollett lived a few years longer, he must have inherited the estate of Bonhill, of about £1000 a-year by the death of his cousin, Mr Smollett, whose heir of entail he was; and who would, in all probability, have bequeathed him, what he could no longer retain, the rest of his fortune, of nearly the same value, both of which fell to his sister, Mrs Telfer.

tunate of women, you surely had reason to expect a letter of acknowledgment, and return of thanks, to the benevolent persons who generously aided to my relief. Although I have not the honour to be personally known to you, the tender concern you express of my distresses, convinces me of the goodness of your heart for the misfortunes of a fellow-creature. To excuse my not answering yours sooner, I can only say, that when I received your kind favour, I was so totally absorbed in grief, from the dismal prospect of necessities in old age, as left me absolutely incapable of the least application. Happily, fortune placed me under the roof of very dear friends, who exerted their power to comfort me, and through their affection I owe my life and present support; otherwise I must have been abandoned in a foreign country, devoid of all resource. In my despair, I was advised to apply to the public. Flattered by the general character of our nation for deeds of charity, I acquiesced, hoping my sex and age would plead in my behalf, being reduced by an unavoidable calamity, which has entirely ruined me. Alas! I have been baffled in my expectations. Disappointment seems to attend my steps. This has truly humbled me, because I have seen many people assisted in less deplorable circumstances, when they had youth and strength to get a livelihood. Being absent from England, I could not make application to some powerful friends to support my cause. When this is wanting, which is the great wheel of fortune, the unhappy must sink down in oblivion. In short, my obligations are chiefly owing to the merchants of Leghorn, excepting my good friends at Bath, with a few particulars. Be it as it will, I must submit to my fate, hoping God will give me patience to bear his will. I shall take it as a particular favour, you would offer my best respects to those good ladies, my benefactors, and assure them of my eternal remembrance of their compassion. Moreover, I return you my sincere thanks for your kind attention. Wishing you health and prosperity, I beg leave to subscribe myself your most truly obliged, humble servant," &c.*

To remove, in some measure, the reproach which fell heavily on his native country, Mr Graham of Gartmore, who knew Smollett well, and held his memory in the highest veneration,†

* European Magazine, 1803. See Note, p. 43.

† Mr Graham was a favourite *elève* of Smollett's, and came very near his master in the predominant excellencies of his mind and heart. Inheriting the estate of Ardoch, it was necessary for him to assume the name of Buntine; but, on suc-

recommended the deplorable circumstances of his widow to the benevolence of his countrymen, and the tragedy of "Venice Preserved" was performed at the Theatre-Royal in Edinburgh, March 3, 1784, "for the benefit of the widow of the author of

ceeding to the estate of Gartmore, by the death of his brother, he resumed the name of his family. His acquaintance with Smollett probably commenced in the island of Jamaica, where he resided many years, and, for some time, held the office of Receiver General. He was often domesticated with him at Chelsea. A considerable portion of elegant and useful knowledge, a quick comprehension, a fertile fancy, a cultivated taste, a tender and benevolent mind, and an aptitude to colloquial vivacity, and convivial hilarity, qualified him to rank among the first ornaments of social and domestic life. As a country gentleman, he was distinguished by a high degree of public passion, and an ardent love of liberty, which was perhaps generated, at least enlivened, by observing the condition of the slaves in Jamaica. He entered with warmth and energy into the plan adopted, above thirty years ago, for correcting the abuses, and supplying the defects in the internal government of the royal boroughs of Scotland. He was, for many years, president of the convention of the burgesses, which met annually, at Edinburgh, from 1784 to 1793, for the purpose of bringing that salutary and most beneficial system of reform to maturity. In his spirited co-operation in the persevering efforts of the convention, he was aided by the able and manly support of his accomplished and cordial friend, Archibald Fletcher, Esq. advocate, the secretary, who furnished the memorials, and petition to parliament so generally and justly admired When they had reason to believe, that they were on the eve of success, the French revolution broke out, which for a time, put an end to every idea of reform in Britain. As a writer, he is known by some occasional political essays particularly a letter to Mr Pitt, on the subject of borough reform, remarkable for the combination of energy and elegance; but his merit is chiefly confined to his poetical compositions, produced generally without effort, and on which he set no value. Besides the occasional prologue preserved here, which has been erroneously ascribed to Professor Richardson, he wrote an incredible number of occasional poems, characterised by sprightliness and elegance, the greater part of which he destroyed; but some valuable pieces are supposed to be in his family. I have a copy of a very elegant epistle of his in verse, written in Jamaica to a friend in Scotland, in 1764. After a glowing picture of the scenery of Jamaica, he prays in a strain of diffusive benevolence, which seems prophetic, that "he might see Black senates enacting wholesome laws in the spirit of freedom" Some beautiful lines of his to a lady, are preserved in Macneill's "Poetical Works," vol. i. p. 158, and a song, attributed to him, beginning, "O tell me how to woo thee," is printed, as a composition of the 17th century, in Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," vol. ii. p 304. The prompt and persevering homage of literature preceded and followed his promotion to the offices of Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and member of Parliament for the county of Stirling, by the inscription of the different editions of Professor Richardson's "Essays on Shakespeare's Dramatic Characters," to his variable name.

Roderick Random;" * and the money, amounting, it is said, with private donations, to about £300, remitted to Italy.

On this occasion, so interesting to the honour and benevolence of the nation, Houston Stewart Nicholson, Esq. of Carnock, † performed the part of Pierre; and the following prologue, written by Mr Graham, in which the various works of Smollett are finely enumerated, and the claims of his widow to the protection of his countrymen are recommended with persuasive energy, was spoken by Mr Woods of the Theatre-Royal.

" Though letter'd Rome and polish'd Greece could boast
The splendid table, and the courteous host,—
The rites to strangers due;—though poets sing
This mighty warrior, or that powerful king,
The wand'rer's friend—yet still, whate'er is told
By modern poets, or by bards of old,
Is rivall'd here;—for here with joy we see
The heartfelt bliss of heav'nly Charity!
See her, with rapture, spread her willing hands,
And throw her blessings into foreign lands;
Dry up the tear she never saw to flow,
And eager catch the distant sigh of woe.
In vain seas swell, and mountains rise in vain—
A widow's groans are heard across the main;
—A widow now!—Alas! how chang'd the day!—
Once the NARCISSA ‡ of our poet's lay;
Now, fatal change! (of ev'ry bliss bereft,
Nor child, nor friend, nor kind protoctor left),
Spreads, on a distant shore, her scanty board,
And humbly takes what strangers can afford.
Yet, link'd to you by every tender tie,
To you she lifts the long-dejected eye,

* In the following lines, transcribed from a copy of the play-bill, Mrs Smollett's distress, with an allusion to *The Tears of Scotland*, is ascribed to a destructive fire.

Her *hospitable roof* no more,
Invites the stranger to the door;
In *smoky ruins* sunk it lies.

† Mr Stewart Nicholson was a man of rank and fortune, the son of a Scottish baronet, and generally known, and well remembered, as the pride and ornament of elegant society. His fine address, and ready elocution, qualified him to appear occasionally on the stage to great advantage. As an actor, he personated characters in tragedy, and excelled in dignity and declamation.

‡ Her fictitious name in Roderick Random.

And thus she speaks:—' Who dar'd with manly rage,
To lash the vices of an impious age? *
Who dar'd to seize the bold historic pen,
Paint living kings, and ministers, as men? †
Who sung sad Scotia's hapless state forlorn,
Her broken peace, her freshest laurels torn? ‡
Or who, on oaten reed, by Leven's side, §
Sung the fair stream, and hail'd the dimpling tide.
Your country's honour, and your nations pride— ‖
Lords of the lion heart and eagle eye,
Who need no storm that howls along the sky—
Say ye—whose lyre, to manly numbers strung,
The glorious bliss of independence sung? ¶
Who felt that pow'r, and still ador'd his shrine?—
It was your SMOLLETT! Oh! he once was mine!"
Tears stopp'd her utterance, else she would have said,
" Like him be bold, in virtue undismay'd;
Let independence all your actions guide,
Your surest patron, and your noblest pride."

In the year 1773, his *Ode to Independence, with Notes and Observations,* was published at Glasgow, in 4to, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, printers to the university, ** preceded by the following *Advertisement.*

" The public may depend upon the authenticity of the following *Ode;* it was printed from the author's manuscript, which was communicated to the editors by a person with whom Dr Smollett was much connected."

The *Observations* appended to this posthumous publication, which is unquestionably authentic, †† and the most excellent of

* " Advice and Reproof," a satire. † The History of England.

‡ Ode, 1746, beginning, " Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn."

§ Ode to Leven Water.

‖ Alluding to the opposition of the northern counties to the corruption of fictitious votes. ¶ Ode to Independence.

** The graphical and typographical arts are indebted to those celebrated printers, for establishing a school of painting in Glasgow, worthy of the munificence of a sovereign prince, and for bringing forward various useful, extensive, and elegant publications, unattempted by any individual in Scotland, and worthy of an association of opulent booksellers. They were succeeded in the office of printer to the university, and in their spirited designs for the advancement of classical and English literature, and elegant typography, by James Mundell of Edinburgh, who died in 1800, in the prime of life, in the full career of prosperous industry, and amidst many unfinished literary undertakings.

†† From the allusions in the ode to the noble stand made by the Corsican patriots against the usurpations of the French king, it appears to have been written a short time before his death.

all Smollett's poetical compositions, are dated Glasgow, February 23, 1773, and proceeded from the classical pen of Professor Richardson, under whose inspection it was printed from the original MS. left, with other papers, to Mr Graham of Gartmore, who communicated it to him for publication.

It is necessary to perform an act of justice to the author and the editor of this admirable performance, by stating, in the words of the ingenious editor himself, in a late publication, his acknowledgment of the liberty he took, of altering it, which, if it should be thought unsatisfactory, sufficiently evinces his candour and critical discernment.

"It is proper to mention, that, in the fifth line of the third antistrophe, the editor took the liberty of substituting one word in place of another: the line in Smollett's MS. was—

'Where Insolence her wrinkled *snout* uprears.'

No doubt the word *snout* presents a more complete image, and conveys, therefore, a more impressive meaning than the word *front*, which was introduced in its place; but it did not seem so suitable to the dignity of lyric poetry, or the peculiar loftiness of the *Ode to Independence*. If, however, the more distinct imagery, and consequent vigour, obtained by retaining the original expression, are capable of counterbalancing the considerations that urged the editor to its exclusion, it is proper that future editors may have it in their power to restore to the poet what certainly belongs to him." *

In the year 1776, Smollett's name appeared to an edition of a translation of the *Adventures of Telemachus*, in 2 vols. 12mo.

In the year 1785, a farce, entitled, *The Israelites, or the Pampered Nabob*, which is said to have been left by Smollett, in the hands of a printer, was acted in Covent-garden theatre on the first of April, for the benefit of Mr Aickin. It was brought upon the stage to ridicule a certain person who had been then lately exhibited in caricature, at the print-shop windows, as an *insect*. It contained, it is said, many strokes of Smollett's peculiar humour; but, owing to the severity of the weather, it was very ill attended, and but indifferently received. It has not since been performed or printed.

His *History of England*, with the *Continuation*, has been

* Richardson's Poems and Plays, vol. i, p. 124, edit. 1805.

frequently reprinted since his death. A new edition of the modern part of the *History*, and the *Continuation*, from the revolution to the death of George II., was printed for Thomas Cadell, bookseller in London, in 8 vols. 8vo. 1785,* as a supplement to Hume's History, with several omissions, transpositions, and additions, for which no reason is assigned. In providing for the public a connected series of English history, the association of the narratives of Hume and Smollett was judicious; but the practice of making one writer speak by the sense of another, is dangerous, and cannot easily be justified by any supposed perversion of historical evidence, or mistake in opinion. In the subsequent editions of this historical series, the same plan has been followed, probably without examining the original edition of Smollett; and, in all, the remaining part of the *Continuation*, from the accession of George III. to the year 1765, has been unaccountably ommitted. The republication of a select portion of the *History* and *Continuation*, on the plan adopted by the booksellers, is obviously calculated to diminish the value of the remainder, and to retard the appearance of a new edition of the whole work, in 16 vols. 8vo. which it would be desirable to see.

The common editions of his novels, particularly of *Roderick Random*,† *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphry Clinker*, are too numerous to be specified. New editions of his *Travels* have been called for from time to time, and his translations of *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas* have been frequently reprinted.

A collection of his *Plays and Poems, with Memoirs of his Life and Writings*, written with little care and diligence, was published by Mr Thomas Evans, bookseller in London, in one volume 12mo. 1784.

His *Miscellaneous Works*, consisting of his plays, poems, travels, and novels, excepting *The Adventures of an Atom*, were collected by Mr David Ramsay, the judicious and well-informed printer of the "Edinburgh Evening Courant," in 6 vols. 8vo. 1790, with humorous frontispieces by Rowlandson.

His *Poetical Works* were collected by the present writer in

* The date of the edition before me is 1785, but I suspect there may have been an earlier one.

† A farce called "Roderick Random" was lately acted at Manchester, written by Mr Riley.

the general edition of the "Works of the British Poets, with Prefaces, Biographical and Critical," printed by Mundell & Son, Edinburgh, in 14 vols. 8vo. 1795.

A collection of his *Miscellaneous Works*, comprehending his plays, poems, travels, and all his novels, with *Memoirs of his Life and Writings*, by the present writer, was printed by Mundell & Son, Edinburgh, in 6 vols. 8vo. 1796.

An edition of this collection of his *Miscellaneous Works*, somewhat differently arranged, was published by the London booksellers, under the title of *The Works of Tobias Smollett, M. D. with Memoirs of his Life; to which is prefixed, A view of the Commencement and Progress of Romance, by John Moore, M. D.* in 8 vols. 8vo, 1798. This edition is valuable, as it has been the means of procuring for the public a short but faithful account of Smollett from the pen of Dr Moore, to whom, in the course of this narrative, I have had many obligations. It was fortunate for Smollett that the office of memorialist of his life was undertaken by one who knew him well, and had such qualifications for the perfect execution of the task which was imposed on him, as perhaps no other man possessed in an equal degree. I am under no apprehension of being charged with undue partiality in my opinion of this lively and ingenious writer, by those who know my disposition. I estimate as I ought the value of the approbation which he has bestowed on my slight observations; and, from higher motives than vanity, I am happy to perceive the remarks of so judicious a critic as Dr Moore so frequently concur with, and strengthen my own. One remark may be ventured upon here. Though Dr Moore had the advantage of writing from personal knowledge, yet it must be owned that he has few new facts to embellish his narrative, and has been less successful than might be expected, in bringing us acquainted with those minute anecdotes of private and domestic life which shew the genuine man, on common and familiar occasions. But as the undertaking was unpremeditated, and not of his own chusing, and as he engaged in it when his health was declining, and the infirmities of age were increasing fast upon him, he may be supposed to have employed the materials which were at hand, rather than such as might have been provided by diligence and premeditation. In this situation, the task which has been left him, of giving an elegant and instructive memoir of Smollett,

has been executed, in many respects, with much felicity of performance. What use he has made of my narrative is obvious, as well as what is entirely his own. As a memorialist he has not always evinced sufficient diligence and attention in supplying the deficiencies, and correcting the errors of his predecessor; but as a critic and a panegyrist, though his opinions may be sometimes suspected to be erroneous, and his praise may be thought to be sometimes improperly bestowed, he displays his taste, judgment, and candour. The want of a complete account of Smollett's writings, which, like the battles of a general, are the circumstances which must fix the several eras of his life, is a material defect in his memoir. His preliminary sketch of those variations of manners in Europe, which gave rise to ancient and modern romance, in which some very early customs and institutions are comprehended, is ably executed, and may be regarded as a judicious abstract of the opinions of Bishop Percy, Mr Warton, and Bishop Hurd;* but it has few pretensions to novelty of thought, or extent of research, and can only with difficulty be found applicable to the subject, and might with equal propriety be prefixed to the works of any other novelist, as to those of Smollett.† This edition of his *Works*, as it is improperly entitled, has not been reprinted.

A second edition of the collection of his *Miscellaneous Works*, printed at Edinburgh in 1796, being called for in 1800, an opportunity was found of inserting his *Account of the Expedition to Carthagena*, which could not be obtained in due time. In committing the collection, a third time, to the press, in 1806, an op-

* See "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," "History of English Poetry," and "Letters on Chivalry and Romance."

† Dr Moore has overlooked a work, with a similar title, not unworthy of attention, "The Progress of Romance, through Times, Countries, and Manners, &c. in a Course of Evening Conversations, by Clara Reeve, author of "The English Baron" &c. in 2 vols. 8vo, 1785. I saw an interleaved copy of this work, with many additions and corrections, in the hand-writing of the author, in the valuable library of my late worthy and ingenious friend Joseph Cooper Walker, Esq. of St Valeri, author of "Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards," "Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy," "The Life of Tassoni," and other elegant performances, whose lamented death, his country, and more eminently his friends, so recently deplore. It has also been overlooked by Mr Dunlop, the able and indefatigable historian of "Fiction," in reviewing the labours of his predecessors.

portunity was found of inserting an *Appendix of Original Letters*, ascertaining some important facts in the account of his life and writings. It would be desirable to see his *Essay on the External Use of Water*, and a selection of his papers in *The Briton* and *The Critical Review*, collected in an edition of his *Miscellaneous Works*.*

The character of Smollett, at the present period, when prejudice and partiality have in a great measure subsided, will be better understood by this account of his life than by any laboured comment; yet, as he has had the lot to be more read than applauded, and less applauded than he deserves, it may not be superfluous here to attempt to collect into one point of view his most prominent excellencies and defects, and to endeavour, by stating his literary pretensions, and estimating his worth, to ascertain the rank to which he is entitled among the writers of our nation, and to claim for him the respect which is due to his memory.

In his person and manners, Smollett was fashioned to prepossess all men in his favour. His figure was manly, graceful, and handsome; and in his air and manner there was a dignity that command respect, joined with a benignity that inspired affection. With the most polished manners, and the finest address, he possessed a loftiness and elevation of sentiment and character, without vanity or affectation. His general behaviour bore the genuine stamp of true politeness, the result of an overflowing humanity and goodness of heart. He was a man of upright principles, and of great and extensive benevolence. The friend of sense and of virtue, he not only embraced, but sought occasions of doing good. He was the reliever of the distressed, the protector of the helpless, and the encourager of merit. His conversation was sprightly, instructive, and agreeable; like his writings, pregnant with wit and intelligence, and animated with sallies of humour and pleasantry. In his opinions of mankind, except where his personal and political prejudices were concerned, he was candid

* Although Smollett's papers in *The Briton* and *The Critical Review*, if they could be ascertained, would not, it is believed, interest the generality of readers, yet the collecting them with his works before the contemporary evidence be lost, would be, it is presumed, an acceptable service to the admirers of his other writings, and a favour not lightly regarded by the readers of political controversy and periodical criticism.

and liberal. To those who were above him he allowed the due superiority; but he did not willingly associate with his superiors, and always with a consciousness of his personal dignity, and with evident indications of pride and reserve. To his equals and inferiors he behaved with ease and affability, without the insolence of familiarity, or the parade of condescension. With his amiable qualities and agreeable manners he united courage and independence. In the declaration of his opinions he was open; in his actions he was intrepid, and often imprudent. A gentleman in principle, independent in spirit, and fearless of enemies, however powerful from their malignity, or formidable from their rank, no danger could prevent him from saying or doing those things which he conceived in themselves to be right, and in their consequences to be useful to his friends or his country. He had been bred a whig, and generally adhered to the principles of that party, which suited the independent turn of his mind; but, impressed with a regard for public order and national tranquillity, he maintained a great reserve on the principles of resistance and opposition, amidst acknowledgements of their just foundation, and a sense of the benefits which arise to mankind from their seasonable operation. Regarding liberty as one great basis of national prosperity, he was jealous alike of encroachments on political freedom, and of the abuse of it. He was so far a tory, as to love and revere the monarchy and hierarchy; he was so much a whig, as to laugh at the notions of indefeasible right and non-resistance. He had a sincere love for his country, and a diffusive benevolence for the whole human race. His experience in the world inflamed his indignation against oppression, and his detestation of vice and corruption, in proportion to his love of virtue and zeal for the public good; and he thought it no violation of charity to stigmatise fraud, profligacy, and hypocrisy. But in his support of persons and measures, he sometimes considered only the persons and measures, without taking other objects and relations into the account. He was more frequently influenced by personal attachment, and hurried on by present impulse, than guided by comparative views of real advantage, examined by impartial reason. He was too apt to mistake the power of prepossion for the force of conviction. His opposition to men in power, often, in its warmth, exceeded the importance of the subject. He was occasionally misled, by a heated imagination, strong re-

sentment, and the mortification of disappointed hope, into bitterness and party violence, long kept alive by the indecent and irritating provocations of triumphant adversaries. Under these impressions, his descriptions as an *historian* were often distorted, and his decisions as a *critic*, on the literary productions of some of his contemporaries, were sometimes warped by personal prejudice, and expressed in the harsh terms of contempt. He was jealous of his own fame, almost the sole reward of his labours, but he was not envious of that of others. He was easily provoked, and vindictive when provoked; but the vengeance he took was public, not circulated in whispers. Whatever end he pursued, he followed with an eagerness that was not necessary to compass it. The defects in his temperament, natural or habitual, made him unprosperous and unhappy. His sensibility was too ardent; his passions were too easily moved, and too violent and impetuous. His disposition was irritable, imprudent, and capricious; his candour frequently became credulity; his liberality often subjected him to deception: his favours were generally bestowed on the most undeserving of those who had recourse to his assistance, not so much from want of discernment as want of resolution; for he had not fortitude to resist the importunity of even the most worthless and insignificant. He neglected sometimes to make use himself of the acute remarks he had made on the characters and conduct of others. In the domestic relations, his conduct was tender, affectionate, and exemplary. In friendship he was ardent and steady; and the cordial esteem of his friends and acquaintance is an honourable testimony to his moral and social character; but in the latter part of his life, he sometimes very feelingly bewailed the neglect and ingratitude he had experienced, in consequence of the mistaken connections he had formed, and to which every man of warm attachments will be exposed. He was known, however, to no man by whom his loss was not sincerely regretted. One of his dearest friends drank to his memory with tears in his eyes.* In the practice of physic, for want of suppleness, application, and perseverance, he never was eminent. As an author, he was less successful than his happy genius and acknowledged merit certainly deserved. His connections were extensive, and his friends numerous and respectable.

* Dr Armstrong. See Gentleman's Magazine, 1784.

He was intimately acquainted with the most eminent of his literary and poetical contemporaries; he was respected by the world as a man of superior talents, wit, and learning, and had rendered himself serviceable to men in power; but he never acquired a patron among the great, who, by his favour or beneficence, relieved him from the necessity of writing for a subsistence. Booksellers may be said to have been his only patrons; and without doubt, he made a great deal of money by his connections with them; and, had he been a rigid economist, and endowed with the gift of retention, he might have lived and died very independent. He was not of that turn of mind which disposes men to become rich, and probably could not have made a fortune in any situation of life. But his difficulties, whatever they were, proceeded not from ostentation or extravagance. He was hospitable, but not ostentatiously so; his table was plentiful, but not extravagant. An irritable and impatient temper, and a proud, improvident disposition, were his greatest failings. In alleviation of his defects, let it be remembered, that a composed and happy temper, a heart at ease, and an independent situation, the most favourable circumstances, perhaps in an author's fortune, were not the lot of Smollett. With a necessary indulgence for his frailties and errors, and making due allowance for a spirit cramped by a narrow fortune, wounded by ingratitude, and irritated by the malignant shafts of envy, dulness, and profligacy, it would be difficult to name a man so respectable for the extraordinary powers of his genius, and the generous qualities of his heart.

The predominant excellencies of his mind were fertility of invention, vigorous sense, brillant fancy, and versatile humour. His understanding was quick and penetrating, his imagination lively, his memory retentive, and his humour original. In the course of his literary career, he has written variously and much. His writings must be allowed as proofs of a versatility, as well as a fecundity, of talents, not to be disputed, and perhaps seldom or never exceeded, by any writer in the same period of years. In extent and variety of science and erudition he has been surpassed by many; but he shews in his compositions that he was intimately acquainted with Greek and Roman literature, and had studied with success the various branches of modern learning. He had an extensive knowledge not only in physic, and the arts and sciences in general, but in moral and political philosophy, in

ancient and modern history, in the laws and institutions of Europe, and in the constitution and government of his country. But the principal subject of his deliberate inquiry was the human character; and, in his literary progress, the representation of life and manners his principal object. Man he surveyed with the most accurate observation. His understanding, acute and vigorous, was well fitted for diving into the human mind. He had a strong sense of impropriety, and a nice discernment, both of natural and moral beauty and deformity. His humour, lively and versatile, could paint justly and agreeably what he saw in absurd or ludicrous aspects. He possessed a rapid and clear conception, with an animated, unaffected, and graceful style. With much simplicity, he has much purity, and is, at the same time, both forcible and copious. His observations on life and manners are commonly just, strong, and comprehensive; and his reasoning generally sound and conclusive. His perceptions of beauty and deformity are vivid and distinct, his feelings ardent, his taste correct. His wit is prompt and natural, yet keen and manly. His humour, though lively and pungent, is not perhaps equal in strength and elegance to that of Congreve or Swift. In chastity and elegance, it is inferior to that of Addison, but equal in purity and moral tendency to that of his contemporary, Fielding; it is poignant, sprightly, variegated, and founded on truth; it exposes successfully hypocrisy, impropriety, and such vices as are objects of ridicule. To trace the latent sources of human actions, and to develope the various incongruities of conduct arising from them, was the favourite bent of his mind; and in describing objects of this kind, whether in the way of fabulous narration, or dramatic compositions he is so peculiarly happy, that as a natural and humorous painter of life and manners, he has reflected the highest honour on the place of his nativity, and must ever be considered by his country among the first of her sons in literary reputation.

The moral and literary character of Smollett has been fondly, and not inaccurately, delineated in the *Epitaph* on his monument near Leghorn, written by Dr Armstrong; in the *Inscription* on the pillar erected to his memory on the banks of the Leven, written by Dr Stuart and Dr Johnson; and in the *Inscription* intended for that pillar, written by Mr Ramsay.

Smollett has drawn his own character, and described his man-

ner of living, in the *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, where young *Melford*, introduced by *Dick Ivy*, is supposed to dine with him at his house in Chelsea:—

"He carried me to dine with S——, whom you and I have long known by his writings. He lives in the skirts of the town, and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill. I was civilly received in a plain, yet decent habitation, which opened backwards into a very pleasant garden, kept in excellent order; and indeed I saw none of the outward signs of authorship, either in the house or the landlord, who was one of the few writers of that age that stand upon their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence. If there was nothing characteristic in the entertainer, the company made ample amends for his want of singularity.—After dinner we adjourned into the garden, when I observed S—— gave a separate audience to every individual, in a small remote filbert walk, from whence most off them dropped off; but they were replaced by fresh recruits of the same clan, who came to make an afternoon visit.—After coffee, I took my leave of S——, with proper acknowledgments of his civility, and was extremely well pleased with the entertainment of the day, though not yet satisfied with respect to the nature of the connection betwixt a man of character in the literary world, and a parcel of authorlings, who in all probability, would never be able to acquire any degree of reputation by their labours. On this head I interrogated my conductor, who answered me to this effect:—

"Those people, whom he knows to be bad men, as well as bad writers, are cunning enough to make him their property. There is not one of them who does not owe him particular obligations. Those who are in distress he supplies with money, when he has it, and with his credit when he is out of cash. When they want business, he either finds employment for them in his own service, or recommends them to booksellers, to execute some project he has formed for their subsistence. They are always welcome to his table (which, though plain, is plentiful), and to his good offices as far as they will go; and, when they see occasion, they make use of his name with the most petulant familiarity; nay, they do not scruple to arrogate to themselves the merit of some of his performances, and have been known to sell their own lucubrations as the produce of his brain.

"I still expressed a desire to know his real motives for continuing his friendship to a set of rascals equally ungrateful and insignificant. He said he did not pretend to assign any reasonable motive; that, if the truth must be told, the man was in point of conduct, a most incorrigible fool; that, though he pretended to have a knack at hitting off characters, he blundered strangely in the distribution of his favours, which were generally bestowed on the most undeserving of those who had recourse to his assistance. —By all accounts, S—— is not without weakness and caprice; yet he is certainly good humoured and civilized; nor do I find that there is any thing overbearing, cruel, or implacable in his disposition."*

Dr Moore, the memorialist of his life, has estimated his character with much candour and discrimination of judgment, as well as strength and elegance of expression.

"The person of Dr Smollett was stout and well-proportioned, his countenance engaging, his manner reserved, with a certain air of dignity that seemed to indicate that he was not unconscious of his own powers. He was of a disposition so humane and generous, that he was ever ready to serve the unfortunate, and on some occasions to assist them beyond what his circumstances could justify. Though few could penetrate with more acuteness into character, yet none was more apt to overlook misconduct when attended with misfortune.

"He lived in an hospitable manner, but he despised that hospitality, which is founded on ostentation, which entertains only those whose situations in life flatters the vanity of the entertainer, or such as can make returns of the same kind; that hospitality which keeps a debtor and creditor account of dinners. Smollett invited to his plain, but plentiful table, the persons whose character he esteemed, in whose conversation he delighted; and many for no other reason, than because they stood in need of his countenance and protection.

"As nothing was more abhorrent to his nature than pertness or intrusion, few things could render him more indignant than a cold reception. To this, however, he imagined he had sometimes

* *Expedition of Humphry Clinker.*—The quotation given here is taken from unconnected passages in *Melford's* letter, descriptive of Smollett's character. The description of his guests is highly characteristic and entertaining, but in the broad style of caricature.

been exposed on his applications in favour of others; for himself he never made an application to any great man in his life.

"Free from vanity, Smollett had a considerable share of pride, and great sensibility; his passions were easily moved, and too impetuous when roused; he could not conceal his contempt of folly, his detestation of fraud, nor refrain from proclaiming his indignation against every instance of oppression.

"Though Smollett possessed a versatility of style in writing, which he could accommodate to every character, he had no suppleness in his conduct. His learning, diligence, and natural acuteness, would have rendered him eminent in the science of medicine, had he persevered in that profession; other parts of his character were ill suited for augmenting his practice. He could neither stoop to impose on credulity, nor humour caprice.

"He was of an intrepid, independent, imprudent, disposition; equally incapable of deceit and adulation, and more disposed to cultivate the acquaintance of those he could serve than of those who could serve him. What wonder that a man of his character was not what is called successful in life!"*

As an author, Smollett has distinguished himself as an *historian*, a *novelist*, a *journalist of travels*, a *dramatist*, and a *poet*; and must be acknowledged to have made a considerable addition to the stock of elegant and useful literature.

As an *historian* he ranks among the most pleasing, though not among the most profound writers of our nation, who have exercised their abilities in historical composition. When his *History of England* appeared, Hume had not given to the world his narrative of the earlier events of English story, which must be considered as the commencement of his plausible, elegant, fascinating, and fallacious apology for the families of Tudor and Stuart; and the greater discernment or superior frivolity of the age had almost consigned to oblivion Bacon and Clarendon, Burnet and Tyrrel, Carte and Brady, Oldmixon and Rapin, Ralph and Tindal. The public were in want of a concise, yet full, a faithful, yet animated history of England; and he had the satisfaction of observing, that his performance was received with general approbation, and read with much greater pleasure and improvement than the dull unaffecting narrations of preceding writers. Considering the time

* Memoirs, &c. p. 98.

and circumstances in which it was written, it is, indeed, a great effort of genius and application. Without entering into a minute detail of obscure, disagreeable, and uninteresting events, he has contented himself with a concise and animated abridgement of the barbarous periods, and has only enlarged upon subjects that are important and instructive. In dignity of historical composition, and profoundness of philosophical research, he is inferior to Hume; but in felicity of sentiment, description, and expression, he may safely contend with the most illustrious of his predecessors. In the pages of Rapin, we find the principles of liberty well explained, and every minute wheel of the political machine accurately described: but we desiderate the elegant uniformity of texture, the chaste simplicity of diction, the flowing harmony of composition, the unruffled, rapid narrative; in a word, the life and soul of true history. In point of genius, sentiment, style, and every beauty of historical composition, Smollett is superior to Rapin, and challenges a comparison with Hume. His style is less close, energetic, and pointed, than that of Hume, but it is more flowing, animated and picturesque. Hume seldom ventures upon figure or metaphor, which always distinguishes a warm imagination, and when introduced with discretion, and managed with propriety, imparts great beauty and classical elegance to historical narration. The finest writers of antiquity are no less admirable for the beauty of their narrative, than for the richness of their imagination, force and propriety of reflection. Livy and Paterculus animate and affect by the strength of painting and height of colouring; they have, perhaps, carried poetical beauty to excess; while Sallust and Tacitus open and enlarge the understanding by the reflective powers. Smollett would seem to have imitated the engaging manner of Paterculus, while Hume's genius led him into the path marked out by the manly Tacitus. While the historians of antiquity differ from each other, the perfection of modern composition can be regulated by no certain standard; it will be in all, or neither, just as they happen to excel in their several kinds of composition; and the historian who equals Livy or Paterculus, must be deemed on a footing with him who is the exact copy of Sallust or Tacitus, until the several pretensions of those classics to superior merit be finally adjusted. It would be as difficult for a philosopher or a politician to acquire eminence in description, as for a poet to excel in refinement, sub-

tiety, and argument. In the pages of Smollett, we do not find so many applications of philosophical inquiry to the investigation of facts, as we find in those of Thucydides or Xenophon, Sallust or Tacitus, Hume or Gibbon; but they exhibit specimens of picturesque narration, and animated expression, little inferior to any which the pencil of Livy has sketched, or the pen of Robertson has composed. We do not find the industry of the antiquary joined with the fire of imagination, and the majesty and elegance of diction: but a Robertson is an uncommon person; nor ought we to be offended at an union which cannot ordinarily be expected. The warmth of his temper cannot be considered as peculiarly qualifying him for patiently weighing historical evidence, or undergoing the labour of antiquarian research. He could not encounter weariness or perplexity. Instead of searching with indefatigable labour into every record that can be met with, weighing with patience the testimonies of transactions long past, of which different accounts have been given, settling doubtful points with accuracy, and bringing to light the most hidden facts, he seems principally solicitous to adorn and render the most important events acceptable, by communicating them in a more graceful manner to the world. Nothing can be more distinct than his descriptions, nothing more entertaining than his incidents, and nothing more striking than his characters. As the soul of history is truth, it were indeed greatly to be wished that he had been at as much pains to procure authentic information, as he has been to obtain the reputation of an elgant writer.* In this last respect he has all possible merit; but his narration is not so much distinguished for the fidelity and diligence with which it is written, as for beauty of composition. It abounds with prejudices and misrepresentation, which no lover of liberty can forgive, and for which no force

* The account of General Braddock's defeat, (*History of England*, B. iii. c. iv.) is contradicted by the statement of Mr Findley, of Pensylvania, (Niles's Weekly Register, May 9, 1818,) on the authority of General Washington. "Instead of conducting the retreat, and carrying off the body of the General, Colonel Gage was among the foremost to run away, and run the furthest." "The General was unfortunate, (said Washington,) but his character has been much too severely treated; he was one of the honestest and best men of any British officer with whom I had been acquainted; even in the manner of fighting, he was not more to blame than others; of all that were consulted, only one person, (probably himself,) objected to it."

of genius or beauty of language can atone. His partiality for the tory party is manifest in almost every page; and in stating the arguments which passed on any subject, he generally relates those only which were urged on one side; which unavoidably creates a suspicion of his partiality. His reflections, artfully interwoven with the texture of his narrative, in some instances are highly exceptionable; and in many places he seems to be inconsistent with himself, and to argue against his own principles. At one time he appears the sanguine friend of liberty, and applauds all opposition against the stretches of prerogative; and yet, at another, he censures the resentment which the parliament expressed against such encroachments. He is an advocate for monarchy, even before its limits were prescribed at the Revolution, and yet is ambitious of wresting every jewel of prerogative from the crown, when it appears on the head of a prince he dislikes.* In his account of the rebellion in 1745, he seems more solicitous to say what is brilliant and striking than what is just and authentic. He embellishes the story of the royal adventurer with the ideal gallantry and marvellous imagery of romance. He ascribes the political views and principles on which he was joined to pure hereditary loyalty and compassion. He lavishes all the powers of the pathos in aggravating the terrible punishment inflicted on his adherents. There is certainly a noble disinterestedness discoverable in the acts of compassion performed towards the unfortunate prince after his flight; and the generous feelings excuse the credulity of the historian in mistaking the perfidy and selfish policy of the Highland chieftains for heroic and affectionate loyalty in favour of an exiled king, who claimed the throne as his inheritance, and not as the gift of the people.† In describing characters, he has infinite merit, but he appears sometimes to have taken fancy rather than truth for his guide. His character of queen Mary is inaccurate and injurious; and that of king William is, in many respects, falsified by the circumstances of his life. The great excellence of his work is the elegance and spirit of the style, and the reader who is content with acquiring a general knowledge of our history, cannot be more agreeably instructed; for his animated and pict-

* See his reflections on the state of the nation immediately after the Revolution, *History of England*, B. i. c. 1.

† See the "Culloden papers," &c.

uresque power of describing is so entertaining, that attention never sleeps over his pages. But he has not performed the duties of an historical writer with sufficient care, accuracy, and impartiality. His imagination overpowers his judgment; and he is tempted to employ his powers in the vain glow of colouring, and is more studious to dazzle the imagination with a gaudy display of splendid ornaments, than to engage the understanding by just reasoning and solid reflections.

The *Continuation* of his *History of England*, is not more imperfect and inaccurate than a history of the transactions of his own times unavoidably must be. A narrative which records recent events, and delineats living characters, scarcely comes up to the idea we form of a history. The writer is more likely to adhere to veracity in his relation; but we are not to expect all the freedom and impartiality we would wish to find in his comment upon men and measures. He who dares boldly to censure living characters, and to expose the corrupt motives of their political conduct, may, perhaps, be thought to want prudence as a man, and he who is afraid to do either, may be deemed deficient in courage as an historian. Under such circumstances, Smollett has acquitted himself with no small degree of spirit, ability, and address. If he has not been able to give all the light and information which history should afford, if he has not always expressed himself with that fearless spirit which distinguishes the unbiassed historian, he has avoided those prejudices and partial attachments which render his *History* liable to censure. In his reflections on public measures, he discovers intelligence and acuteness, without the affectation of sagacity; and, with respect to personal characters, he has not offered incense to the idols of popularity, nor heaped calumny on the victims of public aspersion. In the contradiction of living evidences, who had seen in different lights, and of consequence varied in their representation of, many transactions in which they themselves had been principally concerned, he evinces his impartiality by stating both sides of the question, and leaving the reader to determine according to the force of his own conviction.* In his account of the parliamentary debates, he is extremely copious and interest-

* See the Remarks of Commodore Moor and Major-general Barrington on Smollett's account of the expedition to Martinique, and the conquest of Guadaloupe, *Continuation*, vol. iv. p. 371.

ing; but, in some instances, he deviates from the design, and stoops below the dignity of historical composition. In his portraiture of characters, though he must be acquitted of flattery and malice, yet his fancy is not alway under the due regulation of judgment. His painting is bold, glowing, and animated; yet it is sometimes necessary to write the name over the picture. The style is variable, elegant and forcible; yet it is not always correct, and is now and then too luxuriant and figurative. We cannot always applaud the rectitude of his judgment nor the precision of his ideas; yet we seldom fail to admire his vivacity of sentiment and peculiar glow of description. In his reflections on the bill for the relief of debtors, he has drawn a description of a man of sentiment and sensibility labouring under the misery of imprisonment, which is so exquisitely pathetic, that it is impossible to read it without shedding tears of sympathy at every line. At the same time, he is greatly to be blamed for commemorating domestic events too unimportant to fill the pages of history.

His character as an historian has been given by Mr Belsham, the memorialist of the British sovereigns of the family of Brunswick, in a tone of decision unjustly contemptuous and disparaging, and with a severity of censure unauthorised by a fair estimate of the universality of his genius, and disallowed by the general opinion of those who do not think more favourably than his whig opponent of his political principles.

"Smollett had unquestionably talents, but his genius was entirely turned to the low and the ludicrous: of the dignity and beauty of historic composition he had no conception, much less could he boast of possessing any portion of its all-pervading and philosophical spirit. His work is a dull and often malignant compilation, equally destitute of instruction and amusement."*

The testimony of Mr Belsham, expressed in terms of coarse invective, may be contrasted with the judgment pronounced by Dr Moore, which is fair, candid, and just.

"Though interspersed with a few of those reflections which constitute what is called the philosophy of history, and which distinguish the histories of Gibbon, Robertson, and Hume, the sprightly vein of Smollett's rapid narrative, and the lively colours in which many characters are painted, rendered it highly agreeable to the generality of readers. Few authors have written so

* Preface to the Memoirs of the Reign of George I.

well, who have written so hastily; and none have left a stronger impression, that many of their works are inferior to what it was in their power to have rendered them."*

As a writer of that species of modern romance which has been denominated a *novel*, he is entitled to the praise of being one of the greatest that our nation has produced. He ranks with Cervantes, Le Sage, Marivaux, Rousseau, Richardson, and Fielding, the great masters of prosaic fiction; and though we cannot say he has surpassed them, he has entered into a noble competition. He proves himself to have possessed, in an eminent degree, the powers which are required to excel in this species of composition; an extensive acquaintance with human nature, an acute discernment, and exact discrimination of characters, a correct judgment of probability in situations, and active imagination in devising and combining incidents, with command of language for describing them. His novels exhibit the features that give most dignity to this species of fiction, the artful conduct of an interesting plot, the dramatic delineation of characters, drawn from actual observation, the accurate and captivating representation of real domestic life, without offending the modesty of nature, which are found in great perfection in the novels of Le Sage, professedly adopted by him as models of imitation. The vivacity of his characters, the interesting nature of his incidents, the epigrammatic turn of his dialogues, and the sly elliptical vein of satire by which he inculcates his moral, and endeavours to reform the follies of various orders in society, have perhaps been equalled, but certainly have not been surpassed by Smollett. In representing the characters of men as they are, not as they ought to be, which seems to have been the object of Le Sage in his various works, Smollett displays much of the spirit and humour of his model, and copies from nature with the pleasantry and descriptive fidelity of a Hogarth. In the knowledge of human nature, masculine humour, just observations on life, great variety of original characters, and the powers of his invention, he is equal to Richardson and Fielding; but he is inferior to them in pathos, sublimity, contrast of character, and regularity of fable. By perusing the pages of "Clarissa" and "Tom Jones," the passions are affected, the understanding is instructed, mirth is excited, and all the purposes of moral improvement are attained. The romances of Smollett

* Memoirs, &c. p. 64.

are equally distinguished by a fertility of interesting incidents, and a strong, lively and picturesque description of characters. They exhibit a series of natural pictures of life and manners, which rival the masterly productions of the moral, the sublime, the pathetic, but tiresome Richardson, with all his profound and accurate knowledge of the various movements of the passions; and the ingenious, the humorous, the diffuse Fielding, with all his wit, learning, and knowledge of mankind. Though Fielding displays an intimate acquaintance with human nature, and deserves the highest praise for his humour, the very skilful management of his fable, and the variety and contrast of his characters; and innumerable passages may be pointed out in the writings of Richardson, which do infinite credit to the goodness of his heart and the depth of his understanding, superior to the best efforts of Smollett;—yet, after perusing the wire-drawn history of "Clarissa," and the diffusive narrative of "Tom Jones," we never quit them with so much reluctance as we feel in closing the pages of Smollett, who, with less regularity of fable, and without introducing so many observations of a moral tendency, or so much of what may be called fine writing, possesses, in an eminent degree, the art of fascinating and rivetting the mind. The style of his novels is characterised by a just selection of appropriate terms and descriptive expressions, by turns easy, elegant, and pathetic. With so much merit, he is not without his faults. His style is sometimes coarse, his characters are sometimes overcharged, his humour is often indelicate, and he has exhibited some scenes which may corrupt a mind unseasoned by experience. His system of youthful profligacy, as exemplified in some of his libertines, is without excuse. Of genteel life he has few portraits, and these are not executed in the most successful manner; his fine ladies and gentlemen are not favourites with his readers in general. The features strongly marked by nature, which always affect the multitude, he conceives justly, and delineates humorously; but he has no finished pictures of unaffected grace, genuine elegance, decent dignity, greatness without pride, and simplicity without insipidity, which require the finest perceptions, and the most delicate expression. Sailors, rogues, pedants, profligates, misanthropes, gamblers, and duellists, are among his favourite characters. His novels, however, are of a moral tendency; they have spirit, humour, and morality, and display the beauties of that ge-

nius which allures and rewards the attention of the discreet reader. Unguarded as they are in many of their representations, they are highly entertaining, and will be always read with pleasure. *

His *Adventures of Roderick Random* exhibit a natural, lively, and entertaining representation of the difficulties to which a friendless orphan is exposed, without steady principles, open to be duped by knavery, and perverted by example. The mean scenes in which he is involved, from his own want of experience, as well as from the selfishness, malice, and base indifference of mankind, are described with true humour and simple elegance; and every reader finds entertainment in viewing those situations of life, where the manners and passions are undisguised by affectation, ceremony, or education; and the whimsical peculiarities of disposition appear as Nature has implanted them. The base purposes of hypocrisy, fraud, selfish plausibility, cunning, and pretended friendship, are exposed in a masterly manner; and the circumstances that arise from the motley and repugnant qualities which are often whimsically blended together by the folly of men, are described with infinite humour and sagacity. Many of the characters are drawn from real life; but short as the time is since the publication of this novel, it at present derives no advantage from that source, and owes its celebrity to its intrinsic merit alone. In describing the characters of seamen, he is peculiarly happy. Lieutenant *Bowling* is a highly finished original, and perhaps equals any character that has yet been painted by the happiest genius of ancient or modern times. This is nature itself. As well as the ladder of promotion, his very name has long become proverbial for an honest blunt seaman, unacquainted with mankind and the ways of the world. The phlegm of an old lawyer is happily illustrated in the conduct of *Random's* grandfather,

* I record here, with pleasure, the testimony of the Rev. Dr John Elliot, a clergyman of great worth and learning, in the State of Massachusetts, to the good tendency of these fictitious narratives, as it affords me at once an opportunity of reflecting on the friendship of the correspondent whose words I transcribe, and of shewing the high estimation in which the novels of Smollett are held by men of education and piety in the United States.

"Smollett was always a favourite author with me. When I was at college, his novel's were in every one's hand, as a sweet relaxation from severer studies; and these taught us more of human nature than we could learn from grave lessons on the ancient and modern schools."

and forms the most striking contrast imaginable to the ferocious benevolence of the naval veteran. The disappointment of the maiden aunts on opening the old man's will, is infinitely natural and amusing. The character of *Strap* is universally interesting; that of *Morgan* is truly comic. It is partly borrowed from Shakespeare's Welshman; but still it is the imitation of a great master, not the tame copy of a common artist. The style of this novel is characterised, with a few exceptions, by a beautiful simplicity. It is written in such a manner, as to please all times and all people. The moral tendency of the story none can deny. It is written with the purest intention of promoting virtue, and correcting the ordinary follies of life; but in the accomplishment of this purpose, it is to be feared that scenes are laid open which it would be safer to conceal from youthful and inexperienced readers. There is more danger from the indelicacy of particular passages, than hope of doing good by the satire and the morality. The base purposes of fraud and duplicity are exposed; but a due attention to the common duties of life, decent deportment, purity of manners, and the appearance of sobriety and seriousness, are brought into discredit and suspicion. Such representations of agreeable folly and ridiculed rectitude, it is to be feared, may be disadvantageous to early virtue, by strengthening the attractions of gaiety and libertinism, and weakening the reader's abhorrence of profligate manners and flagitious conduct.

The testimony of so elegant and instructive a novelist as Dr Moore, must be agreeable to every admirer of *Roderick Random*.

"It certainly never had been in Smollett's contemplation to give a model for imitation in the character of *Random*. His object evidently was, in imitation of Le Sage, to lead a young man through a variety of scenes, and put him into situations which afforded opportunities of exhibiting human nature in interesting points of view, of agitating the passions, of amusing the imagination, and of instructing the understanding of the reader.

"The character of *Strap* is accurately delineated from nature. His remonstrance, addressed to *Random*, in the sixteenth chapter, is at once pathetic and humorous; and distinguishes him, not only as a native of North Britain, but also of that particular part of Scotland from whence he came.

"Although the hint in the character of *Morgan* was probably taken from the *Fluellen* and *Sir Hugh Evans* of Shakespeare, yet

it is admirably varied, and highly entertaining. The scenes on board the man of war, particularly that with *Mackshane* and *Oakum*, in the thirteenth chapter, are written with great spirit.

"In the character of *Jack Ratlin*, though short, there are some admirable touches, highly characteristic of an English sailor; and that of *Tom Bowling* is considered as a master-piece, exquisitely true to nature, which Smollett himself never equalled in any of his subsequent romances, and which was never surpassed in any work of that kind." *

His *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* relate, in easy appropriate language, a succession of events, forming a natural and well-drawn picture of human life, which the thoughtless and the imprudent may use with advantage, and the profligate and the vicious with instruction and improvement. From the wild unlucky boy teasing his aunt and *Commodore Trunnion* by mischievous pranks, and heading a rebellion at school against his master, we trace the headstrong youth, of unbroken pride and unbridled appetite, plunging into folly, vice, and dissipation; wasting his substance, injuring the woman of all others he loved, and at last pining in prison. In this forlorn situation, detesting the world, abhorring himself, and loving *Emilia* to distraction, he protests her brother, "that he had broke off all connections with mankind, and that he impatiently longed for the hour of his dissolution, which, if it should not arrive by the course of nature, he was resolved to hasten it with his own hands, rather than be exposed to the contempt, and more intolerable pity, of a rascally world." † He remains for some time obstinately bent on this frantic determination, notwithstanding the zealous efforts of expostulating friendship; and but for the unexpected payment of a large debt which had been given up as lost, would probably have sacrificed himself to that sullen, irrational independence, which leads the infatuated spend-thrift into habits of misery and ruin; and, without imparting to him sufficient strength of mind to resist temptation, or struggle with calamity, commences in folly, and concludes with self-destruction. Roused by the voice of friendship, and again restored to affluence, he returns, with a stern reluctance, founded on a sense of his own unworthiness and vicious imprudence, to society and love; convinced, that after all the bustle of

* Memoirs, &c. pp. 25. 34.

† *Peregrine Pickle*, chap. ci.

pleasure, and the glitter of wealth, real happiness is only to be found in moderate enjoyment, domestic tranquillity, and social virtue. The story of *Peregrine Pickle* is undoubtedly an effort of genius and fancy, which rivals the romance of *Roderick Random* in original invention, interesting combination of incident, fine ridicule, and useful application to the pursuits of life; and is perhaps superior to it in genuine humour and profound learning. It is characterised by the same elegant fluency of narration, and the same enteresting minuteness, agreeable vivacity, and inimitable simplicity of description. That admirable faculty of drawing sea characters with propriety, so conspicuous in *Roderick Random*, is here displayed with renovated vigour; in the portraits of *Trunnion*, *Hatchway*, and *Pipes*, he has lavished all the powers of his genius: their manners and dialect are purely those of the watery element; yet they are perfectly orignal.* The caricature of the *Physician* is contrasted, in the most laughable manner, with the portraits of *Pallet* and *Jolter*. In the entertainment after the manner of the ancients, given by the *Physician* to a French marquis, an Italian count, and a German baron, he displays considerable extent of erudition, and many rich strokes of humour and pointed satire, directed, in the rancour of toryism, with eagerness, against his whig opponent, Dr Akenside. Yet in this episode, and in that of *Lady Vane*, for which he is responsible, and in other parts of the work, he has, with justice, been thought low, indelicate, and immoral. The slightest violation of morality in a work of genius is reprehensible; and no elegance, ingenuity, or humour in the mode of expression, can palliate an indecency or indecorum in the idea represented. In this respect, the story of *Lady Vane*, which is little more than an ingenious apology for adultery, admits of no defence. It should be recollected, however, that in delineations of certain circumstances, and certain characters, in a work purposely written to expose vice and folly, it is difficult for the author who draws from nature and real life, to avoid shocking the fastidious eye of nicety and scrupulous decorum. The path of humour is pleasant and inviting; but it is a dangerous one, and too often leads an author astray into the by-roads of indelicacy, as well as ill-nature. Smollett's taste for

* I have it on the authority of Mr Kemble, that Mr Burke, one of the best of the English writers, was particularly delighted with *Pipes*, and thought it the most humorous and highly finished character that ever was invented.

humour and satire was strong, but indelicate, which made him not over curious in the choice of his topics. His style in picturing his characters, therefore, is sometimes without that elegance of execution which is required to correct and allay the force of his colouring. In this respect, the dialogue between *Pipes* and the hedge-nymph his master had accidentally picked up on the road, and afterwards introduced into company as a fine lady, is culpably obscene, though the story is well told, and the character well imagined. The behaviour of *Pickle* to *Hornbeck* is also highly unjustifiable: not satisfied with injuring the unfortunate husband beyond reparation, he adds personal violence to insult. Yet, with these, and other defects, on the score of indelicacy, exaggeration, and caricature, which will be allowed, this novel is entitled to rank far above the modern imitations of this kind of writing, the silly and pernicious productions of frivolous vanity, romantic sentiment, and sickly affectation, which fill up the languid intervals of gaiety and fashion, and serve only to mislead the judgment, fascinate the imagination, and corrupt the heart.* It is not, however, to be put into the hands of young persons without distinction and reserve; but to those who have attained a considerable degree of steadiness of mind, and a desire of knowledge, when the judgment is ripened by reflection, and the morals

* There has been a prodigious number of novels written in this country, in imitation of the style and manner of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, which possess none of the requisites of this kind of writing, knowledge of human nature, invention, and the representation of real life, and are utterly destitute of instruction and entertainment. The novels of Richardson possess all the requisites of this kind of writing, except the representation of real life. The novels of Fielding and Smollett are written with a laudable design, and exhibit a minute and satisfactory picture of the English manners of the last age. But a few works of this nature have been produced by the English writers, undertaken with a moral intention, descriptive of English manners, and in the highest degree instructive and entertaining. In the novels of Miss Burney, Dr Moore, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, the author of "Waverly," &c. we find the real manners of the present age represented with discrimination and delicacy, and men and women of every station, especially those of the higher ranks, acting their several parts, in a great variety of scenes, with all the infinite modifications of vanity, the innumerable despicable artifices of selfishness, the vast variety of shades of ridicule, and those whimsical affectations and childish caprices, the offspring of wealth and luxury, which distinguish the superior circles of society in our nation.

out of danger, it will afford useful instruction, as well as rational and elegant amusement.

Of the principal characters in this novel, the opinion of the ingenious author of "Zeluco" is entitled to considerable attention.

"The character of *Peregrine's* mother has been thought by some, an extravagant production of Smollett's imagination, for which there was no prototype in nature: but it is infinitely more probable, that by adhering closely to the conduct of some very capricious individual woman of his acquaintance, he has been, in the drawing of her portrait, led astray from general nature. This, indeed, he himself insinuates, in the last paragraph of chapter the twelfth. *Peregrine's* first meeting with *Emilia*, his falling in love, and the behaviour of the young lady and her mother on that occasion, are well described. The verses he addresses to his mistress are in themselves pleasing, and such as a youth of warm imagination might naturally be supposed to have composed. The manner in which these verses, with the letter in which they were inclosed, were destroyed, the expedient which *Pipes* fell on to repair their loss, the misunderstanding this produced between the lovers, and the reconciliation, are all admirably invented, and related in the happiest vein of humour.

"The character of *Gamaliel Pickle*, and the different tempers with which he and Commodore *Trunnion* bore the tyranny of their respective wives, the one with the submission of an ox, the other with the growling of a bear, are delineated with the hand of a master. The adventures of the gypsey girl, introduced by *Pickle* into fashionable assemblies as his relation, and received by them as a high-bred accomplished lady, and the character of the misanthrope, who pretended to be deaf, are happy inventions; but, in the ardour of his satirical and humorous chase, Dr Smollett sometimes leaves delicacy too far behind.

"The characters of *Pipes*, *Hatchway*, and *Trunnion*, are all different from each other, yet all consonant with the nature of that peculiar species of mortals, English seamen; all of the same blunt, thoughtless honesty, with the same attachment to their own profession and habits, yet each a most entertaining original. The character of *Trunnion*, though pushed beyond the modesty of nature in some particulars, is, on the whole, admirably supported. His death, like that of Falstaff in Henry the Fifth, is as entertaining as any part of his life; but Shakespeare has, with

more propriety, put the account of Falstaff's death in the mouth of the hostess; whereas, Smollett makes *Trunnion* speak too much, and apply the metaphoric sea language with too great minuteness and accuracy for one in his condition.

"It has been said, that Smollett was not successful in drawing female characters; yet the principal female in his romances, is always of the strictest purity of mind and manners. The character of *Emilia* in *Peregrine Pickle*, the gayest perhaps of them all, is at the same time watchful and spirited. She does not indeed lecture on virtue, like a professor of moral philosophy, nor is she decked in all the flowery ornaments with which the heroines of romance are sometimes adorned. She always appears in the simple dress, so becoming, and so particularly natural to young English ladies of virtue and sense." *

The *Memoirs of Lady Vane* have been favourably estimated, both in regard to the merit of the composition, and the moral tendency, by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the most accomplished woman of rank among her contemporaries.

"I think Lady Vane's Memoirs contain more truth, and less malice, than any I ever read in my life. When she speaks of her own motives being disinterested, I am apt to believe she really thinks herself so; as many highwaymen, after having no possibility of retrieving the character of honesty, please themselves with that of being generous, because whatever they get on the road, they always spend at the next ale-house, and are still as beggarly as ever. Her history, rightly understood, would be more instructive to young women than any sermon I know. They may see there what mortifications and varieties of misery are the unavoidable consequences of gallantry. I think there is no rational creature that would not prefer the life of the strictest Carmelite to the round of hurry and misfortune she has gone through. Her style is clear and concise, with some strokes of humour, which appear to me so much above her, I can't help being of opinion, the whole has been modelled by the author of the book in which it has been inserted." †

His *Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom* display the same spirit and vivacity, the same facility and variety of expression, which characterise his other writings. Invention, character, de-

* Memoirs, &c. p. 29.

† Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, vol. iv. p. 124.

scription, incident, and knowledge of mankind, are to be found in this romance: it has many scenes of exquisite humour, many admirable strokes of pointed satire, and many delicate touches of genuine pathos; yet there is no injustice in placing it in a rank below *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle.* In many parts of the story, he has delightfully copied the style and manner of his master Le Sage; but he has deviated from his model, in representing the hero of the piece, not as an agreeable libertine, but as a profligate adventurer, utterly devoid of principle, and in conducting him through scenes, which, if not altogether unexampled in modern life, are at least in many instances, incompatible with reason, nature, and probability. It is professedly written to unfold the mysteries of fraud, to instruct the ignorant, to subject folly to ridicule, and vice to indignation; to rouse the spirit of mirth, wake the soul of compassion, and touch the secret springs that move the heart. If he has failed in the attempt to render his work sufficiently instructive, interesting, and affecting, it is, upon the whole, entertaining, and not immoral, though, in some places, indelicate. The characters of the principal personage and his wicked associates, are represented in such horrible features, that humanity is shocked, and the imagination is disgusted. The representation of a virtuous character, in opposition to the adventurer, contributes, it must be owned, in some degree, to relieve the attention from a succession of vicious objects; and the awful justice which is distributed to him in the catastrophe, is calculated to answer the moral ends which he professes; but the advantage of introducing vicious and profligate characters into a moral production, by way of exposing them to shame and ridicule, may be reasonably doubted; for a series of crimes and follies may give a mind, unseasoned by experience, an insight into vice, which the infamy and punishment to which it is liable from the laws and regulations of mankind, may not prevent being put in practice. * When the deductions are made which

* I transcribe the words of my ingenious friend Mr Boyd, the translator of Dante, which convey a striking illustration of his opinion on the side of Smollett, from his letter to me, dated Rathfryland, 28th August 1804.

"An instance occurs to me of the great utility of such characters as Fathom being generally known. A man of law, whom I knew formerly, seduced the wife of his friend by the very same expedient that Fathom used, *i. e.* supplying her with her absent husband's money, entrusted to him, as his own. Whether he learned it from Fathom is uncertain; but if the poor seduced girl, who loved

morality requires, this novel may be considered not only as a pleasing and harmless production, but as affording a strong proof of his knowledge of human nature, the powers of his invention, and his talents for picturesque and pathetic description. It may be asserted, without hazard of contradiction, that his description of a storm, when *Fathom* was benighted in a forest in Lorrian, and the transactions at a cottage, frequented by a band of murderers, is wrought up to a pitch of horror, which exceeds the most terrible touches of the mighty magicians of the "Castle of Otranto," or "the Mysteries of Udolpho." * *Fathom* is a highly finished villain, unrivalled by any character that has been invented by the English novelists, except, perhaps, that of "Zeluco." The situations which afford him an opportunity of introducing the history of a fashionable physician in the metropolis, are described, perhaps, with injudicious prolixity, for which he might have private reasons, but with great force of humour and satire. The character of *Joshua Manasseh*, the Jew merchant, is, what it was intended to be upon principle, an unprejudiced representation of a persecuted race; and may be regarded as the prototype of Mr Cumberland's Abram Adams in the "Observer."

In the *dedication* of this novel, he has endeavoured to obviate the objections to which it is liable, and offered a fair and impressive apology for representing a character that seems calculated to smoothe the passage to vice.

"A novel is a large diffused picture, comprehending the characters of life dispersed in different groups, and exhibited in various attitudes, for the purpose of an uniform plan and general occurence, to which every individual figure is subservient. But this plan cannot be executed with propriety, probability, or success, without a principal personage to attract the attention, unite the incidents, unwind the clue of the labyrinth, and at last close the scene by virtue of his own importance.

"Almost all the heroes of this kind who have succeeded on

her husband, had read it, possibly she might have escaped the infernal snare. The husband put an end to his life. This happened about 1773; I knew both the male parties; and what is singular, the seducer was comparatively diminutive, and of an aspect little less than frightful; the husband was a fine athletic figure."

* Well known marvellous romances, written by the late Horace Walpole Earl of Orford, and Mrs Radcliffe.

the English stage, are characters of transcendent worth, conducted through the vicissitudes of fortune to that goal of happiness which ever ought to be the repose of extraordinary desert. Yet the same principle by which we rejoice at the remuneration of merit, will teach us to relish the disgrace and discomfiture of vice, which is always an example of extensive use and influence, because it leaves a deep impression of terror upon the minds of those who were not confirmed in the pursuit of morality and virtue, and while the balance wavers, enables the right scale to preponderate.

"In the drama, which is a more limited field of invention, the chief personage is often the object of our detestation and abhorrence, and we are as well pleased to see the wicked schemes of a *Richard* blasted, and the perfidy of a *Maskwell* exposed, as to behold a *Bevil* happy, and an *Edward* victorious.

"The impulses of fear, which is the most violent and interesting of all the passions, remain longer than any other upon the memory; and for one that is allured to virtue by the contemplation of that peace and happiness which it bestows, an hundred are deterred from the practice of vice, by that infamy and punishment to which it is liable from the laws and regulations of mankind."

To honour virtue, and to justify himself from the suspicion of a partiality for vice, imputed to him by superficial observers of human nature, he has introduced the adventurer *Fathom* into his *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, under the name of *Grieve*, settled as a practitioner in surgery and physic in a village in Yorkshire, and universally respected among the commonalty of the district as a prodigy of learning, piety, and benevolence.

It will not be thought surprising, that the author of "Zeluco," a superlatively wicked character, should be eager to refute the objections which have been made to the author of *Count Fathom*, for having chosen his character from the purlieus of treachery and fraud.

"Many have thought, that to render the principal personage of the piece natural and interesting, he ought always to be of a a mixed character; accordingly, most of the heroes of romances and comedies are agreeable libertines; but to intermingle many amiable qualities with profligate manners in those ideal characters, many have done harm. The allurements of the first are apt

to have a tendency to weaken the reader's abhorrence of the second. If the hero of a romance, therefore, is described devoid of principle, and perfidious, the more detestable he is made in all other respects, the better will the work serve the purposes of morality.

"To relieve the mind from the continued horror which a series of vicious actions would create, this work is varied by scenes of humour, by animated and picturesque descriptions, by incidents of melting tenderness. Of the first, however, the doctor has been more sparing in *Ferdinand Fathom* than in either of his preceding novels; but his description of a land storm in a forest, and the transactions at a cottage, frequented by a band of murderers, are exquisitely calculated for exciting that species of horror which is so interesting to many readers; but in what he denominates a midnight pilgrimage to *Monimia's* tomb, it must be acknowledged, that the pathetic effect which was intended is greatly diminished by the romantic improbability of the incidents."*

His *Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves* are related with the same vivacity and felicity of expression which characterise his other productions. The story, though improbable, is conducted with much humour; and though the plan is borrowed from Don Quixote, it is truly original in the execution. Notwithstanding some extravagances, which have not always even the attractive surprise of fiction, it has many characters well drawn, many entertaining incidents, and many fine strokes of genius, nature, and passion. The character of *Sir Launcelot*, a youth of elevated mind, actuated by the noblest and most benevolent principles, is formed on that of the grave knight of La Mancha; and *Squire Crabshaw* bears a ludicrous resemblance to his facetious prototype, Sancho Panza; yet they are not tame unentertaining copies. They resemble without imitating, and remind us of what imparted exquisite enjoyment, without diminishing their own novelty. Readers unacquainted with Don Quixote and his squire, will be delighted with *Sir Launcelot* and *Crabshaw*; those who have attended that mirror of chivalry through the course of his strange adventures and listened with wonder to the shrewd remarks of Sancho, will be surprised at the possibility of giving originality to

* Memoirs, &c p. 34.

characters formed upon that model. The portraits of *Crowe*, *Ferret*, *Oakley*, and some others, are truly characteristic, and demonstrative of the genuine humour, satirical talents, and benevolent heart of the writer. *Crowe* is a seaman easily distinguished from *Bowling*, *Trunnion*, *Pipes*, or *Hatchway*. It has been said, that Shakespeare has drawn a natural character in Caliban, not to be found in nature; it may with equal reason be affirmed that *Crowe* is a true seaman that never existed, who talks in tropes and figures borrowed from his profession, but never used before. Smollett may be said to have invented a language for this amphibious species, so extremely natural, that nothing can be better adapted to express the character. The oration of *Sir Launcelot* to an election mob is in the true spirit of Cervantes. The night scene in a private mad-house is drawn with uncommon force of judgment and of fancy. The ruin of *Captain Clewline* and his family enforces, with astonishing eloquence, the folly and infamy of paternal tyranny. With great merit, this romance has many defects, some of which might have been obviated, if he had bestowed more time and reflection upon it. From diligently studying the perfect model of his great master, he might have perceived that fiction is compatible with propriety, and the marvellous reconcileable to probability. Cervantes leads his hero into that species of absurdity only which was natural for an imagination heated by reading books of chivalry to fall into, and describes the real manners of the age in which he lived. With such a guide, and his power of sketching directly from nature, the principal characters of his work, unless we except *Miss Darnel*, are altogether incompatible with modern manners; which ought not to be, as the scenes are laid in modern times. His oaths and execrations are indecent and unnecessary; a fault with which his novels are, in many instances, justly chargeable. Many of the humorous characters are exaggerated beyond all bounds of probability, and certain persons are too often introduced, particularly *Captain Crowe*, whose sea jargon, though characteristic, is sometimes disgusting.

His *Adventures of an Atom* belong to the class of compositions in ficticious history, in the form rather than the substance of the work, which consists of real characters and historical incidents, aggravated and embellished by humour and fancy, and tinged by the dark hues of political prejudice. This species of romance was

first introduced into the English language by Mrs Manley, in the "Memoirs of the New Atalantis," to stigmatise the whig administration in the reign of Queen Anne.* It was afterwards improved by Swift, who blended in his political allegories humour and satire, ridicule and reality, with inimitable art and originality; and advanced to perfection by Dr Arbuthnot, in the "History of John Bull." The plan of this performance combines the wild extravagance of Rabelais, and the broad caricature of Mrs Manley, with the splendid humour of Swift, and the brilliant wit and profound erudition of Dr Arbuthnot. He takes advantage of the Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration to endue his atom with reason and the organs of speech, which he excites in the brain of *Mr Nathaniel Peacock*, who writes down what it dictates of the history of one period, during which it underwent some strange revolutions in the empire of *Japan* (England), and was conscious of some political anecdotes, to be divulged for the instruction of British ministers.† He professes to give a plain narrative of historical incidents, "without pretending to philosophise like H——e, or dogmatise like S——tt." The characters of the chiefs who disputed the administration of Japan are drawn in the high style of recognisable caricature. The portraits of King George II. and the duke of Cumberland are aggravated with strokes of satire; and the leaders of the whig party, with the exception of the earl of Hardwicke, "the wisest man, and the greatest cipher," are stigmatised as a set of sordid knaves, utterly devoid of sentiment and integrity. Even the earl of Bute and lord Mansfield, the favourite subjects of his panegyric, are exposed to the virulence of his satire, and the keen shafts of his ridicule. From our knowledge of his character, we expect, what we find in this work, ideas that indicate a firm and lofty mind, irritated by disappointment and neglect, and a diction ardent and energetic, corresponding to the strength and acuteness of his feelings of indignation and resentment. Though it is inferior, upon

* Two political romances appeared, among others, in the same reign, with the following titles: "The Secret History of Arlus, Fortunatus, and Odolphus, ministers of state to the Empress of Grand-Insula," 8vo, 1710. "The impartial Secret History of Arlus, Fortunatus, and Odolphus, ministers of state to the Empress of Grand-Insula," 8vo, 1710.

† Swift has made use of the same fiction in his "Account of the Court and Empire of Japan."

the whole, to his other novels, for ingenuity and contrivance in the composition, and for observation of life, it is written, for the most part, with his usual humour, animation, and felicity of expression. His comparison of the *council-board* to the allegorical *table of Cebes* is well managed; and his digressions on *surnames, breeches, alchemy, magic, necromancy,* and *sorcery,* display that peculiar combination of profound learning and genuine humour which forms the basis of ludicrous composition. In his representation of personal characters, he was prejudiced by friendship, by passion, and by the political maxims which concurred with and favoured his own. In this respect, his portraits of all whose opinions are opposite to his own are liable to censure. The lineaments are strong, and the figures are animated; but all the softer features and more amiable graces are wholly omitted. Writing, the most distinguished prerogative of mankind, when exerted in the cause of virtue and justice, never appears more justly reprehensible than when it attempts to cast a veil over distinguished merit, and loads exalted characters with obloquy. In censuring the misapplication of his talents in this work, it should be remembered, that the strength and acuteness of sensation, which partly constitute genius, did not qualify him particularly to guard against the subtile insinuating influence of personal and political prejudice.

"In this performance," Dr Moore observes, "Smollett combines the manner of Swift and Rabelais. While in many parts he equals their humour, he has not always avoided their indelicacy, and has sometimes followed the wild extravagance of the latter. Prejudice has certainly guided his pencil in drawing the portraits, or rather caricatures, interspered through this work, some of which do the greatest injustice to the originals for whom they were intended; yet the performance, on the whole, affords new proofs of the humour, wit, learning, and powerful genius, of the painter; and it may be asserted with truth, that no political allegory has been executed with equal wit and pleasantry since the days of Arbuthnot."*

In his *Expedition of Humphry Clinker,* he has avoided the extravagancies which may be justly charged to *Count Fathom, Sir Launcelot Greaves,* and the *Adventures of an Atom,* and adhered

* Memoirs, &c. p. 77.

closely to nature and probability. From the wild excursions of fancy, invention is brought home to range through the probable occurrences of familiar life, and made subservient to the purposes of instruction. This novel has no extravagant characters, no unnatural situations; on the contrary, an admirable knowledge of life and manners is displayed, and most useful lessons are given, applicable and interesting to the inferior societies and private scenes of life. It possesses all the characteristic excellencies of the best efforts of his genius, strong sense and vigour of imagination, masculine humour, variety of original characters, just observations on life, picturesque description, and vivacity and elegance of expression. It is the production of a mind enriched and mellowed by experience, and softened, not soured, by misfortune. After running a long course, he appears vigorous, fresh, and unexhausted, like the sun in a clear summer evening, retaining its natural warmth and splendour, and setting luminous and majestic. This work is characterised by that facility and simple elegance, by that liveliness and poignancy of imagination, which are almost peculiar to himself. With him an adherence to simplicity of fable has not produced the effects of dulness, nor excluded the pleasures of novelty. The manner of giving the story by letters is liable to the inconvenience of producing repetitions, which he has had the address to avoid. The inimitable descriptions of life which distinguish his other works, receive, if possible, an additional force from the epistolary form in which this novel is written; which is further enhanced by the contrast that arises from the general alternate insertion of the letters of the several correspondents. The style of the letters is adapted to the characters of the several persons he introduces, in the most successful manner. Instead of visionary scenes and persons, the usual subjects of romance, we are frequently presented with uncommon anecdotes, and curious exhibitions of real life, described in such a manner as to afford a pleasure even superior to what arises from the portraits of fancy. The character of *Bramble*, at once so amiable, so distressful, and so ludicrous, and the characters of *Tabitha* and *Lismahago*,* are painted with the highest touches of discriminating humour and expression. The prototype of *Tabitha* may be found among the poetical epistles entitled, "The Bath Guide," a per-

* The name of a parish in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire.

formance of exquisite humour and satire; but he has improved what he has imitated. As to *Humphry Clinker*, he is only to be considered as the nominal hero of the piece; but his character, as well as that of *Winifred Jenkins*, is almost unanticipated, and highly comic. The letters from *Bramble* and *Melford* upon their tour to North Britain contain many delineations of scenery, and representations of life and manners, that not only gratify curiosity, but also tend to correct many wrong notions entertained by their more philosophic neighbours, concerning the inhabitants of that part of the island. We are every where entertained with the narration or description of something interesting and extraordinary, calculated at once to amuse the imagination and release the understanding from prejudice. Every character appears what we see it in life, and every circumstance of every person is copied with the utmost accuracy from where it really exists, almost without exaggeration. The whole correspondence is highly characteristic, variegated, and dramatic; the incidents are replete with mirth and humour, and the features of familiar life every where recognisable. This novel may be safely pronounced one of the few works of invention produced by the English writers, which will always be read with delight by persons of taste and judgement of both sexes.

A very curious similitude is observable between the three heroes of Smollett's chief productions. *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Matthew Bramble*, are all brothers of the same family. The same generosity and benevolence, the same satirical, cynical disposition, are the distinguishing and characteristical features of all three; but they are far from being servile copies, or imitations of each other. These feigned characters, as they appeared in succession, seem to have been intended as a representation of the author's own character, in the different stages and situations of his life.

The ingenious author of "Edward," distinguished for his power of delineating from real life, and his talent for humour, has done justice to the general merit of this work, and praised its peculiar beauties.

"In *Humphry Clinker* he hardly attempts any story; it is a mere vehicle for characters, and remarks on life and manners. The characters of the different correspondents are supported throughout with the utmost propriety, and the peculiar style suit-

able to each writer is maintained with more precision than in any romance in the epistolary form with which I am acquainted.

"If we except the character of *Lismahago*, some features of which, though highly comic, are extravagantly stretched, Dr Smollett has avoided the marvellous, and adhered more closely to nature and to familiar life than in any of his other romances. It is peculiarly entertaining to observe his address and attention to nature, in the different representations of the same places, and people, and transactions, by the different characters.

"Many useful lessons are given for the conduct of life, particularly in the story of *Mr Baynard*, who is brought to the brink of ruin by the vanity of his wife, and the good-natured facility of his temper. The whole of *Bramble's* account of the Temple of Cold Reception is admirably taken from nature.

"The letters of *Tabitha Bramble*, and *Winifred Jenkins* are pleasingly characteristic, and capable of surprising the most solemn of mankind into laughter, if their features be not kept steady by stupidity as well as pride.

"From the assemblies of high life, Dr Smollett thought that humour was banished by ceremony, affectation, and cards; *that nature being castigated almost to still life, mirth never appeared but in an insipid grin.* His extreme fondness for humour, therefore, led him to seek it where it was to be found, namely, in the inferior societies of life, which, in despite of the acuteness with which he seized and described it, has exposed him to the censure of the fastidious.

"Dr Smollett seems, when he wrote *Humphry Clinker*, to have been conscious of the discontent and fretfulness that appear in his Letters from France and Italy, and to have had a just notion of his own character. Neither Le Sage nor Fielding, had they been intimately acquainted with him, could have drawn it more truly, nor with more humour, than it appears in the letters of *Matthew Bramble*.

"The similitude among the characters of *Random*, *Pickle*, and *Bramble*, has been repeatedly remarked. The two former display the same fondness for practical jokes which were observed in Smollett, when a boy, the same spirit in exposing presumptuous ignorance, stigmatizing hypocrisy, repelling pride, and applauding merit, that he displayed in his meridian; and, in the letters of *Matthew Bramble*, the same peevishness that Smollett himself be-

trays in his travels, with that sensibility, benevolence, and generosity of disposition, which he possessed from the beginning to the end of his life."*

The character of Smollett, as a novelist, has been drawn with discrimination and humour by Mr Cumberland, an ingenious novelist, dramatist, essayist, and poet of the present age, in an allegorical representation of the characters of the most eminent of his predecessors, Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, as drivers of a stage-coach, in his novel of "Henry."

"There was a third, somewhat posterior in time, not in talents, who was indeed a rough driver, and rather too severe to his cattle; but in faith he carried us at a merry pace, over land or sea; nothing came amiss to him, for he was up to both elements, and a match for nature in every shape, character and degree: he was not very courteous, it must be owned, for he had a capacity for higher things, and was above his business; he wanted only a little more suavity and discretion to have figured with the best."†

In a concise estimate of the comparative merit of Fielding and Smollett, given by the elegant and judicious author of "The Morality of Fiction," the superiority of Smollett to his rival and contemporary, in the ludicrous delineation of manners, is not allowed so decidedly as his pretensions seem to require; and the inferiority assigned to him in a moral view, seems, in a considerable degree, below the general opinion.

"Smollett is still coarser than Fielding, and does not possess the same intimate knowledge of the human heart. As a painter of manners, however, he is little, if at all inferior. He excels particularly in those of seamen, chiefly, no doubt, from having been once engaged in that profession himself. But his most striking talent seems to be humour, the exhibition of odd and eccentric characters. Of these he has assembled in *Humphry Clinker* the most ludicrous and amusing collection that is any where to be found.

"In a moral view, Smollett is inferior to Fielding. The vices of his heroes are at least as great, without the same good qualities to counterbalance them. We meet nothing of that refined generosity, and those just sentiments, at least, of moral conduct, which Fielding's heroes discover. Indeed, Smollett, in regard to

* Memoirs, &c. p. 83. † Henry, Book III.

his, seems to make hardly any distinction between their best and their worst actions; both are related in the same animated and approving manner."*

The relation of his *Travels* deserves to be mentioned with respect, for that spirit of freedom, happily tempered with the judgement and sensibility which animates his observations, and the energy and elegant simplicity of the language. His descriptions, though not luxuriant, are, it must be owned, sometimes indelicate; and his remarks, though not superficial, are sometimes peevish; but these defects are amply compensated by the insight he gives us into the genius, manners, customs, and government, of the different people whom he characterizes. We see a man of sense, and of an independent spirit, divested of partiality, reasoning with freedom upon every occurrence, and exhibiting a naked view of objects and characters. If he is sometimes petulant and illiberal, and on some occasions loses his temper, some excuse is to be made for a frame convulsed by disease, a spirit wounded by ingratitude, and a life embittered by disappointment and domestic calamity. Under such impressions, perhaps he ought not to have written; but it was natural for him to seek for comfort and consolation in a pursuit from which he had been accustomed to receive solace, and upon which his subsistence depended. The consideration of his bodily and mental suffering need not, however, be offered to extenuate faults, but to increase our admiration of his work. Though he had grief and distemper to give a more sombre and less pleasant cast than usual to his letters, yet they are, on the whole, highly instructive and entertaining. With the exceptions above mentioned, they are calculated not only to gratify every craving of rational curiosity, but to destroy error and false taste, to improve our acquaintance with men and things; to display a comparative sketch of human nature; to establish true notions of life and living; and to endear Britain and its free constitution to Britons.

The testimony of Dr Moore respecting the relation of his *Travels* is valuable, as he himself travelled the same road, observed the same objects, conversed with the gay inhabitants of the same countries through which he passed, and preserved his good humour and pleasantry the whole way.

* "Morality of Fiction," &c. by Hugh Murray, author of "Swiss Emigrants," &c. p. 106.

"In Smollett's letters, however, there are many excellent and uncommon observations; and on their first publication, they pleased in general, notwithstanding the cynic style in which they are written; and they pleased some on that very account. But after Sterne's sarcasm appeared, many who had admired and praised them before now condemned them as devoid of taste; and some who had relished them on account of their high-coloured painting of certain customs among the French and Italians, now censured them as illiberal, and full of national reflections." *

"I chiefly consulted," says a late Scottish judge, himself a valetudinarian tourist, distinguished by the whimsical peculiarity of his taste, humour, and benevolence, "Keysler, Moore, and Smollett. I was best pleased with my old and excellent friend Smollett. Testy and discontented as he is, he writes with perspicuity: his observations are generally sensible, and even his oddities are entertaining." †

"Smollett," says a late lively and agreeable journalist of travels on the continent of Europe, "was little enamoured of the climate; and, like most invalids deprived of the comforts of one's own fire-side, he was disposed to be fretful. It is rather peevish to make the same mountains funnels in winter, and screens in summer." ‡

As a *dramatist*, his genius is of less considerable character than might be expected from his unrivalled talent for the description of life and manners. He was in possession of humour and fancy; his wit had every character of fertile invention, true pleasantry, and flexibility to every subject; he was capable of delineating the individual object with accuracy and truth; but he beheld his powers in a light which deceived him, when he aimed at bringing his characters into the business of the stage, and creating a dramatic series of events confined to the unities of time and place. Here his knowledge of imitative representation, and acquaintance with the *jeu de theatre*, failed him, but not his talents for personative poetry.

The tragedy of *The Regicide* will be thought a very great effort of genius, considering the early age of the author when he

* Memoirs, &c. p. 76.

† Lord Gardenstone's Travelling Memorandums, vol. i.

‡ Professor Muirhead's Travels, &c. p. 351.

finished it. Though reckoned undramatic, declamatory, and uninteresting, it unquestionably excels, in language, pathos, situation, and every other dramatic requisite, most of the tragedies which were presented to the public at the time. It exhibits not only a succession of just sentiments in elegant language, but a representation of natural affections. The conduct of the fable may be thought exceptionable, but it possesses complication and variety. The principal characters are skilfully discriminated, and well supported, particularly the magnanimous and enlightened *King of Scotland*, the wise and valiant *Angus*, and the treacherous and cruel *Athol*. The speech of the king, in which he describes the miserable state of Scotland at his accession to the throne, exhibits a faithful picture of the oppression and violence practised in the feudal times in every part of this island, and indeed all over Europe.

> " I found your miserable state reduc'd
> To ruin and despair; your cities drench'd
> In mutual slaughter; desolate the plains;
> All order banish'd, and all arts decay'd:
> No industry, save what with hands impure
> Distress'd the commonwealth: no laws in force
> To screen the poor, and check the guilty great;
> While squalid Famine join'd her sister fiend,
> Devouring Pestilence, to curse the scene!"

The genius and authority of this great prince were zealously exerted in redressing the wrongs of the people, and in maintaining union among his unruly barons, who assumed the right of supporting their claims by force, and avenging their private quarrels by mutual hostilities.

> " I came,—I toil'd,—reform'd,—redress'd the whole,"

But law was ineffectual, and the power of the sovereign in those times inadequate, to secure any permanent benefit to society, to extinguish the impious brand of rebellion, or to preserve

> " a prince with every virtue grac'd
> That dignifies the throne,"

from the dagger of the assassin, uplifted against his life, at the instigation of his treacherous kinsman.

——"While *Athol* led
His royal kinsman through the dangerous path
Of sudden reformation,—th' unwary prince,
Sooth'd by false professions, crown'd his guilt
With boundless confidence, and little thought
That very confidence supplied his foe
With means to shake his throne."

The character of *Athol* resembles that of Macbeth in the circumstances of ambition, treachery, superstition, and vengeance. In both characters the danger of ambition is well described; but the courage of the murderer of Duncan preserves some esteem, while the total absence of natural affection in the kinsman of *James* makes every reader rejoice at his fall.

The character of the virtuous, brave, but unfortunate *Dunbar*, is finely contrasted with the headstrong, fierce, ambitious *Stuart*; while the amiable *Eleonora*, esteeming the first, but in spite of herself loving the latter, is distracted between her passion and her duty.

"Yes; I were envious to refuse applause;
When every mouth is opened in thy praise,
I were ungrateful not to yield thee more,
Distinguish'd by thy choice; and though my heart
Denies thee love, thy virtues have acquir'd
Th' esteem of Eleonora."

——"If *Athol's* arm,
(Which heaven avert!) to treason add success,
My father's death will join his sovereign's fall;
And if the cause of royalty prevail,
Each languid hope with *Stuart* must expire."

The *Regicide* may be added to some other plays in our language which, though possessed of considerable merit, have never been able to procure admission on the stage, but continue to please in the closet. It is censured by Churchill with great satirical severity, in the following lines of his "Apology to the Critical Reviewers."

"Who ever read the *Regicide*, but swore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before!
Others for plots and underplots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all:
Who can so often in his cause engage
The tiny pathos of the Grecian stage,

While horrors rise and tears spontaneous flow,
At tragic ha! and no less tragic ho!
To praise his nervous weakness all agree,
And then for sweetness, who so sweet as he?
Too big for utterance when sorrows swell,
The too big sorrows flowing tears must tell.
But when these flowing tears shall cease to flow,
Why then the verse must speak again, you know."

The passage in the *Regicide*, on which the fine ridicule of a fault too common among dramatists, of substituting the pomp of declamation for the genuine language of passion, is founded, occurs in the speech of the *Queen* to *Eleonora*, at the opening of the third act, in the deepest anxiety respecting the event of a battle between the conspirators and the royalists, in which the latter were victorious.

"*Eleon.*—Alas! my queen,
What consolation can the wretched bring?
How shall I, from my own despair, collect
Assuasive balm? Within my lonely breast
Mute sorrow and despondence long have dwelt!
And while my sire, perhaps this instant bleeds,
The dim exhausted fountains of my grief
Can scarce afford a tear!

Queen.—O luxury
Of mutual ill; let us enjoy the feast!
To groan, re-echo groan, in concert raise
Our lamentation; and when sorrow swells
Too big for utterance, the silent streams
Shall flow in common!—When the silent streams
Forbear to flow, the voice again shall wail."

In the *Reprisal*, he evinces dramatic powers, which, if he had persevered in writing for the stage, might have obtained him equal distinction in this department of literature. His comic genius has shewn itself very conspicuously in this afterpiece. There is throughout the performance a close imitation of nature. The blunders of the *Irishman* are none of them forced; they are such as cannot fail to strike, and provoke laughter, because there are none of them that have not been heard, at some time or other, to fall from the mouth of such a character. There is a mixture of pride, pedantry, stiffness, and humanity, in the *Scotsman*, that marks him very strongly. The *Frenchman* is finely

distinguished; his gasconading, his cowardice, his making love, and his rage, are highly comic. To flatter the common English prejudice against the French, always our rivals, and frequently our enemies, he is perhaps too much debased, and treated with illiberal contempt, though *Lieutenant Lyon's* concluding speech makes some amends for this fault. * The character of the *English sailor*, though very short is drawn with great exactness, and is perhaps equal to any now on the stage. If this piece had been so planned as to furnish a few more incidents, and if the scenes had been shorter, and sometimes changed, the whole would have been more entertaining.

As a *poet*, his flexible genius is adapted to various kinds of composition; to the sprightly as well as the amatory; to the severe energy of satire, as well as to the higher tones, and more delicate effusions of the lyre. Lively, humorous, witty, elegant, tender, satirical, pathetic, and sublime, he is happy and successful in whatever the universality of his genius prompts him to undertake. He strikes with equal facility the lyres of Pindar, Anacreon, Horace, Tibullus, and Juvenal, and the chords answer to the pulse of his heart. His spirit, his sentiment, his language, are full of nature, enthusiasm, and simplicity. Exquisite description, poignant humour, and felicity of diction, and versification, are the charecteristics of his lighter pieces; an enthusiastic, independent, and vigorous tone of sentiment, richness of imagery, majesty of manner, boldness and magnitude of conception, and warmth and energy of expression, characterise his grave and more dignified compositions, in the lofty sphere of imagination.

His *Ode to Independence*, the greatest effort of his genius, rivals in spirit and sublimity, in strength of conception, and beauty of colouring, the sublime odes of Dryden, Akenside, Collins, and Gray, the great masters of the British lyre. The lineage, education, and achievements of *Independence*, are described with

* The source of this popular prejudice may be traced to the wars with France, in the reign of Edward III. which gave to the English an antipathy to the nation, for which it is natural to think that the nobility, at least, had a partiality before. The court of England, for more than two hundred years after the conquest, was totally French. The long and bloody wars which afterwards arose between England and France must, of course, have converted that partiality into hatred, which, in latter times, has been exasperated in a tenfold degree, by fierce protracted hostilities against a gigantic power in the middle of Europe, that threatened the peace of the world.

strength of judgment, and fertility of fancy: and the influence of that power on his own mind, in preserving him from servility, and enabling him to look with contempt on titled folly and dignified presumption, is displayed with the energy of sublime sentiment, and the charms of splendid and animated imagery.

" He, guardian genius, taught my youth,
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies.
Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread
Where varnished vice and vanity combined
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,
And forge vile shackles for the freeborn mind.
While Insolence his wrinkled *front* uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow,
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow;
Wherever dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale profession's froth,
And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth."

The stanzas are conducted with returns of the *strophè* and *antistrophè*, after the example of Pindar, and his imitators, Gray, and other English lyrists. Those changes in the measure were not originally intended to serve any purpose of poetical harmony, as they merely had reference to changes in the dancing, with which the ancient ode was accompanied. The adoption of the *strophè* and *antistrophè* in our lyric measures has contributed to banish from English poetry that monstrous species of composition first introduced among us by Jonson and Cowley, under the name of Pindaric odes. Of odes constructed according to this classical model, the stanzas may be of any length, composed of verses the most disproportionate, and of rhymes the most distant, provided the same irregularity is observed in those that correspond. The raphsodies of Cowley and his imitators, as irregular and wild, show the English language to be with difficulty susceptible of the mixed measures of Pindar and the ancient lyrists. The harmony of our lyric measures arises from the just proportion of one line to another, because the ear naturally expects a return of the rhyme upon an equal number of syllables. The corresponding lines of the *Ode to Independence*, in which

our most perfect lyric measure has been employed, are of the same length, and the stanzas at just and stated distances.

The beauties of the *Ode to Independence*, it is unnecessary to point out and comment upon, as they have been selected with all the precision of taste, and illustrated with all the force of eloquence, in the *Observations* of my learned and ingenious friend professor Richardson, whose high qualifications for estimating its solid excellencies will not be disputed by those who are acquainted with his own elegant compositions in the same sphere of imagination, and his philosophical view of the passions and affections of the human mind, as they are represented in the works of our great dramatist.*

"Lyric poetry imitates violent and ardent passions. It is therefore bold, ardent, and impetuous. It abounds with animated sentiments, glowing images, and forms of speech, often unusual, but commonly nervous and expressive. The composition and arrangement of parts may often appear disordered, and the transitions sudden; but they are always natural, and are governed by the movements and variations of the imitated passions. The *Ode to Independence* will illustrate these observations.

"The introduction is poetical and abrupt.

> "Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
> Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;
> Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
> Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

"The picture exhibited in these lines is striking, because the circumstances are happily chosen, briefly and distinctly deline-

* "Essays on Shakespeare's Dramatic Characters, with an illustration of Shakespeare's representation of National Characters in that of Fluellen," 6th edition, 8vo. 1812. The last edition of this excellent work, besides the essay on the character of Fluellen, contains two original letters to the author from Mr Burke, consisting of observations on Shakespeare, and other literary subjects. He has left a work on "Figurative Language," prepared for the press, in two 4to volumes. He transmitted the MS to me, in the intimacy of friendship, a short time before his death, with full authority to publish it. The relations to whom he bequeathed his property, rejudging his deliberate judgment, withhold it from the press, and obstruct his well-merited fame. He has left, also, a "Commentary on Horace's Epistle to the Pisos," ready for publication, and several moral and literary essays, in the style of his elegant contributions to the "Mirror," "Lounger," and "Philanthrope."

ated. It is sublime, because the images are few, and in themselves great and magnificent. The "lion heart and the eagle eye" suggest an idea of the high spirit and commanding aspect of Independence; and the poet following with his "bosom bare," denotes, in a picturesque manner, the eagerness and enthusiasm of the votary. The last circumstance is peculiarly happy:

"Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

It marks the scene: it is unexpected, and excites surprise: it is great and awful, and excites astonishment. Combined with the preceding circumstances, it conveys a beautiful allegorical meaning, and signifies, that a mind truly independent is superior to adversity, and unmoved by external accidents. We may observe too, in regard to the diction, that the notions of sound and motion communicated by the words "howl" and "along," contribute, in a peculiar manner, to the sublimity of the description.

"Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

These lines are written in the true style of lyric poetry. Without preparing the mind by a cool artificial introduction, rising gradually to the impetuosity of passion, they assail the imagination by an abrupt and sudden impulse; they vibrate through the soul, and fire us instantaneously with all the ardour and enthusiasm of the poet. Many of the Odes of Horace are composed in the same spirit, and produce similar effects. Without any previous argument or introduction, in the fulness of passion and imagination, he break out into bold, powerful, and impetuous figures.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis, tui
Plenum? Quæ nemora aut quos ago in specus
Velox mente nova?——
Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem. ———

The poet, full of enthusiasm and admiration, continues his prosopopœia; and in a strain of poetry exceedingly wild and romantic, gives us the genealogy of Independence.

"A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty! whose look sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime."

" According to the acceptation of our author, Liberty means the security of our lives and possessions, and freedom from external force. Independence is of higher import, and denotes that internal sense and consciousness of freedom which beget magnanimity, fortitude, and that becoming pride which leads us to respect ourselves, and do nothing unworthy of our condition. Liberty, therefore, is, with perfect propriety, said to be the mother of Independence, and Disdain his father: Disdain arising from indignation against an oppressor, and triumph on having frustrated or escaped his malice. This stern personage is strongly characterised in the following direct description.

" Of ample front the portly chief appeared:
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard;
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast."

" Men may enjoy liberty without independence; they may be secure in their persons and possessions, without feeling any uncommon elevation of mind, or any sense of their freedom: but if their liberty is attacked, they are alarmed, they feel the value of their condition, they are moved with indignation against their oppressors; they exert themselves, and if they are successful, or escape the danger that threatened them, they triumph, they reflect on the happiness and dignity conferred by Freedom, they applaud themselves for their exertions, become magnanimous and independent. There is, therefore, no less propriety in deducing the origin of Independence from Disdain and Liberty, than in fixing the era of his birth. The Saxons, according to our author, free, simple, and inoffensive, were attacked, escaped the violence of their adversary, reflected on the felicity of their condition, and learned independence.

" The education of Independence, and the scene of his nativity, are suited to his illustrious lineage, and to the high achievements for which he was destined.

" The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where, under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was born—
The mountain Dryads seiz'd with joy
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;
The Doric muse caress'd the favourite boy;
The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind."

"The imagery in these lines is soft and agreeable, the language smooth, and the versification numerous.

"Independence thus descended, and thus divinely instructed and endowed, distinguishes himself accordingly by heroic and beneficent actions.

"Accomplished thus, he winged his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thoughts th' aspiring soul."

"The ode may be divided into three parts. The poet sets out with a brief address to Independence, imploring his protection. He sees in idea the high object of his adoption, and, transported by an ardent and irresistible impulse, he rehearses his birth, education, and qualities. He proceeds, in the second place, to celebrate his office and most renowned achievements; and returns, at the end of the third strophè, to acknowledge with gratitude, the protection he had requested, and the power of independence in preserving him untainted by the debasing influence of grandeur, and the admiration of vain magnificence. Animated with this reflection, and conscious of the dignity annexed to an independent state of mind, he inveighs against those "minions of fortune" who would impose upon mankind by the ostentation of wealth and the parade of pageantry.

"In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils oppressed:
So moves the sumpter-mule, in harnessed pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
And jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;
Disquet, Doubt, and Dread, shall intervene;
And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust."

These lines, embellished by fancy, and recommended to the ear by harmony, are the invective of truth and honest indignation.

"In the last antistrophè, the poet descends from his enthusiasm: he is less impetuous; the illustrious passions that animated and impelled him are exhausted; but they leave his mind full of their genuine and benign influences, not agitated and disordered,

as if their tendency had been vicious, but glowing with self-approbation, soft, gentle, and composed." *

In his *Advice and Reproof*, he appears in the character of a disinterested and indignant censor of the slaves of vile passions, the perpetrators of detestable vices, the dupes of folly, and the agents of fraud, corruption, and villany. He is keen, animated, moral, vehement, and judicious; he holds forth to public execration the vices that degrade human nature, with manly indignation; he censures the reigning and fashionable follies with great keenness of wit and force of ridicule; his animadversions teem with moral zeal and dauntless truth; but his acrimony, in many instances, is too severe, his indignation too violent, and his chastisement too indiscriminate, to produce reformation, the true object of satire. In the midst of his spleen, he is aware of the consequence of indulging it, and replies to the *Friend* who holds the dialogue with the *Poet*, and censures his "petulance of style," and neglect of "prudent condescension," in the following animated apostrophe to Conscience.

"Hail, sacred power! my glory and my guide!
Fair source of mental peace, whate'er betide,
Safe in thy shelter, let disaster roll
Eternal hurricanes around my soul;
My soul serene amidst the storms shall reign,
And smile to see their fury burst in vain."

The *Friend* makes the following observation:

"Too coy to flatter, and too proud to serve,
Thine be the joyless dignity to starve."

In reply to the *Friend*, who accuses the *Poet* of being "a flagrant misanthrope,"

"Sworn foe to good and bad, to great and small,
Thy rankling pen produces nought but gall.
Let virtue struggle, or let glory shine,
Thy verse affords not one approving line;"

he asserts his pretensions to candour, in the following spirited exclamation:

"Hail, sacred theme! the muse's chief delight,
O! bring the darling objects to my sight!
My breast with elevated thoughts shall glow,
My fancy brighten and my numbers flow!

* *Ode to Independence*, &c. 4to, 1773, p. 9.

Th' Aonian grove with rapture would I tread,
To crop unfading wreaths for William's head;
But that my strain, unheard amidst the throng,
Must yield to Lockman's ode and Hanbury's song. *
Nor would th' enamour'd muse neglect to pay
To Stanhope's † worth the tributary lay,
The soul unstain'd, the sense sublime to paint,
A people's patron, pride and ornament!
Did not his virtues eternized remain,
The boasted theme of Pope's immortal strain.
Not ev'n the pleasing task is left to raise
A grateful monument to Barnard's praise,
Else should the venerable patriot stand
Th' unshaken pillar of a sinking land
The gladd'ning prospect let me still pursue,
And bring fair Virtue's triumph to the view!
Alike to me by Fortune blest or not,
From soaring Cobham to the melting Scot" ‡

He ridicules courts, and censures ministers, with all the dignity of independence, and all the loftiness of a mind that would not debase itself; yet, in many instances, he seems to have little else in view than to gratify private resentment or party prejudice. His language is nervous, chaste, and elegant; but the grossness of some of his illustrations cannot fail to nauseate. In his outrageous indignation against vice, he attacks crimes that are punishable by the laws of his country; even the weakness and incurable infirmities of human nature do not escape his acrimony. The strength and acuteness of his satirical genius are, however, efficaciously displayed in these compositions, in the cause of virtue and decorum, by holding forth to public indignation many offenders against both, who are not amenable to any other tribunal, and who, though they contemptuously defy all serious reproof, tremble at the thoughts of seeing their vices or follies attacked by the shafts of ridicule and satire.

His smaller poems, written chiefly on occasional subjects,

* Two productions, resembling one another very much in that cloying mediocrity which Horace compares to *crassum unguentum, e sardo cum melle papaver*.

† The Earl of Chesterfield

‡ Daniel Mackercher, Esq. a man of such primitive simplicity, that he may be said to have exceeded the scripture injunction, by not only parting with his cloak and coat, but with his shirt also, to relieve a brother in distress,—Mr Annesley,—who claimed the Anglesey title and estate.

sometimes in an assumed character, and dispersed up and down his novels and plays, are so excellent as to make us regret that they are not more numerous.

His *Verses on a young Lady playing on a Harpsichord and singing*, are amongst the most beautiful of his compositions. It would be superfluous to point out their beauties; they are such as must be perceived, on a single perusal, by every reader who is not blind to the charms of exquisite delicacy of thought, simplicity of expression, and melody of language.

"When Sappho struck the quivering wire,
The throbbing breast was all on fire;
And when she raised the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away:

But had the nymph possessed with these
The softer, chaster power to please,
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
The native smiles of artless truth,

The worm of grief had never preyed
On the forsaken love-sick maid;
Nor had she mourned an hapless flame,
Nor dashed on rocks her tender frame."

His elegantly plaintive *Love Elegy* cannot be to much admired. It has all the tender suavity and plaintive simplicity of Tibullus. It is solemn, affecting, and harmonious; and the happy simplicity and unaffected manner interest and charm the reader of natural taste. The last stanza might have been omitted with advantage, as the thought which is conveyed in it has been often used.

His *Tears of Scotland* ought not to be mentioned without every commendation. The excellence of this ode proves that he possessed a genius equally fitted for the pathetic and sublime. Whatever may be thought of the subject, it unites a glow of poetical enthusiasm with a high degree of that eloquent simplicity which appears so easy, and which is yet so difficult to imitate. The deplorable extremity to which the wretched family of a Highland rebel is driven by the excessive severities exercised in the Highlands after the battle of Culloden, is pathetically expressed in the following lines:—

"O, baneful cause! O, fatal morn!
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood!
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel.

The pious mother doomed to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head
Her helpless orphans cry for bread!
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretched beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes,—and dies."

Collins, a contemporary poet of the first order, in his exquisitely pathetic "Ode written in the year 1746," has embalmed the memory of those heroes who fell in defence of their country:

"——— the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest;"

and, in his sublime and beautiful "Ode to Mercy," written after the suppression of the rebellion, has lavished all the powers of the pathos to excite sentiments of compassion in favour of those unhappy and deluded adherents of the Pretender who became a sacrifice to public justice;

"See, Mercy, see, with loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, though pierced with many a wound;
When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of nature, join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey,
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopt his wheels, and looked his rage away."*

The sufferings of the last adherents of the unfortunate house of Stuart have excited the sympathy, and employed the whole en-

* Works of the British Poets, with Prefaces Biographical and Critical, vol. ix. p. 524.

ergy and enthusiasm of my friend Mr Campbell's poetical powers, in his "Lochiel's Warning," a prophetic denunciation, which, combining the dreadful solemnity of popular superstition with romantic ideas of loyalty and valour, rivals *The Tears of Scotland* in sublimity and pathos. The exordium of the wizard's denunciation of the terrible catastrophe of the rash insurrection in which Lochiel was engaged, is so exceedingly animated and interesting, that it is impossible to avoid transcribing it.

"Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight!
They rally, they bleed for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.

But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning—no rider is there,
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.

Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
O! weep, but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave!
—O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might!
Whose banners arise on the battlement's height!
Heaven's fire is around thee to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling, all lonely, return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood
And a wild mother scream o'er his famishing brood."

The "death-telling seer," who holds the dialogue with the "bonneted chieftain," predicts the flight of his "fugitive king," and the severe execution of the Highland rebels, in a strain of true poetry and strong imagery.

"I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king;
Lo! anointed by Heav'n with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!

Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from the sight:
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
. . . 'Tis finished! their thunders are hush'd on the moors
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb, from his country cast, bleeding and torn
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
The death-bell is tolling:—O, mercy! dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirits to tell!
Life flutters, convulsed, in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accurs'd be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale." *

His *Ode to Leven Water* is distinguished by delicacy of sentiment, picturesque description, and simplicity of expression. The images are pastoral and pleasing, and the numbers correct and harmonious The strain of the poet is yet softer than the music of "the shepherd piping in the dale," or the murmur of "the dimpling wave." He celebrates his native stream with all the elegant simplicity of an Arcadian shepherd.

His *Ode to Mirth* possesses more elevation of thought, and opulence of imagery; it has energy, enthusiasm, nervous and well selected description, richness of expression, and harmony of numbers. The description of *Morning* is an exquisite painting.

"The Morning opes on high
His universal eye,
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden shower.
Lo! Darkness, trembling 'fore the hostile ray,
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn;
The brood obscene that own her gloomy sway,
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of Morn:
Pale shivering ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering light,
Quick as the lightning's flash, glide to sepulchral night."

The personification of *Mirth* and her attendants is appropriate and beautiful.

* Pleasures of Hope, with other Poems, 4to, 1803, pp. 107. 109. 111.

"But whence the gladdening beam
That pours his purple stream,
O'er the long prospect wide?
'Tis Mirth: I see her sit,
In majesty of light,
With Laughter at her side;
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering near,
Wide waves her glancing wing in air,
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart."

His *Burlesque Ode* on the supposed death of his grandmother, a kind of parody of certain passages in Lord Lyttleton's beautiful Monody on the death of his lady, written in a moment of irritation, is in the highest degree humorous and characteristic; but the ridicule of that excellent performance, the effusion of a susceptible and deeply afflicted heart, is misapplied.

His *Ode to Sleep* is characterised by delicacy of imagination, a judicious selection and combination of images, elegance of sentiment, and propriety of versification.

His *Ode to Blue-eyed Ann* is the vehicle of some impressive and beautiful thoughts, and has much of the imagery, and many of the turns of expression, which belong to the ballad style of composition.

His *Songs* have the merit of wit, humour, imagination, and feeling, a natural ease and grace; a few of the amatory kind, particularly those beginning, "While with fond rapture and amaze," and, "Let the nymph still avoid and be deaf to the swain," are graced by simplicity of thought and felicity of expression.

On the whole, there is something in all his poetical compositions so nervous, rich, and bold, something so finished, and removed from affectation, such an attention to propriety both in sentiment and expression, such an union of enthusiasm and correctness, animation and elegance, energy and simplicity, strength and harmony, as cannot fail to secure him a high reputation, as a poet, among posterity.

APPENDIX.

THE following letters, from Smollett to his friend Dr Macaulay, ascertain some important facts relative to his personal history. I could not easily incorporate them with my Narrative, but as they have an immediate relation to the history of his Life, they seem to me worthy of preservation. The originals in Smollett's handwriting, are in my possession.

DR SMOLLETT TO DR MACAULAY.*

DEAR SIR, *Chelsea, May 27, 1753.*

I YESTERDAY met with Provost Drummond, and took my leave of him, after we had settled the manner of executing his brother's work.† At parting, he told me that he left the whole to my management, and that he would entirely acquiesce in whatever I should claim, by way of acknowledgment for my trouble. About a fortnight ago he gave me leave to draw upon him for fifty guineas, at one month after date, and as I had occasion for the money, I gave a discount for the note, at the rate of 60 per cent. Such an unconscionable premium, you may be assured, I should not have given, unless upon an emergency, which would admit of no delay: the term was begun, and I was obliged to pay the costs and damages of that scoundrel Groom, according to the compromise made in court. The other fifty guineas, I expect, will be earned

* Of Poland-street, and afterwards of Jermyn-street, London.

† Travels in Germany, Italy, &c.

in less than a month; and though Mr Drummond desired me to write to him from time to time, I would not appear so meanly impatient as to demand this second moiety, until he himself shall think proper to mention it. Nevertheless, I am so straitened in consequence of that bankruptcy, by which I lost £180, the law-suit with Gordon and his accomplices, the want of punctuality in our Jamaica agent, and the time I have lost during these six months past, that I must be fain to raise this second payment per advance, if I can find any friend who will do me the favour. To you I should have applied myself, without scruple or remorse, had it not been for that £15 which has lain over so long; though my delay, in that particular, was as much owing to my confidence in your friendship, as to the disappointments I have sustained: and I must still beg your patience, until the arrival of the Kingston ship which is daily expected, and in which Mr Bontein [Buntine] has solemnly promised to remit what is due to us from Jamaica; he is now accountable for above £1000. With regard to the 50 guineas, which I very much want, I would much rather owe the favour to you than to any other person; and I would take it upon that footing, which would, in some measure, alleviate the mortification I have in putting you to such trouble; that is, I should be glad, and, indeed, insist upon paying interest for the money, as well as for that which I already owe—yet I am afraid it may not suit your convenience to comply with my request, as I know you have already launched out considerable sums of ready money for the relief of your neighbours in distress.

Dear Doctor, this sort of communication is a troublesome tax, imposed upon those who maintain connexions with the needy; and, by Heaven! I despise myself for being obliged to run such risques of cooling that friendship, which hath already so warmly interested itself in behalf of, dear Sir, your much obliged and affectionate humble servant, &c.

DR SMOLLETT TO DR MACAULAY.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Chelsea, Nov.* 16, 1754.

As yet I have not received an answer to my letter from Scotland; as soon as it arrives I shall communicate the purport of

it to you. I am extremely chagrined to find you in such an hampered situation, and my mortification is redoubled, when I reflect upon my being in some measure the cause. I hoped that cursed ship from the East Indies would have arrived before this time, and brought some good news; but every thing has of late thwarted my schemes and expectations, and therefore I cannot help dreading a repulse from Scotland also. Had I credit enough to borrow the money in London, you should not be without it a day longer, even though I should pay 50 per cent. for the loan; but, believe me, I should find it difficult to raise half the sum in England, even to save me from a jail. Never was I so much harassed with duns as now; a persecution which I owe to the detention of that remittance from Jamaica, which I have expected every day since last Christmas, upon the faith of promises sent from time to time. I am, with great sincerity, gratitude, and affection, dear Sir, yours, &c.

DR SMOLLETT TO DR MACAULAY.

DEAR SIR, *Chelsea, December* 11, 1754.

Upon my honour, I have not had the least answer to the letter I wrote to Scotland, nor is one farthing arrived from Jamaica; circumstances which fill me with astonishment and mortification; and what increases my wonder is to hear that Mr Telfer is, or was lately, at Edinburgh. I would still hope that a favourable answer might be received from that country; otherwise, methinks, they would have signified their refusal, as I pressed the thing in such strong terms. For my own part, I never was reduced to such a dilemma as I am now brought into: for I have promised to pay away tradesmen's bills, to a considerable amount by Christmas; and my credit absolutely depends upon my punctuality: Nay, I am put to very great straits for present subsistence, as I have done nothing all last summer but worked upon Don Quixotte, for which I was paid five years ago. If my joint security could be of any service in raising a sum of money, until matters shall clear up, I would cheerfully pay the premium for insuring my life; and as my friends are good, I think it would not be a bad

expedient. In short, I am so distracted with my difficulties, that I cannot form any other feasible scheme for the present emergency, and I wish you would consider how it might be altered or improved, I am, with great affection, gratitude, and regard, yours, &c.

I was last night robbed of my watch and money, in the stage-coach between this and London, and am just going to town to inquire about the robber.

DR SMOLLETT TO DR MACAULEY.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Chelsea, April* 6, 1756.

I HAVE been last week threatened with writs of arrest; and some tradesmen in Chelsea have been so clamorous, that I actually promised to pay them in the beginning of this week. I had recourse to Mr Rivington, who happens to be out of cash, in consequence of breaking up partnership with his brother. My proposal was that he should advance £100, which I should pay at the rate of four guineas per week, deducted from the History; and at that rate I should have liquidated the debt in about three-and-twenty weeks. He had no sort of objection to the scheme; and agrees to join with me in security for the money, if it can be borrowed for six months or longer. As he is a sufficient man, and this disgrace hovers over my imagination so as that I shall be rendered incapable of prosecuting my scheme, I have recourse to your advice and assistance. If you can command the sum, the deduction of four guineas per week shall be made into your own hands; and even after the payment of that sum, I shall go on towards a general clearance, until I am enabled to discuss the rest of my debt to you, by remittances from the West or East Indies. This proposed scheme of liquidation, added to the unquestionable security of Mr Rivington, and the consideration of my condition, will, I doubt not, prevail upon you to exert yourself in behalf of, dear Sir, yours, &c.

DR SMOLLETT TO DR MACAULAY.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Chelsea, September* 10, 1756.

THE fund which I appropriated for the payment of that note, I have been obliged to pay on another score. I would willingly have concealed the affair from your knowledge, but it must now come out in my own justification. About two years ago, Captain Crawfurd had a law-suit with his servant, about wages, &c. He was bailed by Dr Macculloch and me. He left the suit to the care of Adam Gordon, and went to Scotland. Gordon neglected the suit, and judgment being given against the defendant, we, his bail, were obliged to pay damages, costs, &c. to the amount of £95. I drew upon Crawfurd for the money; after some shuffling, he agreed to accept of a bill, payable in eight months. The bill was sent down to him for acceptance; he never answered the letter. We have instituted a process against him; and were forced to pay the bill, with costs, on its being returned protested. This is the truth, and nothing but the truth. So help me God! The money will be recovered, as he is a man of fortune. In the mean time, I will endeavour to borrow as much as will take up Hamilton's note. If I cannot, and they should prove troublesome, I must remove to some corner where I may work without being distracted and distressed; for here I can do nothing. I have done very little for these two months past; and am engaged to finish the History by Christmas; so that you may guess my situation. When I sat down to this work I was harassed by duns; I have paid above one hundred pounds of debts, which I could no longer put off, and maintained my family. I have since paid £120 to different tradesmen, from a small remittance which we lately received. I could not have disposed of that money otherwise, without being disgraced. We have granted ample powers to Tom Bontein to sell our negroes in the West Indies. He has promised, upon honour, to remit what is already due (amounting to above £1000 sterling) with the first opportunity. We expect daily remittances from the Harvies; and I am determined to make no use of what comes, except for the pay-

ment of debts, until the whole are liquidated. You have interposed so often with Mr Maclean, that I am ashamed to mention any expedient of that sort. I have some irons in the fire, for borrowing a little money to satisfy those gentlemen. I have desired my agent to offer any premium rather than be disappointed; and I will let you know the result of his endeavours. I am, as ever, dear doctor, your most affectionate and much obliged humble servant, &c.

DR SMOLLETT TO DR MACAULAY.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Chelsea, November 24, 1756.*

I THINK I may now with confidence beg your interposition with Mr Maclean about Hamilton's note, as the farce, which is coming on immediately, will undoubtedly enable me to discharge that obligation. I just now received an intimation from him, requiring immediate payment, which is as much out of my power as the imperial crown of England, I need say no more than that I am, dear Sir, yours entirely, &c.

DR SMOLLETT TO DR MACAULAY.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Chelsea, December 14, 1759.*

I AM again solicited in behalf of that poor man Mr Hamilton. His account is settled to the satisfaction of every body. He wants to go to Scotland; is starving in London, and in danger of being arrested for small debts. He says, if Mr Maclean will pay the money on the attachment's being laid, he will find sureties for an indemnification. In that case he cannot possibly be a loser. I am really shocked at giving you so much trouble about myself and other miserable suppliants. But this man makes me extremely unhappy; and I know you take pleasure in the exercise of benevolence. Besides, Mr Milne is his creditor, and at present in great want of money for his Christmas payments. He

is likewise mine; and if this money can be procured for Mr Hamilton, he will excuse me for the present. We must, therefore, once more have recourse to your good offices. Mr Garrick, in a very civil letter, gave me to understand that it will be proper to defer the representation of my piece till after the holidays. I have inclosed a begging card, belonging to a countryman of ours, one Forbes. The man I know not, but the prize is an elegant book. I am, with glowing gratitude and affection, dear Sir, yours, &c.

I wish you could get an article for the next number of the Review, on painting, statuary, or engraving. What do you think of the Bacchus?

Upon second thoughts, I have sent you two cards; perhaps Dr Hunter or Dr Clephane will take one.

DR SMOLLETT TO DR MACAULAY.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Chelsea, October* 30, 1759.

I HAVE had a return of my asthma, in consequence of catching fresh cold, otherwise I would, this day, wait on you in person. Mr Jamieson, from Brussels, was here, and I asked him if he had received the money for the bill which I drew upon you from Flanders. He answered, that he knew nothing of the matter. I have forgot whether or not you paid it to his correspondent in London. In case you have not, he goes out of town to-morrow; and I wish that affair was settled, as he has behaved with great friendship and honour on the occasion. He lodges at Mr Dobbins's, upholsterer, in Conduit-street; and I should take it as a particular favour, if you would call upon him. I long to know what steps you have taken with respect to Spain: and am, dear Sir, your much obliged affectionate humble servant, &c.

THE following letter, from Smollett to a gentleman in New Jersey, has appeared in various periodical publications, in America, and in this country. It is valuable, as it corrects some popular misrepresentations of certain circumstances of his Life, and as it exhibits an authentic list of his early publications.

DR SMOLLETT TO ——, OF NEW JERSEY, NORTH AMERICA.

SIR, *London, May* 8, 1768.

I AM favoured with yours of the 26th of February, and cannot but be pleased to find myself, as a writer, so high in your esteem. The curiosity you express, with regard to the particulars of my life, and the variety of situations in which I may have been, cannot be gratified within the compass of a letter; besides, there are some particulars of my life which it would ill become me to relate. The only similitude between the circumstances of my own fortune, and those I have attributed to Roderick Random, consists in my being born of a respectable family in Scotland, in my being bred a surgeon, and having served as a surgeon's mate on board a man of war, during the expedition of Carthagena. The low situations in which I have exhibited Roderick, I never experienced in my own person. I married, very young, a native of Jamaica, a young lady, well known and universally respected, under the name of Miss Nancy Lascelles; and by her I enjoy a comfortable, though moderate estate, in that island. I practised surgery in London, after having improved myself by travelling, in France and other foreign countries, till the year 1749, when I took my degree of doctor in medicine, and have lived ever since in Chelsea (I hope) with credit and reputation. No man knows better than Mr ——————, what time I employed in writing the first four volumes of the History of England; and, indeed, the short period in which that work was finished, appears almost incredible to myself, when I recollect that I turned over, and consulted, above three hundred volumes, in the course of my labour.

Mr ———— likewise knows, that I spent the best part of a year in revising, correcting, and improving the quarto edition, which is now going to the press, and will be continued in the same size to the late peace. Whatever reputation I may have got by this work has been dearly bought, by the loss of health, which I am of opinion I shall never retrieve. I am now going to the south of France, in order to try the effects of that climate; and very probably I shall never return. I am much obliged to you for the hope you express, that I have obtained some provision from his Majesty; but the truth is, I have neither pension nor place, nor am I of that disposition which can stoop to solicit either. I have always piqued myself upon my independency, and, I trust in God, I shall preserve it to my dying day. Exclusive of some small detached performances, that have been published occasionally, in papers and magazines, the following is a genuine list of my productions:—Roderick Random; the Regicide, a tragedy; a translation of Gil Blas; a translation of Don Quixotte; an Essay upon the external use of Water; Peregrine Pickle; Ferdinand Count Fathom; great part of the Critical Review; a very small part of the Compendium of Voyages; the complete History of England, and Continuation; a small part of the Modern Universal History; some pieces of the British Magazine, comprehending the whole of Sir Launcelot Greaves; a small part of the translation of Voltaire's Works, including all the notes, historical and critical, to be found in that translation. I am much mortified to find it is believed in America, that I have lent my name to booksellers; that is a species of prostitution of which I am altogether incapable. I had engaged with Mr ————, and made some progress in a work, exhibiting the present state of the world, which work I shall finish, if I recover my health. If you should see Mr ————, please give my kindest compliments to him; tell him I wish him all manner of happiness, though I have little to expect for my own share, having lost my only child, a fine girl of fifteen, whose death has overwhelmed myself and my wife with unutterable sorrow.

I have now complied with your request, and beg, in my turn, you will commend me to all my friends in America. I have endeavoured, more than once, to do the colonies some service. I am, Sir, &c.

THE following letters, from Smollett to his nephew, Mr Telfer of Scotston, and his friend Mr John Hunter, the celebrated anatomist, were written a few months before his death, and printed in the Scots Magazine for 1805, from the originals in the possession of a gentleman in Edinburgh. They may, without impropriety, be introduced here; the one, as a speciman of his familiar style of corresponding with his relations; the other, as it evinces the lively humour and composure with which he contemplated the approach of death.

DR SMOLLETT TO ALEXANDER TELFER, ESQ. OF SCOTSTON.

DEAR SQUIRE, *Leghorn, January* 9, 1771.

I WROTE you last week by the post, in answer to yours, that transmitted the Commissary's intimation concerning his proposed improvements; and I give you this additional trouble, to introduce the bearer Mr C—, who proposes (think) to settle in your neighbourhood, and whom I can very safely recommend to your good offices, having had sufficient time to be acquainted with his character, which is really respectable. On Tuesday we were alarmed by an earthquake that visited us in repeated shocks, some of which were violent and terrible. Mr C. can inform you of the particulars, as they don't seem to have greatly disturbed his intellects, whatever effects they may have produced on the people of Leghorn, great part of whom fled from the city, some to the country, and some on board ships and vessels in the harbour and canals. I could hardly keep my own family within doors; but, for my own part, I thought it was better to run some small risque of being smothered quietly in my own warm bed, than expose myself to certain death from the damps of a dark winter night, while the cold was excessive. The bearer can also make you acquainted with the circumstances of my health and manner of living (if you desire to know them), and being a dilletante

in music, will communicate his ideas on that subject to you and George Cowper.

I repeat my compliments to Mrs T. to your mother, to Captain James, to Jeanny, and all friends; and I am, without flummery, dear laird, yours, &c.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM DR SMOLLETT TO JOHN HUNTER, ESQ.

Leghorn, January 9, 1771.

With respect to myself, I have nothing to say, but that if I can prevail upon my wife to execute my last will, you shall receive my poor carcase in a box, after I am dead, to be placed among your rarities. I am already so dry and emaciated, that I may pass for an Egyptian mummy, without any other preparation than some pitch and painted linen; unless you think I may deserve the denomination of a curiosity in my own character, I mean that of your old friend, and affectionate humble servant, &c.

The following letters between Smollett and Richardson were printed from the originals, in the Monthly Magazine, vol. 48, and are inserted here, as they serve to illustrate the process observed in the compilation of that great national work, the Universal History.

DR SMOLLETT TO MR RICHARDSON.

SIR, *Chelsea, Aug.* 10, 1756.

I was extremely concerned to find myself suspected of a silly, mean insinuation against Mr Richardson's writings, which appeared sometime ago in the Critical Review; and I desired my friend

Mr Millar, to assure you, in my name, that it was inserted without my privity or concurrence. Though you received his explanation with your usual candour, I think it my duty to corroborate what he has said in my vindication, by protesting in the most solemn manner, that I never once mentioned Mr Richardson's name with disrespect, nor ever reflected upon him or his writings, by the most distant hint or allusion; and that it is impossible that I should ever mention him, either as a writer or a man, without expressions of admiration and applause. I am not much addicted to compliment; but I think such an acknowledgment is no more than a piece of justice, due to that amiable benevolence, sublime morality, and surprising intimacy with the human heart, which must ever be the objects of veneration among people of good sense, and integrity.

I am very much obliged to you for your judicious remarks on the plan of my History, and shall be proud of your advice on any future occasion; in the mean time, I beg leave to profess myself, with the most perfect esteem, Sir, your very humble servant, &c.

MR SAMUEL RICHARDSON TO DR SMOLLETT.

DEAR SIR, *London, August* 13, 1756.

I AM greatly obliged to you for your kind letter of the 10th. I had not the least imagination that the passage in the Critical Review was Dr Smollett's. When Mr Millar mentioned it to me, in a manner very favourable to both, I had not heard of it. To this hour I have not seen it. The author of it, whoever he be, is very welcome to censure what I have written. But, perhaps, he would have forborne the uncalled-for and unprovoked temptation, had he considered that prolixity, length at least, cannot be avoided in letters written to the moments. I wish he would try his hand at that sort of writing.

I am no less obliged to you, good Sir, for your taking so kindly the little hint I presumed to offer on a plan I was very much pleased with, and which I wished to be followed, as to the main of it, by any gentleman who should be induced to undertake the

writing of a new History of England. I had not offered those poor and insignificant hints, had I not been greatly taken with your plan.

I repeatedly thank you, Sir, for the whole of your very kind letter, and am, with wishes for your success in every undertaking, as well as in that before us, your obliged and faithful humble servant, &c.

DR SMOLLETT TO MR RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, *Chelsea, April* 4, 1759.

I HAVE just now received from your house eight printed sheets of the Modern History, four of vol. xv. and four of vol. xvi., which I suppose have been written by Mr Shirley; but I protest I know not what I am to do with them. Pray, Sir, are these proof sheets to be corrected for the press, or are they already printed off? There is an intimation in the margin of the last page, that Mr Shirley goes no farther, and that you have been at a stand for several months. But this defect I cannot remedy, until I shall have completed the chasm upon which I am at work; and now I talk of that chasm, I cannot help repeating my complaint, that Dr Campbell should have left the task to me, of filling up a chasm of fifteen or sixteen sheets, with the description of a country which all the art of man cannot spin out to half the number. I have before me all that ever was written on the subject, and find the task altogether impossible, unless we throw into this place the discovery and description of the Straits of Magellan, Terra del Fuego, the Straits of Le Maire, Cape Horn, and an account of the voyages of some Navigators who have sailed round it into the South Sea. I do not see any impropriety in this expedient, as the subject naturally belongs to, or at least has an affinity with, that of the countries situated towards the Anntarctic circle, and South Pole. I wish you would reflect upon this proposal, and favour me with your sentiments of it, that I may proceed accordingly. Meanwhile, I am, with inviolable esteem, dear sir, your very humble servant, &c.

MR WILLIAM RICHARDSON TO DR SMOLLETT.

SIR, *Salisbury Court, April 5*, 1759.

My uncle's nervous malady unsteadying his hand, he hopes you will be so good as to accept of my pen, in answer to your favour of yesterday.

The four slips sent you of vol. xv. beginning with the history of the Hottentots, were written by Mr Shirley, who is also the author of the other four sent you of the xvi. volume, beginning with the history of Ansiko. My uncle is apprehensive, that the whole eight sheets must be re-printed, because of the barrenness both of style and compilation; they are all wrought off at press, except the six odd pages, in sheet C c, vol. xvi., which (with you) I call a sheet. My uncle (if you will be pleased to recollect what passed between Mr Millar, you, and him, in Salisbury Court, on Mr Millar's and your return from Mr Psalmanazar) was to convey to you all that was written by Mr Shirley, that your opinion might be obtained of that gentleman's part, before it came to be laid before the public.

My uncle desired me to acquaint you, in reply to what you have written, concerning the want of materials to finish the chasm you are upon, that he cannot but approve of your proposal to fill it up with the discovery and description of the Straits of Magellan, &c. &c. as this method appears to him to be the most eligible of any that can now be chosen. Mr Millar, who is just gone (after reading to him your letter) approves likewise of your scheme, and joins my uncle in requesting you to proceed with the gap in the proposed, or in any other manner that shall seem best to you for the service of the work.

My uncle directed me to assure you, Sir, of his high esteem and regard. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, &c.

DR SMOLLETT TO MR RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, *Chelsea, February* 4, 1760.

INCLOSED, I send a few remarks on Mr Richardson's paper; and if, after you and the other gentlemen concerned, have printed them, you still think it expedient to publish a new account of the work, according to our good friend's proposal, I am ready to execute it, to the best of my power. I likewise inclose a small list of books for the history of Sweden. I have already got Puffendorf; the Memoirs of Queen Christina; an account of the Swedish Constitution; and am, Sir, yours sincerely.

DR SMOLLETT TO MR RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, *Chelsea, May* 1, 1760.

YOU will receive, with this, the last part of the copy for France which was in my possession, and which brings the history no farther down than the year 1656, in the minority of Louis XIV. I suppose the rest of the copy must be with you or Mr Millar. You will see, that, in this parcel, I have expunged many needless notes, abridged the text in divers places, and written side-notes where they were wanting; and all this with the great toil and hazard of my eyes; for, though the hand-writing be very fine, it is also very small, and extremely difficult to read. The great bulk of this copy arises, not from a great multiplicity of incidents and variety of matter, but from a certain spunginess of expression; and therefore, cannot be properly pared, unless we were to write the whole over again. In writing the history of Sweden, we are at a great loss, and indeed a full stop, for want of the *Histoire General de Swede*, which I wrote for to Mr Millar several months ago. I am, with great sincerity and esteem, dear Sir, your very humble servant, &c.

I should think myself happy, if you would favour our Magazine with any loose essay, lying by you, which you do not intend for another sort of publication.

DR SMOLLETT TO MR RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, *Chelsea, May* 31, 1760.

As the authors who treat of Sweden, cannot be procured, I must either lay the work aside, or proceed to another subject. I have pitched upon Holland, and inclosed a list of books, which I beg may be sent with all expedition, as both I and my amanuensis are idle. In the meantime, I am, with great esteem, Sir, your very humble and obedient servant, &c.

DR SMOLLETT TO MR RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, *Chelsea, October* 12, 1760.

I HAVE dropped a few hints on the other leaf, which you will please to cast your eye upon, before you meet the other proprietors of the Universal History. I think it my duty to submit them to your opinion, as well as to caution you against any proprietor who may have an interest in pressing a discontinuance of the work, from a view to be concerned in a rival performance set up against the Universal History. For my own part, I declare myself altogether uninterested in your determination, as I can always employ my time to much greater advantage than I could possibly reap from the completion of this work; and am now fully resolved to have no new employments with the proprietors in any scheme of abridgment: at least, I shall never tie up my hands in such a manner, as to render myself a slave for life to a work which I should never live to accomplish. Other tradesmen can acquire wealth, by employing a number of good hands under their immediate direction; but an author of genius and reputation, must, it seems, be a journeyman for life, and be obliged to subsist by the labour of his own hands. Such doctrine, I know your generous heart disdains: you pay a more proper respect to learning and ingenuity, to that class of writers among whom you possess such superior rank and unenvied eminence. But such are

the maxims of a set of contemptible reptiles, who have enriched themselves by works which have scarce afforded their authors the necessaries of life. I am, with the utmost deference and esteem, dear Sir, your very humble servant, &c.

Hints for the Consideration of the Proprietors of the Universal History.

The public have been disgusted and cloyed by the bad execution, as well as the enormous extent of the first part of the Modern Universal History, and by the frequent publication of the volumes. Many purchasers grudge the quick revolution of the expense; and many readers have not had time to peruse and digest the matter of one volume, before the other is thrust upon their hands; thus they are discouraged from persevering in a task which accumulates upon them so fast, and so heavily, besides the disgust occasioned by the prospect of its swelling to such a monstrous bulk.

I should think that after the whole is finished, it cannot fail of dropping off gradually, as an original work of great use and entertainment, containing in itself a complete body of history, so well authenticated, that, I doubt not, were the whole finished, it would find a place in every public, and almost every private library within the dominions of Great Britain. It would, therefore, be a pity to leave it unfinished, as the plan might be tolerably completed in thirty-five volumes; because, in that case, there would not be the least prospect of indemnifying the proprietors for the loss they have already sustained. But, at any rate, it would still be a greater pity to sell all the books that remain unsold, for waste paper. I am persuaded that the histories of Mahomet, of the coast of Guinea, of the Popes, and many others, published as parts of the Universal History, might, with the help of new title pages, become separate books of current sale,—as they would stand without competition: and the proprietors might also indemnify themselves by publishing, in the same manner, the copy which has been delivered of the German empire, the kingdoms of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; all of which were compiled chiefly from authors who never appeared in the English language

THE following letters were addressed to Smollett, except the sixth and the last of the series. After the death of Mrs Smollett, they came into the possession of the Rev. Thomas Hall, chaplain to the British Factory at Leghorn, and by him were presented to the Massachusetts Historical Society,* at Boston, of which he is a corresponding member, and to Joseph Dennie, Esq. editor of "The Port Folio," a valuable literary Miscellany printed at Philadelphia. I am indebted for the communication of copies of the letters of Mr Hume, Dr Robertson, Dr Armstrong, Mr Garrick, and Mr John Gray, in the possession of the Historical Society, and for the transmission of the volumes of "The Port Folio" for 1801 and 1802, in which the letters of Lord Shelburne, Mr Pitt, Anonymous, Mr Boswell, and Dr Hunter, are inserted, to the friendship of Jonathan Phillips, Esq. of Boston, and the kindness of the Rev. Dr John Eliot, corresponding Secretary of the Historical Society. As they all relate, more or less, to the history of the Life of Smollett, I trust that no apology is necessary for their insertion here.

MR GARRICK TO DR SMOLLETT.

SIR, *London, April* 19, 1757.

MR Rivington did me the favour to call upon me last week, and brought me your most obliging present. Let me assure you,

* This Society was instituted in 1794, by an act of the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The design of the institution is to collect, preserve, and communicate materials for a complete history of the State, and of all valuable efforts of the ingenuity and industry of its inhabitants The result of their inquiries has been given to the world in the "Historical Collections," of which the first Series was completed, in 10 volumes 8vo, 1809. Of the second Series, 7 volumes, including Hubbard's "General History of New England," were completed in 1818 I should be deficient in gratitude, if I omitted this opportunity of acknowledging the honour which the Massachusett's Historical Society, and the American Antiquarian Society, have conferred on me, in electing me one of their members.

that I am truly sensible of your kindness and politeness to me. Though my summer schemes are generally unsettled till I have finished the season at Drury-Lane, yet I am now resolved how to spend one part of my vacation, and for which I am most sincerely obliged to Dr Smollett. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, &c.

DR WILLIAM HUNTER TO DR SMOLLETT, AT BATH.

DEAR DOCTOR, *August* 23, 1757.

I THANK you for all the kindness to me, and particularly for the last instance of your warm friendship: and I'm sorry that it must occasion some further trouble. I understand that you propose taking notice of a letter to the author of the Critical Review, and I dare say you will do it properly. That part of the letter that relates to yourself, I hope, will be flea'd and broil'd alive; for it is damn'd impudent. He pretends it was the writer, not the man, that stuck with him. Your friends and mine say, they think you can, from your own knowledge, contradict him in this. I suppose you know he was some time (about twelve months, as I have been told) out of his senses, and confined at Edinburgh. Our friends think this would be the best apology you can make to the public for his behaviour.

As to what relates to me, you are no doubt become a party by your friendly interposition, and therefore I must leave you to judge for yourself what you are to do. I will only, in friendship, tell you frankly what I think.

First, your work does not seem a fit place for handling a physical dispute; it is rather for giving accounts and opinions of things published. 2dly, If you answer this letter by disputation, you must prepare yourself for answering more nonsense of the same kind. He will dispute till he is deprived the use of pen and ink. That's the turn of his madness. 3dly, All that he has said is so senseless, captious, and beastly, that it does not admit of an answer. It is unanswerable. There can be no such thing as convincing one another now. The dispute must be at an end

already with every body that understands the subject, and will give himself the trouble to consider what both have said; and every obstinate fool may insist upon having the last word. Was it my own case only, I give you my word I would despise it. However, I have made some short observations, to shew you that his last criticisms are without all foundation, and that your friendship for me has not brought you into disgrace with sensible people of the profession. I am, dear Sir, your much obliged and sincere friend, &c.

DR ROBERTSON TO DR SMOLLETT.

DEAR SIR, *Edinburgh, March* 15, 1759.

THOUGH I have great reason to return you thanks for the genteel and favourable treatment I have met with from the Critical Reviewers, and which has been, indeed, no other than I expected from your friendship; yet this is not the chief occasion of my troubling you just now. There was published a few weeks ago, a book called *Historical Law Tracts*. The author of it is Lord Kames, one of our judges, a man of great knowledge and worth, and the friend of every person in Scotland to whom you wish well. I intended (in consequence of a permission which you granted your Scots friends in your last letter to Carlyle) to have drawn up an article for this book, to be inserted in the Critical Review; and I thought myself tolerably qualified for this task by the attention I had been obliged to give to the history and progress of law in this country. But Miller has made so sudden and so violent a demand for a second edition of my own book, that I have not had leisure to execute my intention. May I beg that you will either delay this book till the next month, with some general compliment upon it, and that it shall then be considered at large; in which case I become bound to furnish you with a decent article; or, if such a delay be now improper, let me intreat of you to look at the book, and the article prepared for it, yourself, and to see justice done to the merit of the performance, which, I can assure you, is very great. I hope you will forgive this freedom, which my zeal for a worthy man, and for an inge-

nious work, has induced me to take. If you delay considering the book till next month, pray write me of it as soon as possible, that I may prepare for you. Do me the justice to believe that I am, with great esteem, dear Sir, your affectionate, and most obedient servant, &c.

MR HUME TO DR SMOLLETT.

DEAR SIR, *London, July* 18, 1767.

I HAVE had a conversation with Lord Shelburne concerning your affairs; he told me, that he had long been pre-engaged for the consulship of Nice to the Spanish ambassador, and could not possibly get free of that obligation. I then mentioned the consulship of Leghorn; but he said he was already engaged for that office to a friend of Mr Dunning the lawyer. On the whole, I cannot flatter you with any hopes of success from that quarter, even supposing his lordship were to remain in office, which is very uncertain, considering the present state of our ministry. For, of all our annual confusions, the present seems to be most violent, and to threaten the most entire revolution, and the most important events. As Lord Chatham's state of health appears totally desperate, and as Lord Shelburne's connection is supposed to be chiefly, if not solely, with him, many people foretel a short duration to the greatness of the last-named minister. Every thing is uncertain; there is a mighty combination to overpower the king. The force of the crown is great, but is not employed with that steadiness which its friends would wish. I pretend not to foresee, much less to foretel, the consequences. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

THE EARL OF SHELBURNE TO THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

MADAM, *Hill Street, Tuesday.*

I AM honoured with your grace's letter, inclosing one from Dr Smollett. It is above a year since I was applied to by Dr

Smollett, through a person whom I wished extremely to oblige, but there were, and still subsist, some applications for the same office, of a nature which it will be impossible to get over in favour of Dr Smollett, which makes it impossible for me to give him the least hopes of it. I could not immediately recollect what had passed on this subject, else I should have had the honour to answer your grace's letter sooner. I am, with great truth and respect, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

MR HUME TO DR SMOLLETT.

MY DEAR SIR, *Ragley, September* 21, 1768.

I DID not see your friend, Captain Stobo, till the day before I left Cirencester, and only for a little time; but he seemed to be a man of good sense, and has surely had the most extraordinary adventures in the world. He has promised to call on me when he comes to London, and I shall always see him with pleasure.

But what is this you tell me of your perpetual exile, and of your never returning to this country? I hope that, as this idea arose from the bad state of your health, it will vanish on your recovery, which, from your past experience, you may expect from those happier climates, to which you are retiring; after which the desire of revisiting your native country will probably return upon you, unless the superior cheapness of foreign countries prove an obstacle, and detain you there. I could wish that means had been fallen on to remove this objection; and that at least it might be equal to you to live any where, except when the consideration of your health gave the preference to one climate above another. But the indifference of ministers towards literature, which has been long, and indeed almost always, the case in England, gives little prospect of any alteration in this particular.

I am sensible of your great partiality, in the good opinion you express towards me; but it gives me no less pleasure than if it were founded on the greatest truth; for I accept it as a pledge of your good will and friendship. I wish an opportunity of

shewing my sense of it may present itself during your absence. I assure you I should embrace it with great alacrity; and you need have no scruple, on every occasion, of having recourse to me. · I am, my dear Sir, with great esteem and sincerity, your most obedient and humble servant, &c.

ANONYMOUS TO DR SMOLLETT.

WORTHY SIR, *London, September* 6, 1767.

THOUGH I have not the pleasure of being personally known to you, I take the liberty of conveying to you, in this manner, my thanks for the instruction and entertainment which your History of England has given me: and to intimate to you the great impatience that the former three volumes have raised in every one for the last, in which, I am informed, you have made good progress.

But a report obtaining, as if you intended, in the latter part of this volume, to cast the subject into a series of annals only, and this, not so much for want of materials, as because you fear to give occasions of offence to present characters and families, however justly they deserve historical reprehension. Nor, though I cannot persuade myself that the author of this History will desert the cause and vindication of truth, at the last, who has so eminently approved himself its advocate, I must yet take leave to give you my opinion, in what manner I think you may safely preserve your consistency throughout, and maintain thereby that worthy character, which you have already acquired, as an historian of the first rank among us.

The controversial books, such as Lord Bolingbroke's, and others, together with the debates in Parliament, (for you must at this period, condescend to make use of such materials as these) will tolerably well determine what was the true system of policy, and plan of conduct which ought to have been pursued by the ministry, relative to our foreign and domestic concerns. That being settled, you are to try by this touchstone, and freely censure or approve the merit or demerit of their consequential operations. And as, in this way, you will at least have honest rea-

son and good sense on your side, so you cannot fail of securing to yourself the thanks and applauses of the public in general, for so seasonable a vindication of true English maxims; and which, I do say, you will not be able to secure by any other experiment. For, should you conclude in the way of annals, your book must plainly appear defective; for more free and particular accounts than such are to be found in the several books and pamphlets already published; and, if you should treat it sparingly and cautiously, you will expose to hazard that reputation of spirit and integrity, which you have already so happily gained. At all events, good sir, do not shuffle up the conclusion. Reproof may be administered in very genteel terms; and it is only the grossness of it that can give just offence. Horace will explain my meaning more aptly and concisely than my own words; *Servetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto processerit*, &c. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, &c.

MR BOSWELL TO DR SMOLLETT.

DEAR SIR, *Edinburgh, March* 14, 1765.

THAT evil is perpetually insinuating itself into the best enjoyments of man is an old reflection, but every day adds some additional evidence to the truth of it.

I have just published an account of Corsica. I have received great applause from many distinguished men; and, what my enthusiastic soul prizes still more, I have interested many a British bosom in behalf of the brave Corsicans.

I therefore hoped to enjoy one portion of unmingled felicity; and I did enjoy it, till yesterday that I was told by Mr Douglas of Douglas, who is just come from London, that he understood Dr Smollett had taken amiss what I have said of him in my book.

Allow me to assure you, Sir, that you have no reason to be offended with me. In page 12 * of my preface, I say, that the error with respect to Paoli's age has found its way into your

* Page 16 of Preface of 3d edition.

History, by which I meant to shew how very obscure the Corsicans have hitherto been; and in pages 124 * and 125 of the account, I observe that an oath, which was generally believed to be genuine, has been admitted into your History; but that Paoli has assured me it was a fiction; by which I meant to correct a mistake, without impeaching the author: and as I have at the same time observed, that you display a generous warmth in favour of the Corsicans, I had not the most distant idea of offending.

When I really mean to offend, I persist till I see I am wrong. But I should be very sorry, if one whom I regard as I do Dr Smollett, should imagine that I meant to offend, when it was far from my thoughts. I therefore take the earliest opportunity to undeceive you, and I flatter myself this letter will have that effect.

I shall be in London about the 21st, and I hope to meet you before I return to Scotland; but, in the mean time, pray make me easy by a line addressed at Mr Dilly's, bookseller, in the Poultry, I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant, &c.

London, 26th March. I have carried up this letter in my pocket.

THE following letters, from the author of the "Art of Preserving Health," to his beloved friend dying of consumption, in Italy, were printed from the originals, in "The Port Folio," 1801. They are very interesting, not only when considered as the careless effusions of one, who has prolonged and "gladdened life," but as a pleasant memorial of the friendship of contemporary wits, glowing with benevolence, and distempered by chagrin.

DR ARMSTRONG TO DR SMOLLETT.

London, March 28, 1769.

O, MY dear Doctor, I should severely reproach myself, for having so long delayed answering your letter, which gave much pleasure and entertainment, not only to me, but to all our com-

* Page 183 of third edition.

mon friends, if it was not that I waited for some news that might please you. I have none to send you at last, except you are, as I am, upon the Douglas side; but this is treating you with stale intelligence.

It is needless to say how much I rejoice in your recovery; but I have all along had great confidence in the vigorous stamina with which nature has blest you. I hope you may, within a year or two, be able to weather out, if not an English winter, at least an English summer: mean time, if you wont come to us, I'll come to you; and shall, with the help of small punch, and your company, laugh at the Tuscan dog-days.

I enjoy, with a pleasing sympathy, the agreeable society you find amongst the performers at Pisa. All countries, and all religions, are the same to men of liberal minds; and the most contemptible, sometimes even the most dangerous of all animals, is an ill-natured blockhead, who affects to despise his neighbours, because he secretly envies their superior abilities, and regards them with a jealous eye.

The daily, industrious, indefatigable, operations of the most pernicious lies—the most impudent audacious doctrines that were ever practised upon a blind, stupid, ignorant, profane populace, still continue to prosper. The London mob have long, every hour of the day, *damn'd their eye-sight;* and they happen to have good reason for it. I will not at once disgust and shock you with the recital of such seditious and treasonable insolencies, as never durst, before Wednesday last, brow-beat a throne—at least never with impunity. Your friends at Pisa envy our constitution. I am afraid we may, in a short time, be reduced to sigh after theirs; for the view at present, all around us, is an object of the most extreme indignation, contempt, and horror.

Mean time, the infernal spirit of the most absurd discord, Erynnis, blind and blundering in her dotage, has not yet so universally poisoned the *noble* mind of the public, as to engross it entirely to the clumsy, dirty, blackguard amusements and exercises. For history still makes a shift to waddle on, though it grows rather a *lame duck;* and there are still jack-daws enough to swallow the green cheese of tragedy, and the no less insipid curd of *new comedy.* So much the better—all trades would live, they say.

But, talking of some recent publications, puts me in mind of

something I had almost forgot to tell you—That several people, who have a particular regard and esteem for the reputed author of the Present State of all Nations, are sorry to find that he has too much exposed the posteriors of our brothers in the north; and made some undeserved compliments to their neighbours in the south, who have already a comfortable enough share of self-conceit; and that, amongst other perfections, he allows them to be the handsomest people in Europe, which they think a very disputable opinion.

All the friends you have mentioned are well, and desire to be kindly remembered to you. Your health is never forgot in our compotations. I am sorry to tell you, that our society has lost one worthy member in Dr Russell, who died some months ago, of a malignant fever. I beg you'll let me hear from you soon; and am, with my best compliments to Mrs Smollett, at the same time never forgetting Miss ——, and Miss Currie, my dear Sir, your affectionate friend, and faithful humble servant, &c.

A Monsieur Monsr Ts. Smollett, Inglese, en Casa Lenzi al Ponte grande Pisa, Toscana.

DR ARMSTRONG TO DR SMOLLETT.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *No date* (*London*, 1770.)

I REPROACH myself—but it is as insignificant as embarrassing to explain some things. So much for that. As to my confidence in your stamina, I can see no reason to flinch from it; but I wish you would avoid all unwholesome accidents as much as possible.

I am quite serious about my visit to you next autumn. My scheme is now to pass my June and July at Paris; from thence to set out for Italy, either over the Alps, or by sea from Marseilles. I don't expect the company of any widow-hunter, or any other, that may be too fat and indolent for such an excursion, and hope to pick up some agreeable fellow-traveller, without being at the expense of advertising.

You feel exactly as I do on the subject of state politics.

But, from some late glimpses, it is still to be hoped that some *patriots* may be disappointed in their favourite view of involving their country in confusion and destruction. As to the K. Bench patriot, it is hard to say from what motive he published a letter of yours, asking some trifling favour of him, on behalf of somebody for whom the *cham of literature*, Mr Johnson, had interested himself.

I have, within this month, published what I call my Miscellanies. Though I admitted my operator to an equal share of profit and loss, the publication has been managed in such a manner, as if there had been a combination to suppress it; notwithstanding which, I am told it makes its way tolerably at least. But I have heard to-day that somebody is to give me a good trimming very soon.

All friends here remember you kindly, and our little club at the Two Arms never fail to devote a bumper to you, except when they are in the humour of drinking none but scoundrels. I send my best compliments to Mrs Smollett, and two other ladies, and beg you will write me as soon as it suits you, and with black ink. I am always, my dear Doctor, most affectionately yours, &c.

DR ARMSTRONG TO DR SMOLLETT.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Rome, June 2*, 1770.

I ARRIVED here last Thursday se'ennight, and since that time have already seen almost all the most celebrated wonders of Rome. But I am greatly disappointed in these matters, partly, I suppose, from my expectations being too high. But what I have seen here has been in such a hurry, as to make it a fatigue; besides, I have bustled about amongst them, neither in very good humour nor good health.

I have delayed writing, till I could lay before you the plan of my future operations for a few weeks. I propose to post it to Naples, about the middle of next week, along with a colonel of our country, who seems to be a very good-natured man. After having passed a week or ten days there, I shall return hither, and,

after having visited Tivoli and Frescati, set out for Leghorn, if possible, in some vessel from Civita Vecchia, for I hate the lodgings upon the roads in this country. I don't expect to be happy till I see Leghorn, and if I find my friend in such health as I wish him, or can hope for him, I should not be disappointed in the chief pleasure I proposed to myself in my visit to Italy. As you talked of a ramble somewhere to the south of France, I shall be extremely happy to attend you.

I wrote to my brother from Genoa, and desired him to direct his answer to your care at Pisa. If it comes, please direct it, with your own letter, for which I shall long violently, to the care of Mr Francis Barrazzi, at Rome.

I am, with best compliments to Mrs Smollett and the rest of the ladies, my dear Doctor, yours ever affectionately, &c.

DR ARMSTRONG TO DR SMOLLETT.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Rome, Saturday, June* 30, 1770.

UPON my return from Tivoli, on Wednesday last, I had the pleasure to find two letters from you; one dated April 19th, which had gone to London, the other June 7th. By a most provoking blunder of Mr Barrazzi's clerks, they had both gone round by Naples. I have hired a vestura, which is to take me up here next Monday morning, and set me down in six days at Leghorn; all my company, during that time, is to be the driver, and a blunderbuss of a servant, whom I have reason to think a very honest fellow, but has such a *flux de buche* of Italian-French that I can't have the pleasure of conversing with him; so that, when I am so happy as to meet you, I shall have a double relish for your company, which needs no such sauce I am, with my compliments to Mrs Smollett, &c. my dear Doctor, your most affectionate, &c.

MR JOHN GRAY* TO DR SMOLLETT.

DEAR SIR, *Genoa, March* 23, 1771.

SINCE I had the pleasure of seeing you at Leghorn, I have visited Bologna, Ferrara, Venice, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Brescia, and Milan, and have now been about two days in this very magnificent city, which is superior to all the other Italian cities I have seen, excepting Rome, in point of buildings. Bologna, where I staid ten days, is next to Rome in regard to fine paintings, and there are many admirable performances at Venice. This last city is not only very singular in its situation, but in its buildings and its constitution of government. I thought I saw in it some faint shadow of the ancient Roman republic. Modern Rome, as to the government and manner of living, has not the least resemblance with ancient Rome; but St Mark's Place at Venice has a great affinity with the Forum. Round this square, as at the Forum, is the chief temple, and several public edifices, remarkable above the others for the magnificence of their architecture. A fourth or fifth part of the inhabitants are sometimes assembled there at once. It is their parlour, kitchen, and hall. Nobles, merchants, gondoliers, voiturins, servant-maids, and pickpockets, all parade there together. There is hardly any other breathing place in the whole city; for the streets, which there go by the name of Calle, are like those of republican Rome, abominably narrow, and nasty enough. *Et Prætor medio cogitur ire caute.* No hired judges, but the benches filled with thirty and forty nobles at a time, whose very rank forces that burdensome office upon them, give some idea of the ancient Roman tribunals, the great deference of the people to their nobles recals to mind the pre-eminence of the senatorial dignity. The equality among these nobles, their dicacity, if I may use the expression, or affectation of sharp repartees, their jealousy of each other's popularity, their peremptoriness in obliging the mightest to submit

* Author of the History of the World, 12 vols. 8vo, 1767, Translation of Odes and Epistles of Horace, 8vo, 1778, &c.

to the established laws, and the dictatorial and censorial authority assumed by their inquisitors of state in tutoyant, when they reprimand those of the highest rank, have all a great reference to old Rome. The parallel struck me in many other particulars; I could not help thinking that city a pygmean offspring of the great Patagonian. There were, beside myself, two other English travellers there, not reckoning Lord Bute, who kept himself quite retired, and Lord Baltimore, who was incognito to every one, excepting to his own seraglio of Italians, Greeks, Blacks, &c. The two other English were Captain Wolesly, and young Lyttleton, whose character puts me entirely in mind of what you told me of Thomson's opinion of his father. His mind is the most susceptible of delusive flattery of any that I ever met with; and, should others be silent, he will trumpet forth his own excellencies. If one desired to lead him, the grossest adulation would intoxicate him, and render him obedient as a lamb. He has naturally a prodigious fluency of elegant expressions, a sharp understanding in matters of taste and literature, and a very great talent in poetry; but his decisive tone runs beyond his judgment, and he is, or rather was, a mere idolater of the wonderful Lord Chatham; for my recapitulation of the late war has lowered his sentiments a little. He ventured at play at Venice like a madman. He lost 1000 sequins in cash, and 2800 upon credit, which, in point of honour, ought to have been paid within the 24 hours, but which still remain unpaid, and made him come away without taking leave, when I left Venice. He and I travelled together to Milan, and on the road he was very inquisitive about political matters and principles of finance, by which I discovered that his admiration of Lord Chatham was owing to youthful ignorance. About a fortnight after our arrival, his mistress arrived from Venice, when I left them, and came hither. At Milan I received the greatest politeness and civility from Count Firmian, the governor, who understands and speaks English very well, knows our literature and publications better than hundreds of English gentlemen, has above 5000 English books in his library, and is as attentive to all the ups and downs in our political barometer as any British subject. He treats English travellers with the most courteous affability, and a kind of marked preference. The first day we dined with him, the whole conversation

at table was on English subjects, though among the company were some Frenchmen, particularly a counseiller de parliament de Paris, Germans, his own countrymen, Italians, and Poles. I think of leaving this place in five or six days, and of proceeding to Turin, where I may perhaps stay a fortnight; from thence I shall endeavour to pass to Geneva and Basle, where I propose to embark on the Rhine for Holland. I was much obliged to you for your solid and judicious criticism on my sonnets. My present idle state makes me still now and then amuse myself with rhyming, and I lately made another song, designed for the last in the petit piece, when all is to end happily in a marriage. It is not in the French; but, whether it will pass muster or not, I leave you to judge.—

How cheering is the light of day
To those benighted on their way!
The sun with brighter rays appears,
And gayer beauties nature wears.
Thus I, who hopeless lately mourned,
Now find my grief to transport turned.
Ne'er let the heart that virtue sways
Despair of meeting prosperous days.
Ye maids, who would kind husbands gain,
Ye soldiers on the dusty plain,
Have my example in your eye,
Though sharp your duty, still comply.

As I am not acquainted with any merchant at Leghorn, I hope you'll excuse my consigning to you the inclosed bill of lading, which you will get some of your mercantile friends to transact at the port. It is a commission I have received from England of a Parmesan cheese, for Thomas Calderwood, Esq. in Titchfield-street, Oxford-road, London: and as there was no ship from this port directly for London, I was advised to have it sent from Leghorn. The felucca sails for Leghorn to-day, or with the first opportunity. The only English travellers here, beside myself, are Lord Carmarthen and Mr Crofts, who arrived this morning. The new play that has the run at London at present, is a translation, or imitation, from Voltaire, by a Madam Cilesia of this place, daughter of Mr Mallet. With my best respects to

Mrs Smollett, to Mr and Mrs Renner, and Miss Fanny, I have the honour to be, most sincerely, yours, &c.

I shall be happy to hear from you at Turin *(a la poste restante)*, particularly to have the agreeable news of your health daily more confirmed. To the climate of Italy you must add exercise and relaxation of mind.

MR JOHN GRAY TO DR SMOLLETT.

DEAR SIR, *London, July* 8, 1771.

I AM at length, after a long train of jading fatigues, arrived at my old lodgings at Turing's, top of St Martin's-street, Leicester-fields, and having made one round to most of my acquaintances, though to many of them I may not be very pressing in a second visit, I now sit down to have the pleasure of conversing on paper with you, and of giving you a few notices of occurrences on this busy scene, which, to a person like me, who has no cares, is not half so charming, when in actual view, as it appeared at a distance to the longing imagination. A very cold June, inconvenient lodgings for the first fortnight, tenfold *tracasseries* at the London custom-house, where I expected to find the least, all contributed to diminish the idea of tranquillity and repose that I had formed to myself here; but I hope things will mend as the season advances. I find not so great an alteration among men and things as I expected. The town is still augmenting, but not so rapidly as before. Durham-yard, now called the Adelphi, from the four brothers Adams, is not yet quite finished, but will be an additional ornament to that part. It is not formed into a square, but has one row to the water, upon a terrace twice as high as that of York-buildings, and two rows parallel to that, backwards, which form a street. They have advanced considerably in the new pavement; but not always skilfully. Blackfriars-bridge is finished, but that of Westminster hardly cedes the pass to it, and is by many preferred; each has its own excellencies, and the balance between them. Mylne, the architect, whom I met with, together with his young handsome

wife, at a friend's house, is turned very fat, and would almost match Dr Armstrong in the arrogance of an Aristarchus. He keeps an elegant chariot, but has been refused £400 by the city, because he claimed it as a right; one or two other instances are likewise mentioned of his selling his opinion very dear. Dr Armstrong has given, in the name of Launcelot Temple, a short journal of his trip to Italy, which is altogether trifling, and unworthy of him: it consists of 102 pages duodecimo, printed in the Shandean manner; so that the whole, when cast up, contains only about two thirds of a sheet of the Universal History. The following are two extracts: "After having enjoyed about a fortnight of domestic happiness with a worthy old friend, in the agreeable society of two small families, who lived most cordially together on the side of Monte Nero, a romantic mountain, which affords a great variety of situation to a number of little valleys, and looks over the sea, at about the distance of four English miles from Leghorn, I procured at last a place in a small vessel, called a tartan, bound for Marseilles, where we arrived after a voyage of five days."—"I have some time since been informed, by an agreeable and worthy friend, that by leaving Rome too soon, I lost a favourable opportunity of being introduced by several persons of great distinction, particularly to one of the finest gentlemen of the age, at the same time a most elegant writer, both in prose and verse, with whom I might have enjoyed the honour and happiness of conversing, without the disgrace and awkward fatigue of murdering any language one is not accustomed to speak. This loss I consider as a serious misfortune, and shall lament it as long as I live." It might have been this misfortune I consider as a serious loss. Indeed the style is equal to the barrenness of the matter; the Critical Reviewer has bestowed three lines upon it, and considers it as the last effort of expiring genius. He begins with telling how wearied he was with taking drugs, somewhat the same idea with Mr Bramble, but O how different in the expression, by contrasting but the first ten lines of each. I have read the Adventures of Humphry Clinker with great delight, and think it calculated to give a very great run, and to add to the reputation of the author, who has, by the magic of his pen, turned the banks of Loch Lomond into classic ground. If I had seen the MS. I should like to have struck out the episode of Mr Pouncefort. The strictures upon Aristarchus

are but too just; shallow judges, I find, are not so well satisfied with the performance as the best judges, who are lavish in its praises. Your half-animated sots say they don't see the humour. Cleland gives it the stamp of excellence, with the enthusiastic emphasis of voice and fist; and puts it before any thing you ever wrote. With many, I find, it has the effect of exciting inquiries about your other works, which they had not heard of before. I expected to have seen an account of it in both Reviews, but it is reserved for next month. We have, from Macpherson, a quarto dissertation upon the first inhabitants of Britain and Ireland, in which there is very little new advanced; but he gives promises of continuing the history to more modern periods. The style is correct and animated; but there is rather an affectation of florid and poetical turns. He has a rival in one Mr Henry, a minister of Edinburgh, who has likewise given a quarto volume on the ancient Britons; in which there is much learned discussion, in a correct and critical manner, in regard to population, taxation, commerce, arts, manner of life, &c. The style is mean and dry; but the practice of writing may, perhaps, give it more roundness and colouring, for he, likewise, promises a continuation. Macpherson's, when compared to this, appears, to me, like the florid essay of a collegian, placed beside a rational well-weighed discourse. In poetry, we may be said to have nothing new; but we have the mezzotinto portrait of the poet Dr Goldsmith, in the print-shop windows; it is in profile, from a painting of Reynolds, and resembles him greatly. Bell and Bob Smith both well; only the latter, by his belly, at present seems to stand a candidate for an alderman. Poor Dr Delany is gone down to Bath, far gone in a consumption. Drs Brocklesby and Elliot have had a duel, by pistols, in Hyde-Park, from rivalship in their profession; the former alleging that the latter had filched a patient from him, or had talked derogatory of his skill. No harm was done on either side. Agriculture Mills,* who is rather stouter than ever I saw him, jaded me beyond measure, for an hour, with long, lying tales, trumpeting his own eulogiums, shewing me, at the same time, proposals for a folio work, containing tables for 60 years back, of all our exports and imports, which he had

* The translator of Count Gyllenborg's Elements of Agriculture, 12mo, 1770, and Virgil's Georgics, 4to, 1780, &c.

got leave to extract from the offices. Corbyn Morris immediately published some very judicious strictures upon the proposals, shewing that it would be the highest imprudence to expose such a detail to our neighbours, and that Mills had made most shallow and injudicious remarks, in his manner of stating the balances, which he had exaggerated beyond measure; as, for example, saying, three and three make six, when he should have said, three from three rests nothing. These remarks have brought a request from the treasury, to suspend publication; and Mills, for demanagement of his four years labour, is to content himself with being, in imagination, a lord of trade. While we were talking in the coffee-house, a gentleman came in from the tennis court, all in a sweat, and was received with the most humble reverences, or rather prostrations, by Mills. I concluded it was some lord, in high office; but it turned out to be a clerk of one of the boards. My Captain Bobadil immediately cut short in the middle of his boastings, and shrunk into the air and spirit of a lacquey. I had the pleasure of seeing Dr Maculloch rosy, and in good health. He had been here for three weeks, and is returned to his paradise, at Ayr, where he keeps his coach, mows his own hay, &c. He inquired after you, and all your concerns, with his usual warmth. His chief employment here was eating and conversing with his friends: and one day that he dined in the city, he ordered a coach to be called, having quitted the company before they broke up: When he came to the door, it was not but with the utmost entreaties that he could be prevailed upon to enter the coach, being firmly in the persuasion that it was not a hack, but a gentleman's equipage—to such a degree of elegance are arrived, not only one or two, but almost all our hackney coaches. It is the improvement that strikes me the most; and, if it were not for the number, the greater part could not be distinguished from equipages. Hamilton and Strahan are both in good case; the former with such a smooth shining face, as makes him look younger than he appeared ten years ago. He told me that he had had a great deal to do to finish the transaction relating to the Universal History. I am, myself, at present without employment, and almost without expectation; hope, however, does not desert my breast; and it even revives, the more I begin now to set very little by life. I have many very civil and very cold friends, but I have two very hearty ones, in two old pupils,

Crawfurd and Ogilvy. The first is now possessor of Errol, his father being retired paralytic at Bath; but ten times his fortune would hardly suffice for his high schemes of expense. I am planning several things, but whether they will prove abortive time will discover. As I find my health greatly depends upon motion and exercise, my chief views are to get some active business, and another trip to Italy would not be disagreeable. When I last set out from Turin, I had, for companion, a very sensible and good-humoured Dane, who had made a fortune in the West Indies, and was returning to Copenhagen, from the tour of Italy. He was made a good deal like Dr Hiffernan, only his belly was larger, and an awkward laced coat hung down to the calves of his legs. He told me, that at Naples, he went to see a review, and, when he came upon the spot, he saw some officers tossing a gentleman in a blanket, and that the king was one who held the blanket. Soon after an officer came up to him smiling, and asked for his hat and sword which he carried off, and kept for about ten minutes, and then restored them, telling him that he had had very good luck. It seems his Sancho appearance had made them mark him out; but finding, by his speech, that he was really a foreigner, they had declined carrying their incivility so far as they intended. You see it is not without good cause that the Neapolitans call their king Matto. The passage of the Alps is only three hours' suffering, upon the top of a cold hill; the going up and down is nothing; and it is only one *Alp* that is to be crossed, that stands, as a barrier, betwixt a valley on the south and a valley on the north, in which valleys all the rest of the road continues, and, with very little pains, a turnpike road for wheel-carriages, might be made up and over that mountain, by beginning to rise two miles lower down, and mounting aslant. Instead of that, they clamber directly, breast up, on the north side, and often slide down; but I chose to walk down. The roads through Savoy and Switzerland are exceeding good, nine or ten miles excepted. Geneva, nor its situation, did not much please me. It must be, beyond measure, cold in winter as it stands on the south point of the lake, exposed to the sweeping north wind from the lake, hemmed in by rising grounds on both sides. The face of the soil, in Switzerland, is beautiful owing to a great many woods of fir and pine; but the ground would be barren in almost any climate. Most of it is dead, hungry

sand, that yields but little, even from the most assiduous labour of men, women, and children; yet there is no misery to be seen in the country. The exemption from war and taxes, and the savings of ages, allow even the poorest families to have some kind of stock, which they are under no temptation of dissipating or concealing, under the apprehension of rents being raised upon them, as in Scotland; or the tax-gatherer sweeping it away, as in France. The situation of Basle is superior, I think, to that of any other city I ever saw. From thence to Mentz is one continued immense plain, through which the Rhine flows gently. This plain, of Alsace, is very beautiful; but almost the whole is a barren sand, and the crops were miserably thin and poor. The inequality of conditions, both in the French and German territory on this road, is but too visible. At Mentz, where I embarked, my Dane left me, and about twelve miles below, the Rhine is bounded, on both sides, by considerable hills, covered with vines, for about thirty or forty miles. Here its breadth is a little confined, and the declivity is so remarkable, that, in sitting in the boat, and looking forward for two or three miles, you plainly perceive yourself higher than the object before you. This declivity gives such quickness to the current, that the French would call it *une rapide*, which, perhaps, is the translation of the word Rhine. After the river has passed this mountainous tract, it again flows, through an extensive plain, to Holland and the sea; but the soil through which it flows is always barren. The number of towns upon its banks, where it is confined by the mountains, is prodigious, and the situations are often, in the highest degree, picturesque. Holland did not at all answer my expectations; it is only a very extensive isle of bogs, or large swamps, without the least variety or ornament. The cities have too many trees in them, and the plains too few. There is the greatest neatness in the exterior of their cities; but the English houses, within, are not inferior, in cleanliness, to theirs. From Geneva to Holland, the prices are high, and the expense of travelling is near double that of Italy. The beds, on all the roads, particularly in Switzerland, are excellent, and the eider-down coverlets are excellent things for invalids. They have a most remarkable quality of promoting perspiration, and seem to suck out the morbid effluvia, as much as the Neapolitan stoves would do. My Dane and I hired a coach from Geneva to Mentz, for

nine guineas, and, on the Rhine, I went sixty leagues for sixteen shillings; but, as there were many people in the boat, we were far from being well accommodated at our landing places, and, to add to my misfortune, a crazy fellow of a German, who had been a tutor, but who had no more sense nor temper than Sandy Lyon, joined himself as a companion for England, and, by his imprudence, my stock was exhausted, so that I had only one guinea when I arrived in Holland. Luckily, the ship sailed directly, and nothing was wanted till I should arrive at London. To-day, July 9th, I observe a new History of England soon to be published by Dr Goldsmith, all for a guinea. I am told he now generally lives with his countryman, Lord Clare, who has lost his only son, Colonel Nugent. Your anecdotes about Quin are much relished. The following is another, which does him great honour: Being once highly diverted with something that a gentleman said in company, he swore he would leave him £1000 in his will. Accordingly, in the will was the following article: To Mr B. for a *foolish promise* I once made, £1000. This deserves to be authenticated. The conduct of my rich namesake has been very different.* He vaunted to all his old friends how much he had remembered them in his will; and, by the real will, he has left near £3000 a-year among three grand-nephews, who have quitted their leather aprons to riot in affluence; and to his very old friend, Andrew Reid, who survived him but a few months, he left only £100, though to him he, in a manner, owed his all; for, in the abridgment of the Philosophical Transactions, the labouring oar lay wholly upon Mr Reid, both as to the science and the style. To his next forty years acquaintance, Dr Murdoch, who had made humble mention of him in the Life of Thomson, and who had rendered him essential service in the passing of his accounts, he has left nothing, though, at the death of his wife, he sent him a ring; which drew in Dr Murdoch to lay a wager

* He was a partner with the Rev. Dr Chandler, when a bookseller, in the Poultry, and afterwards a dissenting minister, and rector of Rippon, in Yorkshire. In conjunction with Andrew Reid, he abridged the "Philosophical Transactions," from 1720 to 1732, 2 vols. 4to. 1733. He also published the "Elmeric" of Lillo, and, at the dying request of the author, dedicated it to Frederick Prince of Wales, 8vo. 1740. He gave assistance to Thomson in his poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton. His co-adjutor, Mr Reid, conducted "the Present State of the Republic of Letters," from 1728 to 1736, 18 vols.

of a guinea, that, though he might have no legacy, he should, at least, have a ring; so the Doctor is a guinea out of pocket. I have a heavy accusation against you, of a needless work of supererogation, in paying the freight of Mr Calderwood's cheese, which was a thing that ought naturally to have been paid here. I, on the contrary, not knowing those things were paid per advance, especially to Italians, never scrupled to desire you to pay the freight to Leghorn, as I did not despair of living to have the pleasure of seeing you again, when I might clear the debt. Seriously, the franking the cheese was quite needless; but it has not hindered it from coming safe to hand. I offer my best respects to Mrs Smollett, Mr and Mrs Renner, and Miss Fanny, and am, most sincerely, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant, &c.

THE following letter, from Dr Armstrong to Mrs Smollett, is preserved here, as it authenticates his affectionate co-operation in recording the virtues and excellencies of his departed friend, on his tomb.

DR ARMSTRONG TO MRS SMOLLETT AT LEGHORN.

MY DEAR MADAM, *London, January* 19, 1775.

YOU needed not have made so many apologies for your seeming neglect; for I could not, consistently with my knowledge of the politeness natural to you, impute it to any thing but the real cause;—the neglect of people entrusted with the conveyance; which happens so often, that I am afraid this scrawl may never reach you. After passing a fortnight most agreeably with you at Monte Nero, where I was really ashamed of some part of the attention paid to me, upon my arrival at Paris I wrote my dear worthy friend a long letter; and to avoid as much as possible all chance of a miscarriage, delivered it to the post myself: that it never arrived is a most severe mortification to me,

as I find by your letter it hurt him so much, and must have hurt me in his honest generous mind, under the idea of a faithless deserter from a friend whom I loved, esteemed, and admired. Bless me, dear Madam, how could I possibly take umbrage at any behaviour I met with at Monte Nero, where I found every thing perfectly agreeable, kind, and obliging to the utmost degree. In short, the fortnight I past with you there is one of the favourite morsels of my life. But I am going to tell you that I have some reason to complain of the Doctor's cousin, Commissary Smollett's behaviour, upon a certain occasion. Some time after the news of my dear friend's death arrived, I received a letter from the commissary, acquainting me that you had desired him to send something by way of inscription for the tomb you proposed to raise to his memory, and requesting me to perform that friendly office. I accepted of this task with particular pleasure, and sent him the inscription, a copy of which I afterwards sent to you. He received it with the strongest expressions of approbation; but I have been told since that he has set up a stone at Bonhill to the Doctor's memory, with a quite different inscription, which, they say, is insipid and stupid enough, though, I suppose, he sent it to be put up at Leghorn too. However, this misbehaviour, as I cannot help calling it, cannot deprive me of the satisfaction of having performed that duty to my worthy friend's memory.

I beg my best respects to Mr and Mrs Renner, to Sir J. Dick and his lady, and am, my dear madam, your sincere friend and faithful humble servant, &c.

END OF THE LIFE OF DR SMOLLETT.

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

RODERICK RANDOM.

THE PREFACE.

Of all kinds of satire, there is none so entertaining and universally improving, as that which is introduced, as it were, occasionally in the course of an interesting story, which brings every incident home to life, and, by representing familiar scenes in an uncommon and amusing point of view, invests them with all the graces of novelty, while nature is appealed to in every particular.

The reader gratifies his curiosity in pursuing the adventures of a person in whose favour he is prepossessed; he espouses his cause, he sympathizes with him in distress, his indignation is heated against the authors of his calamity; the humane passions are inflamed; the contrast between dejected virtue and insulting vice appears with greater aggravation; and every impression having a double force on the imagination, the memory retains the circumstance, and the heart improves by the example. The attention is not tired with a bare catalogue of characters, but agreeably diverted with all the variety of invention; and the vicissitudes of life appear in their peculiar circumstances, opening an ample field for wit and humour.

Romance, no doubt, owes its origin to ignorance, vanity, and superstition. In the dark ages of the world, when a man had rendered himself famous for wisdom or valour, his family and adherents availed themselves of his superior qualities, magnified his

virtues, and represented his character and person as sacred and supernatural. The vulgar easily swallowed the bait, implored his protection, and yielded the tribute of homage and praise even to adoration; his exploits were handed down to posterity with a thousand exaggerations; they were repeated as incitements to virtue; divine honours were paid, and altars erected to his memory, for the encouragement of those who attempted to imitate his example, and hence arose the heathen mythology, which is no other than a collection of extravagant romances. As learning advanced, and genius received cultivation, these stories were embellished with the graces of poetry: that they might the better recommend themselves to the attention, they were sung in public, at festivals, for the instruction and delight of the audience; and rehearsed before battle, as incentives to deeds of glory. Thus tragedy and the epic muse were born, and, in the progress of taste, arrived at perfection. It is no wonder that the ancients could not relish a fable in prose, after they had seen so many remarkable events celebrated in verse by their best poets; we therefore find no romance among them, during the era of their excellence, unless the Cyropædia of Xenophon may be so called, and it was not till arts and sciences began to revive, after the irruption of the barbarians into Europe, that any thing of this kind appeared. But when the minds of men were debauched, by the imposition of priestcraft, to the most absurd pitch of credulity, the authors of romance arose, and, losing sight of probability, filled their performances with the most monstrous hyperboles. If they could not equal the poets in point of genius, they were resolved to excel them in fiction, and apply to the wonder rather than the judgment of their readers. Accordingly, they brought necromancy to their aid, and, instead of supporting the character of their heroes by dignity of sentiment and practice, distinguished them by their bodily strength, activity, and extravagance of behaviour. Although nothing could be more ludicrous and unnatural than the figures they drew, they did not want patrons and admirers; and the world actually began to be infected with the spirit of knight-errantry, when Cervantes, by an inimitable piece of ridicule, reformed the taste of mankind, representing chivalry in the right point of view, and converting romance to

purposes far more useful and entertaining, by making it assume the sock, and point out the follies of ordinary life.

The same method has been practised by other Spanish and French authors, and by none more successively than by Monsieur Le Sage, who, in his Adventures of Gil Blas, has described the knavery and foibles of life with infinite humour and sagacity. The following sheets I have modelled on his plan, taking the liberty, however, to differ from him in the execution, where I thought his particular situations were uncommon and extravagant, or peculiar to the country in which the scene is laid. The disgraces of Gil Blas are, for the most part, such as rather excite mirth than compassion; he himself laughs at them; and his transitions from distress to happiness, or at least ease, are so sudden, that neither the reader has time to pity him, nor himself to be acquainted with affliction. This conduct, in my opinion, not only deviates from probability, but prevents that generous indignation which ought to animate the reader against the sordid and vicious disposition of the world.

I have attempted to represent modest merit struggling with every difficulty to which a friendless orphan is exposed from his own want of experience, as well as from the selfishness, envy, malice, and base indifference of mankind. To secure a favourable prepossession, I have allowed him the advantage of birth and education, which, in the series of his misfortunes, will, I hope, engage the ingenuous more warmly in his behalf; and, though I foresee that some people will be offended at the mean scenes in which he is involved, I persuade myself the judicious will not only perceive the necessity of describing those situations to which he must of course be confined, in his low estate, but also find entertainment in viewing those parts of his life, where the humours and passions are undisguised by affectation, ceremony, or education, and the whimsical peculiarities of disposition appear as Nature has implanted them. But I believe I need not trouble myself in vindicating a practice authorised by the best writers in this way, some of whom I have already named.

Every intelligent reader will, at first sight, perceive I have not deviated from Nature in the facts, which are all true in the main,

although the circumstances are altered and disguised, to avoid personal satire.

It now remains to give my reasons for making the chief personage of this work a North Britain; which are chiefly these: —I could, at a small expense, bestow on him such education, as I thought the dignity of his birth and character required, which could not possibly be obtained in England by such slender means as the nature of my plan would afford. In the next place, I could represent simplicity of manners, in a remote part of the kingdom, with more propriety than in any other place near the capital; and, lastly, the disposition of the Scots, addicted to travelling, justifies my conduct in deriving an adventurer from that country.

That the delicate reader may not be offended at the unmeaning oaths which proceed from the mouths of some persons in these memoirs, I beg leave to premise, that I imagined nothing could more effectually expose the absurdity of such miserable expletives, than a natural and verbal representation of the discourse in which they occur.

APOLOGUE.

A YOUNG painter, indulging a vein of pleasantry, sketched a kind of conversation-piece, representing a bear, an owl, a monkey, and an ass; and to render it more striking, humorous, and moral, distinguished every figure by some emblem of human life.

Bruin was exhibited in the garb and attitude of an old, toothless, drunken soldier; the owl, perched upon the handle of a coffee-pot, with spectacles on his nose, seemed to contemplate a newspaper; and the ass, ornamented with a huge tie-wig (which, however,' could not conceal his long ears), sat for his picture to the monkey, who appeared with the implements of painting. This whimsical groupe afforded some mirth, and met with general approbation, until some mischievous wag hinted, that the whole was a lampoon upon the friends of the performer; an insinuation which was no sooner circulated, than those very people who applauded it before began to be alarmed, and even to fancy themselves signified by the several figures of the piece.

Among others, a worthy personage in years, who had served in the army with reputation, being incensed at the supposed outrage, repaired to the lodgings of the painter, and finding him at home,—'Hark ye, Mr Monkey,' said he, 'I have a good mind to convince you, that though the bear has lost his teeth, he retains his paws, and that he is not so drunk but he can perceive your impertinence—'sblood! Sir, that toothless jaw is a damn'd scandalous libel—but don't you imagine me so chopfallen as not to be able to chew the cud of resentment.' Here he was interrupted by the arrival of a learned physician, who, advancing to the culprit with fury in his aspect, exclaimed,—'Suppose the

augmentation of the ass's ears should prove the diminution of the baboon's—nay, seek not to prevaricate, for, by the beard of Æsculapius! there is not one hair in his periwig that will not stand up in judgment to convict thee of personal abuse—do but observe, captain, how this pitiful little fellow has copied the very curls—the colour indeed is different, but then the form and foretop are quite similar.' While he thus remonstrated in a strain of vociferation, a venerable senator entered, and waddling up to the delinquent,—'Jackanapes!' cried he, 'I will now let thee see I can read something else than a newspaper, and that without the help of spectacles—here is your own note of hand, sirrah, for money, which, if I had not advanced, you yourself would have resembled an owl, in not daring to shew your face by day, you ungrateful, slanderous knave!'

In vain the astonished painter declared that he had no intention to give offence, or to characterise particular persons; they affirmed the resemblance was too palpable to be overlooked; they taxed him with insolence, malice, and ingratitude; and their clamours being overheard by the public, the captain was a bear, the doctor an ass, and the senator an owl, to his dying day.

Christian reader, I beseech thee, in the bowels of the Lord, remember this example while thou art employed in the perusal of the following sheets; and seek not to appropriate to thyself that which equally belongs to five hundred different people. If thou shouldst meet with a character that reflects thee in some ungracious particular, keep thy own counsel; consider that one feature makes not a face, and that, though thou art, perhaps, distinguished by a bottle nose, twenty of thy neighbours may be in the same predicament.

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

RODERICK RANDOM.

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CHAPTER I.

Of my birth and parentage.

I was born in the northern part of this united kingdom, in the house of my grandfather, a gentleman of considerable fortune and influence, who had, on many occasions, signalized himself in behalf of his country; and was remarkable for his abilities in the law, which he exercised with great success, in the station of a judge, particularly against beggars, for whom he had a singular aversion.

My father, his youngest son, falling in love with a poor relation, who lived with the old gentleman in quality of house-keeper, espoused her privately; and I was the first fruit of that marriage. During her pregnancy, a dream discomposed my mother so much, that her husband, tired with her importunity, at last consulted a Highland seer, whose favourable interpretation he would have secured beforehand by a bribe, but found him incorruptible. She dreamed she was delivered of a tennis-ball, which the devil (who, to her great surprise, acted the part of a midwife) struck so forcibly with a racket, that it disappeared in an instant; and she was for some time inconsolable for the loss of her offspring;

when, all of a sudden, she beheld it return with equal violence, and enter the earth beneath her feat, whence immediately sprung up a goodly tree covered with blossoms, the scent of which operated so strongly on her nerves, that she awoke. The attentive sage, after some deliberation, assured my parents, that their first-born would be a great traveller; that he would undergo many dangers and difficulties, and at last return to his native land, where he would flourish in happiness and reputation. How truly this was foretold, will appear in the sequel. It was not long before some officious person informed my grandfather of certain familiarities that passed between his son and house-keeper, which alarmed him so much, that, a few days after, he told my father it was high time for him to think of settling; and that he had provided a match for him, to which he could in justice have no objections. My father, finding it would be impossible to conceal his situation much longer, frankly owned what he had done, and excused himself for not having asked the consent of his father, by saying, he knew it would have been to no purpose; and that, had his inclination been known, my grandfather might have taken such measures as would have effectually put the gratification of it out of his power: he added that no exceptions could be taken to his wife's virtue, birth, beauty, and good sense; and as for fortune, it was beneath his care. The old gentleman, who kept all his passions (except one) in excellent order, heard him to an end with great temper; and then calmly asked, how he proposed to maintain himself and spouse? He replied, he could be in no danger of wanting, while his father's tenderness remained, which he and his wife should always cultivate with the utmost veneration; that he was persuaded his allowance would be suitable to the dignity and circumstances of his family, and to the provision already made for his brothers and sisters, who were happily settled under his protection. 'Your brothers and sisters,' said my grandfather, 'did not think it beneath them to consult me in an affair of such importance as matrimony; neither, I suppose, would you have omitted that piece of duty, had not you some secret fund in

reserve, to the comforts of which I leave you, with a desire that you will this night seek out another habitation for yourself and wife, whither, in a short time, I will send you an account of the expense I have been at in your education, with a view of being reimbursed. Sir, you have made the grand tour—you are a polite gentleman—a very pretty gentleman—I wish you a great deal of joy, and am your very humble servant.' So saying, he left my father in a situation easily imagined. However, he did not long hesitate; for being perfectly well acquainted with his father's disposition, he did not doubt that he was glad of this pretence to get rid of him; and his resolves being invariable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, he knew it would be to no purpose to attempt him by prayers and entreaties; so without any further application, he betook himself, with his disconsolate bedfellow, to a farmhouse, where an old servant of his mother dwelt: there they remained for some time in a situation but ill adapted to the elegance of their desires, and tenderness of their love; which, nevertheless my father chose to endure, rather than supplicate an unnatural and inflexible parent: but my mother, forseeing the inconveniencies to which she must have been exposed, had she been delivered in this place (and her pregnancy was very far advanced), without communicating her design to her husband, went in disguise to the house of my grandfather, hoping that her tears and condition would move him to compassion, and reconcile him to an event which was now irrevocably past. She found means to deceive the servants, and was introduced as an unfortunate lady, who wanted to complain of some matrimonial grievances; it being my grandfather's particular province to decide in all cases of scandal. She was accordingly admitted into his presence; where, discovering herself, she fell at his feet, and, in the most affecting manner, implored his forgiveness; at the same time representing the danger that threatened not only her life, but that of his own grandchild, which was about to see the light. He told her he was sorry that the indiscretion of her and his son had compelled him

to make a vow, which put it out of his power to give them any assistance: that he had already imparted his thoughts on that subject to her husband, and was surprised that they should disturb his peace with any further importunity. This said, he retired. The violence of my mother's affliction had such an effect on her constitution, that she was immediately seized with the pains of childbed; and had not an old maid-servant, to whom she was very dear, afforded her pity and assistance, at the hazard of incurring my grandfather's displeasure, she and the innocent fruit of her womb must have fallen miserable victims to his rigour and inhumanity. By the friendship of this poor woman, she was carried up to a garret, and immediately delivered of a man-child, the story of whose unfortunate birth he himself now relates. My father being informed of what had happened, flew to the embraces of his darling spouse; and while he loaded his offspring with paternal caresses, could not forbear shedding a flood of tears, on beholding the dear partner of his heart (for whose ease he would have sacrificed the treasures of the east) stretched upon a flock-bed in a miserable apartment, unable to protect her from the inclemencies of the weather. It is not to be supposed that the old gentleman was ignorant of what passed, though he affected to know nothing of the matter, and pretended to be very much surprised, when one of his grandchildren, by his eldest son deceased, who lived with him as his heir apparent, acquainted him with the affair: he determined, therefore, to observe no medium, but immediately (on the third day after her delivery) sent her a peremptory order to be gone, and turned off the servant who had preserved her life. This behaviour so exasperated my father, that he had recourse to the most dreadful imprecations; and on his bare knees, implored that Heaven would renounce him, if ever he should forget or forgive the barbarity of his sire. The injuries which this unhappy mother received from her removal in such circumstance, and the want of necessaries where she lodged, together with her grief and anxiety of mind, soon threw her into a languishing disorder, which put an end to her life. My

father, who loved her tenderly, was so affected with her death, that he remained six weeks deprived of his senses; during which time the people where he lodged carried the infant to the old man, who relented so far, on hearing the melancholy story of his daughter-in-law's death, and the deplorable condition of his son, as to send the child to nurse; and he ordered my father to be carried home to his house, where he soon recovered the use of his reason. Whether this hard-hearted judge felt any remorse for his cruel treatment of his son and daughter, or (which is more probable) was afraid his character would suffer in the neighbourhood, he professed great sorrow for his conduct to my father, whose delirium was succeeded by a profound melancholy and reserve. At length he disappeared, and, notwithstanding all imaginable inquiry, could not be heard of; a circumstance which confirmed most people in the opinion of his having made away with himself in a fit of despair. How I understood the particulars of my birth, will appear in the course of these memoirs.

CHAPTER II.

I grow up—am hated by my relations—sent to school—neglected by my grandfather—maltreated by my master—seasoned to adversity—I form cabals against the pedant—am debarred access to my grandfather—hunted by his heir—I demolish the teeth of his tutor.

THERE were not wanting some who suspected my uncles of being concerned in my father's fate, on the supposition that they would all share in the patrimony destined for him; and this conjecture was strengthened by reflecting, that, in all his calamities, they never discovered the least inclination to serve him; but on the contrary, by all the artifices in their power, fed his father's resentment, and supported his resolution of leaving him to misery and want. But people of judgment treated this insinuation as an idle chimera; because, had my relations been so wicked as to consult their interest by committing such an atrocious crime, the fate of

my father would have extended to me too, whose life was another obstacle to their expectation. Meanwhile, I grew apace; and as I strongly resembled my father, who was the darling of the tenants, I wanted nothing which their indigent circumstances could afford: but their favour was a weak resource against the jealous enmity of my cousins, who, the more my infancy promised, conceived the more implacable hatred against me; and before I was six years of age, had so effectually blockaded my grandfather, that I never saw him but by stealth, when I sometimes made up to his chair, as he sat to view his labourers in the field; on which occasions, he would stroke my head, bid me be a good boy, and promise to take care of me. I was soon after sent to school at a village hard by, of which he had been dictator time out of mind; but as he neither paid for my board, nor supplied me with clothes, books, and other necessaries I required, my condition was very ragged and contemptible; and the schoolmaster, who, through fear of my grandfather, taught me *gratis*, gave himself no concern about the progress I made under his instruction. In spite of all these difficulties and disgraces, I became a good proficient in the Latin tongue; and as soon as I could write tolerably, pestered my grandfather with letters to such a degree, that he sent for my master, and chid him severely for bestowing such pains on my education, telling him, that if ever I should be brought to the gallows for forgery, which he had taught me to commit, my blood would lie on his head. The pedant, who dreaded nothing more than the displeasure of his patron, assured his honour, that the boy's ability was more owing to his own genius and application, than to any instruction or encouragement he received; that, although he could not divest him of the knowledge he had already imbibed, unless he would empower him to disable his fingers, he should endeavour, with God's help, to prevent his future improvement. And, indeed, he punctually performed what he had undertaken; for, on pretence that I had writ impertinent letters to my grandfather, he caused a board to be made with five holes in it, through which he thrust the fingers and

thumb of my right hand, and fastened it with whip-cord to my wrist, in such a manner as effectually debarred me the use of my pen. But this restraint I was freed from in a few days, by an accident which happened in a quarrel between me and another boy, who, taking upon him to insult my poverty, I was so incensed at his ungenerous reproach, that, with one stroke of my machine, I cut him to the skull, to the great terror of myself and school-fellows, who left him bleeding on the ground, and ran to inform the master of what had happened. I was so severely punished for this trespass, that, were I to live to the age of Methusalem, the impression it made on me would not be effaced: no more than the antipathy and horror I conceived for the merciless tyrant who inflicted it. The contempt which my appearance naturally produced in all who saw me, the continual wants to which I was exposed, and my own haughty disposition, impatient of affronts, involved me in a thousand troublesome adventures, by which I was at length inured to adversity, and emboldened to undertakings far above my years. I was often inhumanly scourged for crimes I did not commit; because, having the character of a vagabond in the village, every piece of mischief, whose author lay unknown, was charged upon me. I have been found guilty of robbing orchards I never entered, of killing cats I never hurted, of stealing gingerbread I never touched, and of abusing old women I never saw. Nay, a stammering carpenter had eloquence enough to persuade my master, that I fired a pistol, loaded with small shot, into his window; though my landlady and the whole family bore witness, that I was a-bed fast asleep at the time when this outrage was committed. I was once flogged for having narrowly escaped drowning, by the sinking of a ferry-boat in which I was passenger; another time for having recovered of a bruise occasioned by a horse and cart running over me; a third time for being bit by a baker's dog. In short, whether I was guilty or unfortunate, the correction and sympathy of this arbitrary pedagogue were the same. Far from being subdued by this infernal usage, my indignation triumphed over that salvish

awe which had hitherto enforced my obedience; and the more my years and knowledge increased, the more I perceived the injustice and barbarity of his behaviour. By the help of an uncommon genius, and the advice and direction of our usher, who had served my father in his travels, I made a surprising progress in the classics, writing, and arithmetic; so that, before I was twelve years old, I was allowed by every body to be the best scholar in the school. This qualification, together with a boldness of temper, and strength of make, which had subjected almost all my contemporaries, gave me such influence over them, that I began to form cabals against my persecutor, and was in hopes of being able to bid him defiance in a very short time. Being at the head of a faction consisting of thirty boys, most of them of my own age, I was determined to put their metal to trial, that I might know how far they were to be depended upon, before I put my grand scheme in execution: with this view, we attacked a body of stout apprentices, who had taken possession of a part of the ground allotted to us for the scene of our diversions, and who were then playing at nine-pins on the spot: but I had the mortification to see my adherents routed in an instant, and a leg of one of them broke in his flight, by the bowl, which one of our adversaries had detached in pursuit of us. This discomfiture did not hinder us from engaging them afterwards in frequent skirmishes, which we maintained by throwing stones at a distance, wherein I received many wounds, the scars of which still remain. Our enemies were so harassed and interrupted by these alarms, that they at last abandoned their conquest, and left us to the peaceable enjoyment of our own territories. It would be endless to enumerate the exploits we performed in the course of this confederacy, which became the terror of the whole village; insomuch, that when different interests divided it, one of the parties commonly courted the assistance of Roderick Random (by which name I was known) to cast the balance, and keep the opposite faction in awe. Meanwhile, I took the advantage of every play-day to present myself before my grandfather, to whom I seldom found access, by

reason of his being closely besieged by a numerous family of his female grandchildren, who, though they perpetually quarrelled among themselves, never failed to join against me, as the common enemy of all. His heir, who was about the age of eighteen, minded nothing but fox-hunting, and, indeed, was qualified for nothing else, notwithstanding his grandfather's indulgence, in entertaining a tutor for him at home, who at the same time performed the office of parish-clerk. This young Actæon, who inherited his grandfather's antipathy to every thing in distress, never set eyes on me, without uncoupling his beagles, and hunting me into some cottage or other, whither I generally fled for shelter. In this christian amusement, he was encouraged by his preceptor, who, no doubt, took such opportunities to ingratiate himself with the rising sun, observing that the old gentleman, according to the course of nature, had not long to live, for he was already on the verge of fourscore. The behaviour of this rascally sycophant incensed me so much, that one day, when I was beleagured by him and his hounds in a farmer's house, where I had found protection, I took aim at him (being an excellent marksman) with a large pebble, which struck out four of his fore-teeth, and effectually incapacitated him for doing the office of a clerk.

CHAPTER III.

My mother's brother arrives—relieves me—a description of him—he goes along with me to the house of my grandfather—is encountered by his dogs—defeats them after a bloody engagement—is admitted to the old gentleman—a dialogue between them.

About this time, my mother's only brother, who had been long abroad, lieutenant of a man of war, arrived in his own country; where, being informed of my condition, he came to see me, and, out of his slender finances, not only supplied me with what necessaries I wanted for the present, but resolved not to leave the country until he had prevailed on my

grandfather to settle something handsome on me for the future. This was a task to which he was by no means equal, being entirely ignorant not only of the judge's disposition, but also unacquainted with the ways of men in general, to which his education on-board had made him an utter stranger. He was a strong built man, somewhat bandy-legged, with a neck like that of a bull, and a face which (you might easily perceive) had withstood the most obstinate assaults of the weather. His dress consisted of a soldier's coat altered for him by the ship's tailor, a stripped flannel jacket, a pair of red breeches, japanned with pitch, clean grey worsted stockings, large silver buckles that covered three-fourths of his shoes, a silver laced hat whose crown overlooked the brims about an inch and a half, a black bob-wig in buckle, a check shirt, a silk handkerchief, an hanger with a brass handle girded to his thigh by a tarnished laced belt, and a good oak plant under his arm. Thus equipped, he set out with me (who, by his bounty, made a very decent appearance) for my grandfather's house, where we were saluted by Jowler and Cæsar, whom my cousin, young master, had let loose at our approach. Being well acquainted with the inveteracy of these curs, I was about to betake myself to my heels, when my uncle seized me with one hand, brandished his cudgel with the other, and at one blow laid Cæsar sprawling on the ground; but finding himself attacked at the same time in the rear by Jowler, and fearing Cæsar might recover, he drew his hanger, wheeled about, and, by a lucky stroke, severed Jowler's head from his body. By this time the young fox-hunter and three servants, armed with pitch-forks and flails, were come to the assistance of the dogs, whom they found breathless upon the field; and my cousin was so provoked at the death of his favourites, that he ordered his attendants to advance and take vengeance on their executioner, whom he loaded with all the curses and reproaches his anger could suggest. Upon which my uncle stepped forward with an undaunted air, at the sight of whose bloody weapon his antagonists fell back with precipitation, when he accosted their leader thus: 'Lookee, brother, your dogs have boarded me

without provocation—what I did was in my own defence. So you had best be civil, and let us shoot a-head clear of you.' Whether the young squire misinterpreted my uncle's desire of peace, or was enraged at the fate of his hounds beyond his usual pitch of resolution, I know not; but he snatched a flail from one of his followers, and came up with a show of assaulting the lieutenant, who, putting himself in a posture of defence, proceeded thus: 'Lookee, you lubberly son of a w—e, if you come athwart me, 'ware your gingerbread work, I'll be foul of your quarter, d——n me.' This declaration, followed by a flourish of his hanger, seemed to check the progress of the young gentleman's choler, who, looking behind him, perceived his attendants had slunk into the house, shut the gate, and left him to decide the contention by himself. Here a parley ensued, which was introduced by my cousin's asking, 'who the d—l are you? ——What do you want?—Some scoundrel of a seaman, I suppose, who has deserted, and turned thief. But don't think you shall escape, sirrah—I'll have you hanged, you dog, I will—your blood shall pay for that of my two hounds, you ragamuffin. I would not have parted with them to save your whole generation from the gallows, you ruffian you.' 'None of your jaw, you swab—none of your jaw,' replied my uncle, 'else I shall trim your laced jacket for you—— I shall rub you down with an oaken towel, my boy, I shall.' So saying, he sheathed his hanger and grasped his cudgel. Meanwhile, the people of the house being alarmed, one of my female cousins opened a window, and asked what was the matter! 'The matter!' answered the lieutenant, 'no great matter, young woman. I have business with the old gentleman, and this spark, belike, won't allow me to come alongside of him, that's all.' After a few minutes pause, we were admitted, and conducted to my grandfather's chamber, through a lane of my relations, who honoured me with very significant looks, as I passed along. When we came into the judge's presence, my uncle, after two or three sea-bows, expressed himself in this manner: 'Your servant—your servant. What cheer, father? what cheer?—I suppose you

don't know me—mayhap you don't—my name is Tom Bowling—and this here boy, you look as if you did not know him neither—'tis like you mayn't. He's new rigg'd i'faith; his cloth don't shake in the wind so much as it wont to do 'Tis my nephew, d'ye see, Roderick Random,—your own flesh and blood, old gentleman. Don't lag astern, you dog,' pulling me forward. My grandfather (who was laid up with the gout) received this relation, after his long absence, with that coldness of civility which was peculiar to him; told him, he was glad to see him, and desired him to sit down. 'Thank ye, thank ye, Sir, I had as lief stand;' said my uncle, 'for my own part, I desire nothing of you; but if you have any conscience at all, do something for this poor boy, who has been used at a very unchristian rate. Unchristian do I call it?—I am sure the Moors in Barbary have more humanity than to leave their little ones to want. I would fain know, why my sister's son is more neglected than that there fair-weather Jack,' (pointing to the young squire, who, with the rest of my cousins, had followed us into the room). 'Is not he as near akin to you as the other? Is not he much handsomer and better built than that great chucklehead?—Come, come, consider, old gentleman, you are going in a short time to give an account of your evil actions. Remember the wrongs you did his father; and make all the satisfaction in your power, before it be too late. The least thing you can do is to settle his father's portion on him.' The young ladies, who thought themselves too much concerned to contain themselves any longer, set up their throats altogether against my protector,—'scurvy companion,—saucy tarpaulin,—rude, impertinent fellow,—did he think to prescribe to grand papa? His sister's brat had been too well taken care of,—grandpapa was too just not to make a difference between an unnatural rebellious son, and his dutiful loving children, who took his advice in all things:—and such expressions were vented against him with great violence, until the judge at length commanded silence. He calmly rebuked my uncle for his unmannerly behaviour, which he said he would excuse on account of his education; he told

him he had been very kind to the boy, whom he had kept at school seven or eight years, although he was informed he made no progress in his learning; but was addicted to all manner of vice, which he rather believed, because he himself was witness to a barbarous piece of mischief he had committed on the jaws of his chaplain. But, however, he would see what the lad was fit for, and bind him apprentice to some honest tradesman or other, provided he would mend his manners, and behave for the future as became him. The honest tar (whose pride and indignation boiled within him) answered my grandfather, that it was true he had sent him to school, for it had cost him nothing, for he had never been at one shilling expense, to furnish him with food, raiment, books, or other necessaries; so that it was not to be much wondered at, if the boy made small progress; and yet, whoever told him so, was a lying lubberly rascal, and deserved to be keel-hauled: for, though he (the lieutenant) did not understand those matters himself, he was well informed as how Rory was the best scholar of his age in all the country: the truth of which he would maintain, by laying a wager of his whole half-year's pay on the boy's head; (with these words he pulled out his purse, and challenged the company). —Neither is he predicted to vice, as you affirm, but rather left like a wreck, dy'e see, at the mercy of the wind and weather, by your neglect, old gentleman. As for what happened to your chaplain, I am only sorry that he did not knock out the scoundrel's brains, instead of his teeth. By the Lord, if ever I come up with him, he had better be in Greenland,—that's all. Thank you for your courteous offer, of binding the lad apprentice to a tradesman. I suppose you would make a tailor of him,—would you? I had rather see him hang'd dy'e see. Come along, Rory, I perceive how the land lies, my boy,—let's tack about,—i'faith,—while I have a shilling thou shan't want a tester. B'wye, old gentleman, you're bound for the other world, but I believe damnably ill provided for the voyage. Thus ended our visit, and we returned to the village, my uncle muttering curses all the way against the old shark and the young fry that surrounded him.

CHAPTER IV.

My grandfather makes his will—our second visit—he dies—his will is read in presence of all his living descendents—the disappointment of my female cousins—my uncle's behaviour.

A FEW weeks after our first visit, we were informed that the old judge, at the end of a fit of thoughtfulness, which lasted three days, had sent for a notary, and made his will; that the distemper had mounted from his legs to his stomach, and being conscious of his approaching end, he had desired to see all his descendents without exception. In obedience to this summons, my uncle set out with me a second time, to receive the last benediction of my grandfather: often repeating by the road,—'ey, ey, we have brought up the old hulk at last: you shall see,—you shall see the effect of my admonition.' When we entered his chamber, which was crowded with his relations, we advanced to the bed-side, where we found him in his last agonies, supported by two of his grand-daughters, who sat on each side of him sobbing most piteously, and wiping away the froth and slaver as it gathered on his lips, which they frequently kissed with a show of great anguish and affection. My uncle approached him with these words: 'What! he's not a-weigh. How fare ye, old gentleman?—Lord have mercy upon your poor sinful soul.' Upon which the dying man turned his languid eyes towards us, and Mr Bowling went on, 'here's poor Rory come to see you before you die, and receive your blessing. What, man! don't despair,—you have been a great sinner, 'tis true, what then? There's a righteous judge above,—an't there?—He minds me no more than a porpuss. Yes, yes, he's going,—the land crabs will have him, I see that; his anchor's a-peak, i'faith.' This homely consolation scandalized the company so much, and especially the parson, who probably thought his province invaded, that we were obliged to retire into the other room, where, in a few minutes, we were convinced of my grandfather's decease, by

a dismal yell uttered by the young ladies in his apartment; whither we immediately hastened, and found his heir, who had retired a little before into a closet, under pretence of giving vent to his sorrow, asking, with a countenance beslubbered with tears, if his grandpapa was certainly dead?—'Dead!' says my uncle, looking at the body, 'ay, ay, I'll warrant him as dead as a herring. Odd's fish! now my dream is out for all the world. I thought I stood upon the forecastle, and saw a parcel of carrion crows foul of a dead shark that floated alongside, and the devil perching on our sprit-sail-yard, in the likeness of a blue bear,—who, d'ye see, jumped overboard upon the carcase, and carried it to the bottom in his claws.' 'Out upon thee, reprobate,' cried the parson, 'out upon thee, blasphemous wretch!—Dost thou think his honour's soul is in the possession of Satan!' The clamour immediately arose, and my poor uncle, being shouldered from one corner of the room to the other, was obliged to lug out in his own defence, and swear he would turn out for no man, till such time as he knew who had title to send him adrift. 'None of your tricks upon travellers,' said he; 'mayhap old buff has left my kinsman here his heir:—If he has it will be the better for his miserable soul. Odd's bob: I'd desire no better news. I'd soon make him a clear ship, I warrant you.' To avoid any further disturbance, one of my grandfather's executors, who was present, assured Mr Bowling, that his nephew should have all manner of justice; that a day should be appointed, after the funeral, for examining the papers of the deceased, in presence of all his relations: till which time every desk and cabinet in the house should remain close sealed; and that he was very welcome to be witness to this ceremony, which was immediately performed to his satisfaction. In the mean time, orders were given to provide mournings for all the relations, in which number I was included: but my uncle would not suffer me to accept of it, until I should be assured whether or not I had reason to honour his memory so far. During this interval, the conjectures of people with regard to the old gentleman's will were various. As it was well known he had, besides his landed estate, which was

worth L.700 per annum, six or seven thousand pounds at interest, some imagined that the whole real estate (which he had greatly improved) would go to the young man whom he always entertained as his heir; and that the money would be equally divided between my female cousins (five in number) and me. Others were of opinion, that as the rest of his children had been already provided for, he would only bequeath two or three hundred pounds to each of his granddaughters, and leave the bulk of the sum to me, to atone for his unnatural usage of my father. At length the important hour arrived, and the will was produced in the midst of the expectants, whose looks and gestures formed a group that would have been very entertaining to an unconcerned spectator. But the reader can scarce conceive the astonishment and mortification that appeared, when the attorney pronounced aloud,—the young squire sole heir of all his grandfather's estate, personal and real. My uncle, who had listened with great attention, sucking the head of his cudgel all the while, accompanied these words of the attorney with a stare, and *whew*, that alarmed the whole assembly. The eldest and pertest of my female competitors, who had been always very officious about my grandfather's person, inquired with a faultering accent, and visage as yellow as an orange, 'if there were no legacies?' and was answered, 'none at all.' Upon which she fainted away. The rest, whose expectations (perhaps) were not so sanguine, supported their disappointment with more resolution; though not without giving evident marks of indignation, and grief at least as genuine as that which appeared in them at the old gentleman's death. My conductor, after having kicked with his heel for some time against the wainscot, began: 'So there's no legacy, friend, ha!—here's an old succubus;—but somebody's soul howls for it, d—n me!' The parson of the parish, who was one of the executors, and had acted as ghostly director to the old man, no sooner heard this exclamation than he cried out, 'Avaunt, unchristian reviler! avaunt!—wilt thou not allow the soul of his honour to rest in peace?' but this zealous pastor did not find himself so warmly seconded, as for-

merly, by the young ladies, who now joined my uncle against him, and accused him of having acted the part of a busy-body with their grandpapa, whose ears he had certainly abused by false stories to their prejudice, or else he would not have neglected them in such an unnatural manner. The young 'squire was much diverted with this scene, and whispered to my uncle, that, if he had not murdered his dogs, he would have shewn him glorious fun, by hunting a black badger (so he termed the clergyman). The surly lieutenant, who was not in a humour to relish this amusement, replied, 'You and your dogs may be d—d.—I suppose you'll find them with your old dad, in the latitude of hell.—Come, Rory—about ship, my lad,—we must steer another course, I think.'—And away we went.

CHAPTER V.

The schoolmaster uses me barbarously—I form a project of revenge, in which I am assisted by my uncle.—I leave the village—am settled at an university by his generosity.

On our way back to the village, my uncle spoke not a word during the space of a whole hour, but whistled, with great vehemence, the tune of, *Why should we quarrel for riches, &c.* his visage being contracted all the while into a most formidable frown. At length his pace increased to such a degree, that I was left behind a considerable way. Then he waited for me; and when I was almost up with him, called out in a surly tone, 'Bear a hand damme! must I bring to every minute for you, you lazy dog?' Then laying hold of me by the arm, hauled me along, until his good nature (of which he had a great share) and reflection getting the better of his passion, he said,—'Come, my boy, don't be cast down, —the old rascal is in hell,—that's some satisfaction; you shall go to sea with me, my lad.—*A light heart and a thin pair of breeches goes through the world, brave boys,* as the song goes, eh!' Though this proposal did not at all suit my inclination, I was afraid of discovering any aversion to it,

lest I should disoblige the only friend I had in the world; and he was so much a seaman, that he never dreamt I could have any objection to his design, consequently gave himself no trouble in consulting my approbation. But this resolution was soon dropt, by the advice of our usher, who assured Mr Bowling, it would be a thousand pities to baulk my genius, which would certainly, one day, make my fortune on shore, provided it received due cultivation. Upon which this generous tar determined (though he could ill afford it) to give me university education; and accordingly settled my board and other expenses, at a town not many miles distant, famous for its colleges, whither we repaired in a short time. But, before the day of our departure, the schoolmaster, who no longer had the fear of my grandfather before his eyes, laid aside all decency and restraint, and not only abused me in the grossest language his rancour could suggest, as a wicked, profligate, dull, beggerly miscreant, whom he had taught out of charity; but also inveighed in the most bitter manner against the memory of the judge (who by-the-by, had procured that settlement for him), hinting in pretty plain terms, that the old gentleman's soul was damn'd to all eternity, for his injustice in neglecting to pay for my learning. This brutal behaviour, added to the sufferings I had formerly undergone, made me think it high time to be revenged of this insolent pedagogue. Having consulted my adherents, I found them all staunch in their promises to stand by me; and our scheme was this.—In the afternoon preceding the day of my departure for the university, I resolved to take the advantage of the usher's going out to make water (which he regularly did at four o'clock), and shut the great door, that he might not come to the assistance of his superior. This being done, the assault was to be begun, by my advancing to my master, and spitting in his face. I was to be seconded by two of the strongest boys in the school, who were devoted to me; their business was to join me in dragging the tyrant to a bench, over which he was to be laid, and his bare posteriors heartily flogged with his own birch, which we proposed to wrest from him in the

struggle; but if we should find him too many for us all three, we were to demand the assistance of our competitors, who should be ready to reinforce us, or oppose any thing that might be undertaken for the master's relief. One of my principal assistants was called Jeremy Gawky, son and heir of a wealthy gentleman in the neighbourhood; and the name of the other Hugh Strap, the cadet of a family which had given shoemakers to the village time out of mind. I had once saved Gawky's life, by plunging into a river, and dragging him on shore, when he was on the point of being drowned. I had often rescued him from the clutches of those whom his insufferable arrogance had provoked to a resentment he was not able to sustain; and many times saved his reputation and posteriors by performing his exercises at school; so that it is not to be wondered at if he had a particular regard for me and my interests. The attachment of Strap flowed from a voluntary disinterested inclination, which had manifested itself on many occasions in my behalf, he having once rendered me the same service that I had done Gawky, by saving my life at the risk of his own; and often fathered offences that I had committed, for which he suffered severely, rather than I should feel the weight of the punishment I deserved. These two champions were the more willing to engage in this enterprise, because they intended to leave the school the next day as well as I; the first being ordered by his father to return into the country, and the other being bound apprentice to a barber, at a market town not far off.

In the meantime, my uncle being informed of my master's behaviour to me, was enraged at his insolence, and vowed revenge so heartily, that I could not refrain from telling him the scheme I had concerted, which he heard with great satisfaction, at every sentence squirting out a mouthful of spittle, tinctured with tobacco, of which he constantly chewed a large quid. At last, pulling up his breeches, he cried,—'No no, zounds! that won't do neither,—howsomever, 'tis a bold undertaking, my lad—that I must say, i'faith!—but lookee, lookee, how dost propose to get clear off?—won't the enemy give chase, my boy?—ay, ay, that he will,

I warrant,—and alarm the whole coast. Ah! God help thee, more sail than ballast, Rory. Let me alone for that,—leave the whole to me,—I'll shew him the fore-top-sail, I will. If so be your ship-mates are jolly boys, and won't flinch, you shall see, you shall see; egad, I'll play him a salt-water trick—I'll bring him to the gang-way, and anoint him with a cat-o'-nine-tails; he shall have a round dozen doubled, my lad, he shall,—and be left lashed to his meditations.'

We were very proud of our associate, who immediately went to work, and prepared the instrument of his revenge with great skill and expedition; after which, he ordered our baggage to be packed up and sent off a day before our attempt, and got horses ready to be mounted, as soon as the affair should be over. At length the hour arrived, when our auxiliary, seizing the opportunity of the usher's absence, bolted in, secured the door, and immediately laid hold of the pedant by his collar, who bawled out 'Murder! thieves!' with the voice of a Stentor. Though I trembled all over like an aspen-leaf, I knew there was no time to be lost, and accordingly got up, and summoned our associates to my assistance. Strap without any hesitation obeyed the signal, and seeing me leap upon the master's back, ran immediately to one of his legs, which pulling with all his force, his dreadful adversary was humbled to the ground; upon which Gawky, who had hitherto remained in his place, under the influence of an universal trepidation, hastened to the scene of action, and insulted the fallen tyrant with a loud huzza, in which the whole school joined. This noise alarmed the usher, who finding himself shut out, endeavoured, partly by threats, and partly by entreaties, to procure admission. My uncle bade him have a little patience, and he would let him in presently: but, if he pretended to move from that place, it should fare worse with the son of a b—— his superior, on whom he intended only to betow a little wholesome chastisement for his barbarous usage of Rory, 'to which,' said he, 'you are no stranger.' By this time we had dragged the criminal to a post, to which Bowling tied him with a rope

he had provided on purpose, after having secured his hands and stript his back. In this ludicrous posture he stood (to the no small entertainment of the boys, who crowded about him, and shouted with great exultation at the novelty of the sight), venting bitter imprecations against the lieutenant, and reproaching his scholars with treachery and rebellion; when the usher was admitted, whom my uncle accosted in this manner: 'Harkee, Mr Syntax, I believe you are an honest man, d'ye see—and I have a respect for you—but for all that, we must for our own security, d'ye see, belay you for a short time. With these words, he pulled out some fathoms of cord, which the honest man no sooner saw, than he protested with great earnestness, he would allow no violence to be offered to him, at the same time accusing me of perfidy and ingratitude. But Bowling representing, that it was in vain to resist, and that he did not mean to use him with violence and indecency, but only to hinder him from raising the hue and cry against us, before we should be out of their power, he allowed himself to be bound to his own desk, where he sat a spectator of the punishment inflicted on his principal. My uncle having upbraided this arbitrary wretch with his inhumanity to me, told him that he proposed to give him a little discipline for the good of his soul, which he immediately put in practice, with great vigour and dexterity. This smart application to the pedant's withered posteriors gave him such exquisite pain, that he roared like a mad bull, danced, cursed, and blasphemed, like a frantic bedlamite. When the lieutenant thought himself sufficiently revenged, he took his leave of him in these words: 'Now, friend, you'll remember me the longest day you have to live—I have given you a lesson that will let you know what flogging is, and teach you to have more sympathy for the future—shout, boys, shout.' This ceremony was no sooner over than my uncle proposed they should quit the school, and convoy their old comrade Rory to a public-house, about a mile from the village, where he would treat them all. His offer being joyfully embraced, he addressed himself to Mr Syntax, and begged him to accompany us;

but this invitation he refused with great disdain, telling my benefactor he was not the man he took him to be. 'Well, well, old surly,' replied my uncle, shaking his hand, 'thou art an honest fellow notwithstanding; and if ever I have the command of a ship, thou shalt be our schoolmaster, i'faith.' So saying, he dismissed the boys, and locking the door, left the two preceptors to console one another; while we moved forwards on our journey, attended by a numerous retinue, whom he treated according to his promise. We parted with many tears, and lay that night at an inn on the road, about ten miles short of the town where I was to remain, at which we arrived next day, and I found I had no cause to complain of the accommodations provided for me; in being boarded at the house of an apothecary, who had married a distant relation of my mother. In a few days after, my uncle set out for his ship, having settled the necessary funds for my maintenance and education.

CHAPTER VI.

I make great progress in my studies—am caressed by every body—my female cousins take notice of me—I reject their invitation—they are incensed, and conspire against me—I am left destitute by a misfortune that befals my uncle—Gawky's treachery—my revenge.

As I was now capable of reflection, I began to consider my precarious situation; that I was utterly abandoned by those whose duty it was to protect me; and that my sole dependence was on the generosity of one man, who was not only exposed, by his profession, to continual dangers, which might one day deprive me of him for ever; but also (no doubt) subject to those vicissitudes of disposition, which a change of fortune usually creates, or which a better acquaintance with the world might produce: for I always ascribed his benevolence to the dictates of a heart as yet undebauched by a commerce with mankind. Alarmed at these considerations, I resolved to apply myself with great care to my studies, and

enjoy the opportunity in my power: this I did with such success, that, in the space of three years, I understood Greek very well, was pretty far advanced in the mathematics, and no stranger to moral and natural philosophy; logic I made no account of; but, above all things, I valued myself on my taste in the *belles lettres*, and a talent for poetry, which had already produced some pieces that met with a very favourable reception. These qualifications, added to a good face and shape, acquired the esteem and acquaintance of the most considerable people in town, and I had the satisfaction to find myself in some degree of favour with the ladies; an intoxicating piece of good fortune to one of my amorous complexion! which I obtained, or at least preserved, by gratifying their propensity to scandal in lampooning their rivals. Two of my female cousins lived in this place with their mother, since the death of their father, who left his whole fortune equally divided between them; so that, if they were not the most beautiful, they were at least the richest toasts in town; and received daily the addresses of all the beaux and cavaliers of the country. Although I had hitherto been looked upon by them with the most supercilious contempt, my character now attracted their notice so much, that I was given to understand I might be honoured with their acquaintance, if I pleased. The reader will easily perceive, that this condescension either flowed from the hope of making my poetical capacity subservient to their malice, or, at least, of screening themselves from the lash of my resentment, which they had effectually provoked. I enjoyed this triumph with great satisfaction; and not only rejected their offer with disdain, but in all my performances, whether satire or panegyric, industriously avoided mentioning their names, even while I celebrated those of their intimates: this neglect mortified their pride exceedingly, and incensed them to such a degree, that they were resolved to make me repent of my indifference. The first stroke of their revenge consisted in their hiring a poor collegian to write verses against me, the subject of which was my own poverty, and the catastrophe of my unhappy parents; but, besides the badness of the composition (of

which they themselves were ashamed), they did not find their account in endeavouring to reproach me with those misfortunes which they and their relations had brought upon me, and which, consequently, reflected much more dishonour on themselves than on me, who was the innocent victim of their barbarity and avarice. Finding this plan miscarry, they found means to irritate a young gentleman against me, by telling him I had lampooned his mistress; and so effectually succeeded in the quality of incendiaries, that this enraged lover determined to seize me next night, as I returned to my lodgings from a friend's house that I frequented: with this view, he waited in the street, attended by two of his companions, to whom he had imparted his design, of carrying me down to the river, in which he proposed to have me heartily ducked, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, it being then about the middle of December. But this stratagem did not succeed; for, being apprised of their ambush, I got home another way, and, by the help of my landlord's apprentice, discharged a volley from the garret window, which did great execution upon them; and next day occasioned so much mirth at their expense, that they found themselves under a necessity of leaving the town, until the adventure should be entirely forgotten. My cousins (though twice baffled in their expectation) did not, however, desist from persecuting me, who had now enraged them beyond a possibility of forgiveness, by detecting their malice, and preventing its effects; neither should I have found them more humane, had I patiently submitted to their rancour, and bore, without murmuring, the rigour of their unreasonable hate; for I have found by experience, that, though small favours may be acknowledged, and slight injuries atoned, there is no wretch so ungrateful as he whom you have most generously obliged, and no enemy so implacable as those who have done you the greatest wrong. These good-natured creatures, therefore, had recourse to a scheme which conspired with a piece of bad news I soon after received, to give them all the satisfaction they desired: this plan was to debauch the faith of my companion and confi-

dant, who betrayed the trust I reposed in him, by imparting to them the particulars of my small amours, which they published with such exaggerations, that I suffered very much in the opinion of every body, and was utterly discarded by the dear creatures whose names had been called in question. While I was busy in tracing out the author of this treachery, that I might not only be revenged on him, but also vindicate my character to my friends, I one day perceived the looks of my landlady much altered, when I went home to dinner; and inquiring into the cause, she screwed up her mouth, and fixing her eyes on the ground, told me her husband had received a letter from Mr Bowling, with one inclosed for me—she was very sorry for what had happened, both for my sake and his own—people should be more cautious of their conduct. She was always afraid his brutal behaviour would bring him into some misfortune or other. As for her part, she would be very ready to befriend me; but she had a small family of her own to maintain. The world would do nothing for her if she should come to want—charity begins at home: she wished I had been bound to some substantial handicraft, such as a weaver, or a shoemaker, rather than loiter away my time in learning foolish nonsense that would never bring me in a penny—but some folks are wise, and some are otherwise. I was listening to this mysterious discourse with great amazement, when her husband entered, and, without speaking a syllable, put both the letters into my hand. I received them trembling, and read what follows:

'TO MR ROGER POTION.

'SIR,—This is to let you know that I have quitted the Thunder man of war, being obliged to sheer off, for killing my captain, which I did fairly on the beach at Cape Tiberoon, in the island of Hispaniola; having received his fire, and returned it, which went through his body: and I would serve the best man so that ever stept between stem and stern, if so be that he struck me, as Captain Oakum did. I am (thank God) safe among the French, who are very civil, thof I don't understand their lingo; and I hope to be restored in a little time, for all the great friends and parliamentary interest of the captain, for I have sent over to my landlord in Deal an account of the whole affair, with our bear-

ings and distances while we were engaged, whereby I have desired him to lay it before his Majesty, who (God bless him) will not suffer an honest tar to be wronged. My love to your spouse, and am, your loving friend, and servant to command, while

'THOMAS BOWLING.'

'TO RODERICK RANDOM.

'DEAR RORY,—Don't be grieved at my misfortune—but mind your book, my lad. I have got no money to send you; but what of that?—Mr Potion will take care of you, for the love he bears to me, and let you want for nothing, and it shall go hard but I will see him one day repaid. No more at present, but rests, your dutiful uncle and servant till death,

'THOMAS BOWLING.'

This letter (which, with the other, was dated from Port Louis in Hispaniola) I had no sooner read, than the apothecary, shaking his head, began: 'I have a very great regard for Mr Bowling, that's certain,—and could be well content —but times are very hard. There's no such thing as money to be got—I believe 'tis all vanished under ground, for my part. Besides, I have been out of pocket already, having entertained you since the beginning of this month without receiving a sixpence,—and God knows if ever I shall;—for I believe it will go hard with your uncle. And more than that, I was thinking of giving you warning, for I want your apartment for a new 'prentice, whom I expect from the country every hour. So I desire you will this week provide yourself with another lodging.' The indignation which this harangue inspired, gave me spirits to support my reverse of fortune, and to tell him, I despised his mean selfish disposition so much, that I would starve rather than be beholden to him for one single meal. Upon which, out of my pocket-money, I paid him to the last farthing of what I owed, and assured him I would not sleep another night under his roof. This said, I sallied out in a transport of rage and sorrow, without knowing whither to fly for shelter, having not one friend in the world capable of relieving me, and only three shillings in my purse. After giving way for a few minutes to the dictates of my rage, I went and hired a small bed-room, at the rate of one shilling and sixpence per week, which I was

obliged to pay per advance, before the landlord would receive me: thither I removed my luggage; and next morning got up with a view of craving the advice and assistance of a person who had on all occasions loaded me with caresses, and made frequent offers of friendship, while I was under no necessity of accepting them. He received me with his wonted affability, and insisted on my breakfasting with him, a favour which I did not think fit to refuse. But, when I communicated the occasion of my visit, he appeared so disconcerted, that I concluded him wonderfully affected with the misery of my condition, and looked upon him as a man of the most extensive sympathy and benevolence. He did not leave me long under this mistake; for, recovering himself from his confusion, he told me, he was grieved at my misfortune, and desired to know what had passed between my landlord Mr Potion and me. Whereupon I recounted the conversation; and when I repeated the answer I made to his ungenerous remonstrance with regard to my leaving his house, this pretended friend affected a stare, and exclaimed, 'Is it possible you could behave so ill to the man who had treated you so kindly all along!' My surprise at hearing this was not at all affected, whatever his might be; and I gave him to understand, with some warmth, that I did not imagine he would so unreasonably espouse the cause of a scoundrel, who ought to be expelled from every social community. This heat of mine gave him all the advantage he desired over me, and our discourse (after much altercation) concluded in his desiring never to see me again in that place; to which desire I yielded my consent, assuring him, that had I been as well acquainted with his principles formerly as I was now, he never should have had an opportunity of making that request.—And thus we parted.

On my return, I met my comrade Squire Gawky, whom his father had sent, some time ago, to town, for his improvement in writing, dancing, fencing, and other modish qualifications. As I had lived with him, since his arrival, on the footing of our old intimacy, I made no scruple of informing him of the lowness of my circumstances, and asking a small

supply of money, to answer my present expense: upon which he pulled out a handful of halfpence, with a shilling or two among them, and swore that was all he had to keep his pocket till next quarter-day, he having lost the greatest part of his allowance the night before at billiards. Though this assertion might very well be true, I was extremely mortified at his indifference; for he neither expressed any sympathy for my mishap, nor desire of alleviating my distress; and, accordingly, I left him, without uttering one word: but, when I afterwards understood that he was the person who had formerly betrayed me to the malice of my cousins, to whom likewise he had carried the tidings of my forlorn situation, which afforded them great matter of triumph and exultation, I determined with myself to call him to a severe account; for which purpose I borrowed a sword, and wrote a challenge, desiring him to meet me at a certain time and place, that I might have an opportunity of punishing his perfidy, at the expense of his blood. He accepted the invitation; and I betook myself to the field, though not without feeling considerable repugnance to the combat, which frequently attacked me in cold sweats by the way: but the desire of revenge, the shame of retracting, and hope of conquest, conspired to repel these unmanly symptoms of fear; and I appeared on the plain with a good grace; there I waited an hour beyond the time appointed, and was not ill pleased to find he had no mind to meet me, because I should have an opportunity of exposing his cowardice, displaying my own courage, and of beating him soundly wheresoever I should find him, without any dread of the consequence. Elated with these suggestions, which entirely banished all thoughts of my deplorable condition, I went directly to Gawky's lodgings, where I was informed of his precipitate retreat, he having set out for the country in less than an hour after he had received my billet; and I was vain enough to have the whole story inserted in the news, although I was fain to sell a gold-laced hat to my landlord for less than half price, to defray the expense, and contribute to my subsistence.

CHAPTER VII.

I am entertained by Mr Crab—a description of him—I acquire the art of surgery—consult Crab's disposition—become necessary to him—an accident happens—he advises me to launch out into the world—assists me with money—I set out for London.

THE fumes of my resentment being dissipated, as well as the vanity of my success, I found myself deserted to all the horrors of extreme want, and avoided by mankind as a creature of a different species, or rather as a solitary being, nowise comprehended within the scheme or protection of Providence. My despair had rendered me almost quite stupified, when I was one day told, that a gentleman desired to see me at a certain public house, whither I immediately repaired, and was introduced to one Mr Launcelot Crab, a surgeon in town, who was engaged with two more, in drinking a liquor called *pop-in*, composed by mixing a quartern of brandy with a quart of small-beer. Before I relate the occasion of this message, I believe it will not be disagreeable to the reader, if I describe the gentleman who sent for me, and mention some circumstances of his character and conduct, which may illustrate what follows, and account for his behaviour to me.

This member of the faculty was aged fifty, about five feet high, and ten round the belly; his face was capacious as a full moon, and much of the complexion of a mulberry; his nose resembling a powder-horn, was swelled to an enormous size, and studded all over with carbuncles; and his little grey eyes reflected the rays in such an oblique manner, that while he looked a person full in the face, one would have imagined he was admiring the buckle of his shoe. He had long entertained an implacable resentment against Potion, who, though a young practitioner, was better employed than he, and once had the assurance to perform a cure, whereby he disappointed and disgraced the prognostic of the said Crab. This quarrel, which was at one time upon the point of being made up by the interposition and mediation of friends,

had been lately inflamed beyond a possibility of reconciliation, by the respective wives of the opponents, who, chancing to meet at a christening, disagreed about precedence, proceeded from invectives to blows, and were with great difficulty, by the gossips, prevented from converting the occasion of joy into a scene of lamentation.

The difference between these rivals was in the height of rancour, when I received the message of Crab, who received me as civilly as I could have expected from one of his disposition; and, after desiring me to sit, inquired into the particulars of my leaving the house of Potion; which, when I had related, he said, with a malicious grin,—'There's a sneaking dog!—I always thought him a fellow without a soul, d—n me!—a canting scoundrel, who has crept into business by his hypocrisy, and kissing the a— of every body.' 'Ay, ay,' says another, 'one may see with half an eye that the rascal has no honesty in him, by his going so regularly to church.' This sentence was confirmed by a third, who assured his companions, that Potion was never known to be disguised in liquor but once, at a meeting of the godly, where he had distinguished himself by an *extempore* prayer an hour long. After this preamble Crab addressed himself to me in these words: 'Well, my lad, I have heard a good character of you, and I'll do for you. You may send your things to my house when you please. I have given orders for your reception. Zounds! what does the booby stare at?—if you have no mind to embrace my courteous offer, you may let it alone, and be d—d.' I answered, with a submissive bow, that I was far from rejecting his friendly offer, which I would immediately accept, as soon as he should inform me on what footing I was to be entertained. 'What footing! d—n my blood,' cried he, 'd'ye expect to have a footman and a couple of horses to be kept for you?' 'No, Sir,' I replied, 'my expectations are not quite so sanguine. That I may be as little burdensome as possible, I would willingly serve in your shop, by which means I may save you the expense of a journeyman, or porter at least, for I understand a little pharmacy, having employed

some of my leisure hours in the practice of that art while I lived with Mr Potion: neither am I altogether ignorant of surgery, which I have studied with great pleasure and application.' 'O ho! you did?' says Crab, 'gentlemen, here is a complete artist! studied surgery! what? in books, I suppose. I shall have you disputing with me one of these days on points of my profession. You can already account for muscular motion (I warrant), and explain the mystery of the brain and nerves—ha! you are too learned for me, d—n me. But let's here no more of this stuff. Can you bleed and give a clyster, spread a plaster, and prepare a potion?' Upon my answering in the affirmative, he shook his head, telling me he believed he should have little good of me, for all my promises; but, however, he would take me in for the sake of charity. I was accordingly that very night admitted to his house, and had an apartment assigned to me in the garret, which I was fain to put up with, notwithstanding the mortification my pride suffered in this change of circumstances. I was soon convinced of the real motives which induced Crab to receive me in this manner: for, besides the gratification of his revenge, by exposing the selfishness of his antagonist, in opposition to his own generosity, which was all affectation, he had occasion for a young man, who understood something of the profession, to fill up the place of his eldest apprentice, lately dead, not without violent suspicion of foul play from his master's brutality. The knowledge of this circumstance, together with his daily behaviour to his wife and the young apprentice, did not at all contribute to my enjoying my new situation with ease: however, as I did not perceive how I could bestow myself to better advantage, I resolved to study Crab's temper with all the application, and manage it with all the address, in my power. And it was not long before I found out a strange peculiarity of humour, which governed his behaviour towards all his dependants. I observed, when he was pleased, he was such a niggard of his satisfaction, that, if his wife or servants betrayed the least symptom of participation, he was offended to an unsupportable degree of choler and fury, the

effects of which they seldom failed to feel. And, when his indignation was roused, submission and soothing always exasperated it beyond the bounds of reason and humanity. I therefore pursued a contrary plan; and one day when he honoured me with the names of ignorant whelp, and lazy ragamuffin, I boldly replied, I was neither ignorant nor lazy, since I both understood and performed my business as well as he could do for his soul; neither was it just to call me ragamuffin, for I had a whole coat on my back, and was descended from a better family than any he could boast an alliance with. He gave tokens of great amasement at this assurance of mine, and shook his cane over my head, regarding me all the time with a countenance truly diabolical. Although I was terribly startled at his menacing looks and posture, I yet had reflection enough left to convince me I had gone too far to retract, and that this was the critical minute which must decide my future lot in his service; I therefore snatched up the pestle of a mortar, and swore, if he offered to strike me without a cause, I should see whether his skull or my weapon was hardest. He continued silent for some time, and at last broke forth into these ejaculations: 'This is fine usage from a servant to a master,—very fine! —damnation!—but no matter, you shall pay for this, you dog, you shall. I'll do your business,—yes, yes, I'll teach you to lift your hand against me.' So saying, he retired, and left me under dreadful apprehensions, which vanished entirely at our next meeting, when he behaved with unusual complacency, and treated me with a glass of punch after dinner. By this conduct, I got the ascendency over him in a short time, and became so necessary to him, in managing his business while he was engaged at the bottle, that fortune began to wear a kinder aspect; and I consoled myself for the disregard of my former acquaintance, with the knowledge I daily imbibed, by a close application to the duties of my employment, in which I succeeded beyond my own expectation. I was on very good terms with my master's wife, whose esteem I acquired and cultivated, by representing Mrs Potion in the most ridiculous lights my satirical

talents could invent, as well as by rendering her some christian offices, when she had been too familiar with the dram bottle, to which she had oftentimes recourse for consolation, under the affliction she suffered from a barbarous husband. In this manner I lived, without hearing the least tidings of my uncle, for the space of two years, during which time I kept little or no company, being neither in a humour to relish, nor in a capacity to maintain, much acquaintance: for the Nabal, my master, allowed me no wages; and the small perquisites of my station scarce supplied me with the common necessaries of life. I was no longer a pert unthinking coxcomb, giddy with popular applause, and elevated with the extravagance of hope: my misfortunes had taught me how little the caresses of the world, during a man's prosperity are to be valued by him; and how seriously and expeditiously he ought to set about making himself independent of them. My present appearance, therefore, was the least of my care, which was wholly engrossed in laying up a stock of instruction that might secure me against the caprice of fortune for the future. I became such a sloven, and contracted such an air of austerity, that every body pronounced me crest-fallen; and Gawky returned to town, without running any risk from my resentment, which was by this time pretty much cooled, and restrained by prudential reasons so effectually, that I never so much as thought of obtaining satisfaction for the injuries he had done me. When I deemed myself sufficiently master of my business, I began to cast about for an opportunity of launching into the world, in hope of finding some provision that might make amends for the difficulties I had undergone: but, as this could not be effected without a small sum of money to equip me for the field, I was in the utmost perplexity how to raise it, well knowing, that Crab, for his own sake, would never put me in a condition to leave him, when his interest was so much concerned in my stay. But a small accident, which happened about this time, determined him in my favour. This was no other than the pregnancy of his maid-servant, who declared her situation to me, assuring me, at the same time,

that I was the occasion of it. Although I had no reason to question the truth of this imputation, I was not ignorant of the familiarities which had passed between her master and her; taking the advantage of which, I represented to her the folly of laying the burden at my door, when she might dispose of it to much better purpose with Mr Crab. She listened to my advice, and next day acquainted him with the pretended success of their mutual endeavours. He was far from being overjoyed at this proof of his vigour, which he foresaw might have very troublesome consequences; not that he dreaded any domestic grumblings and reproaches from his wife, whom he kept in perfect subjection, but because he knew it would furnish his rival Potion with a handle for insulting and undermining his reputation; there being no scandal equal to that of uncleanness, in the opinion of those who inhabit the part of the island where he lived. He therefore took a resolution worthy of himself; which was, to persuade the girl that she was not with child, but only afflicted with a disorder incident to young women, which he would easily remove. With this view (as he pretended), he prescribed for her such medicines as he thought would infallibly procure abortion; but, in this scheme, he was disappointed; for the maid, being advertised by me of his design, and at the same time well acquainted with her own condition, absolutely refused to follow his directions; and threatened to publish her situation to the world, if he would not immediately take some method of providing for the important occasion, which she expected in a few months. It was not long before I guessed the result of his deliberation, by his addressing himself to me (one day) in this manner.—'I am surprised that a young fellow like you discovers no inclination to push his fortune in the world. Before I was of your age, I was broiling on the coast of Guinea.—Damme, what's to hinder you from profiting by the war, which will certainly be declared in a short time against Spain? You may easily get on board of a king's ship, in quality of a surgeon's mate; where you will certainly see a great deal of practice, and stand a good chance of getting prize-money.'

I laid hold of this declaration, which I had long wished for, and assured him I would follow his advice with pleasure, if it was in my power; but that it was impossible for me to embrace an opportunity of that kind, as I had no friend to advance a little money to supply me with what necessaries I should want, and defray the expenses of my journey to London. He told me that few necessaries were required; and as for the expense of my journey, he would lend me money, sufficient not only for that purpose, but also to maintain me comfortably in London, until I should procure a warrant for my provision on board of some ship. I gave him a thousand thanks for his obliging offer (although I was very well apprised of his motive, which was no other than a design to lay the bastard to my charge, after my departure), and accordingly set out in a few weeks for London, my whole fortune consisting of one suit of clothes, half a dozen of ruffled shirts, as many plain, two pair of worsted, and a like number of thread stockings, a case of pocket instruments, a small edition of Horace, Wiseman's surgery, and ten guineas in cash, for which Crab took my bond, bearing five per cent interest; at the same time gave me a letter to the member of parliament for our town, which, he said, would do my business effectually.

CHAPTER VIII.

I arrive at Newcastle—meet with my old school-fellow Strap—we determine to walk together to London—set out on our journey—put up at a solitary ale-house—are disturbed by a strange adventure in the night.

THERE is no such convenience as a waggon in this country, and my finances were too weak to support the expense of hiring a horse; I determined therefore to set out with the carriers who transport goods from one place to another on horseback; and this scheme I accordingly put in execution on the first day of November 1739, sitting upon a pack-saddle between two baskets, one of which contained my goods

in a knapsack. But, by the time we arrived in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, I was so fatigued with the tediousness of the carriage, and benumbed with the coldness of the weather, that I resolved to travel the rest of my journey on foot, rather than proceed in such a disagreeable manner.

The hostler of the inn at which we put up, understanding I was bound for London, advised me to take my passage in a collier, which would be both cheap and expeditious, and withal much easier than to walk upwards of three hundred miles through deep roads in the winter time; a journey which, he believed, I had not strength enough to perform. I was almost persuaded to take his advice, when, one day, stepping into a barber's shop to be shaved, the young man, while he lathered my face, accosted me thus:—'Sir, I presume you are a Scotchman.' I answered in the affirmative. 'Pray,' continued he, 'from what part of Scotland?'——I no sooner told him, than he discovered great emotion, and, not confining his operation to my chin and upper lip, besmeared my whole face with great agitation. I was so offended at this profusion, that, starting up, I asked him what the d—l he meant by using me so? He begged pardon, telling me his joy at meeting with a countryman had occasioned some confusion in him; and craved my name. But when I declared my name was Random, he exclaimed, in a rapture,—'How! Rory Random?' The same, I replied, looking at him with astonishment. 'What,' cried he, 'don't you know your old school-fellow, Hugh Strap?' At that instant, recollecting his face, I flew into his arms, and, in the transport of my joy, gave him back one half of the suds he had so lavishly bestowed on my countenance; so that we made a very ludicrous appearance, and furnished a great deal of mirth for his master and shop-mates, who were witnesses of this scene. When our mutual caresses were over, I sat down again to be shaved; but the poor fellow's nerves were so discomposed by this unexpected meeting, that his hand could scarcely hold the razor, with which (nevertheless) he found means to cut me in three places, in as many strokes. His master, perceiving his disorder, bade another supply his

place, and, after the operation was performed, gave Strap leave to pass the rest of the day with me. We retired immediately to my lodgings, where, calling for some beer, I desired to be informed of his adventures, which contained nothing more, than that his master dying before his time was out, he had come to Newcastle about a year ago; in expectation of journey-work, along with three young fellows of his acquaintance who worked in the keels; that he had the good fortune of being employed by a very civil master, with whom he intended to stay till the spring, at which time he proposed to go to London, where he did not doubt of finding encouragement. When I communicated to him my situation and design, he did not approve of my taking a passage by sea, by reason of the danger of a winter voyage, which is very hazardous along that coast, as well as the precariousness of the wind, which might possibly detain me a great while, to the no small detriment of my fortune: whereas, if I would venture by land, he would bear me company, carry my baggage all the way, and, if we should be fatigued before we could perform all the journey, it would be no hard matter for us to find on the road either returning horses or waggons, of which we might take the advantage for a very trifling expense. I was so ravished at this proposal, that I embraced him affectionately, and assured him he might command my purse to the last farthing: but he gave me to understand, he had saved money sufficient to answer his own occasions; and that he had a friend in London, who would soon introduce him into business in that capital, and might possibly have it in his power to serve me also.

Having concerted the plan, and settled our affairs that night, we departed next morning by day-break, armed with a good cudgel each (my companion being charged with the furniture of us both, crammed into one knapsack), and our money sewed between the lining and waistband of our breeches, except some loose silver for our immediate expense on the road. We travelled all day at a round pace, but, being ignorant of the proper stages, were benighted at a good distance from any inn, so that we were compelled to take up our lodging

at a small hedge ale-house, that stood on a by-road, about half a mile from the highway: there we found a pedlar of our own country, in whose company we regaled ourselves with bacon and eggs, and a glass of good ale, before a comfortable fire, conversing all the while very sociably with the landlord and his daughter, an hale buxom lass, who entertained us with great good humour, and in whose affection I was vain enough to believe I had made some progress. About eight o'clock, we were all three, at our own desire, shown into an apartment, furnished with two beds, in one of which Strap and I betook ourselves to rest, and the pedlar occupied the other, though not before he had prayed a considerable time extempore, searched into every corner of the room, and fastened the door on the inside with a strong iron screw, which he carried about with him for that use. I slept very sound till midnight, when I was disturbed by a violent motion of the bed, which shook under me with a continual tremor. Alarmed at this phenomenon, I jogged my companion, whom, to my no small astonishment, I found drenched in sweat, and quaking through every limb: he told me, with a low faultering voice, that we were undone, for there was a bloody highwayman loaded with pistols in the next room; then bidding me make as little noise as possible, he directed me to a small chink in the board partition, through which I could see a thick-set brawny fellow, with a fierce countenance, sitting at a table with our young landlady, having a bottle of ale and a brace of pistols before him. I listened with great attention, and heard him say, in a terrible tone,—'D—n that son of a b—— Smack the coachman!—he has served me a fine trick, indeed!—but d—n—n seize me, if I don't make him repent it! I'll teach the scoundrel to give intelligence to others, while he is under articles with me.' Our landlady endeavoured to appease this exasperated robber, by saying he might be mistaken in Smack, who perhaps kept no correspondence with the other gentlemen that robbed his coach; and that, if an accident had disappointed him today, he might soon find opportunity enough to atone for his last trouble. 'I'll tell thee what, my dear Bet,' replied he,

'I never had, nor ever will, while my name is Rifle, have such a glorious booty as I missed to-day.—Zounds! there was four hundred pounds in cash to recruit men for the king's service, besides the jewels, watches, swords, and money, belonging to the passengers;—had it been my fortune to have got clear off with so much treasure, I would have purchased a commission in the army, and made you an officer's lady, you jade, I would.' 'Well, well,' cries Betty, 'we must trust to Providence for that;—but did you find nothing worth taking, which escaped the other gentlemen of the road?' 'Not much, faith,' said the lover, 'I gleaned a few things, such as a pair of pops, silver mounted (here they are), I took them loaded from the captain who had the charge of the money, together with a gold watch, which he had concealed in his breeches. I likewise found ten Portugal pieces in the shoes of a quaker, whom the spirit moved to revile me with great bitterness and devotion. But what I value myself mostly for, is this here purchase, a gold snuff-box, my girl, with a picture on the inside of the lid; which I untied out of the tail of a pretty lady's smock.' Here, as the devil would have it, the pedlar snored so loud, that the highwayman, snatching his pistols started up, crying,—'Hell and d—n—n! I am betrayed; who's that in the next room?' Mrs Betty told him, he need not be uneasy; there were only three poor wearied travellers, who, missing the road, had taken up their lodging in the house, and were asleep long ago. 'Travellers!' says he, 'spies, you b—! but no matter—I'll send them all to hell in an instant.' He accordingly ran towards our door; when his sweetheart, interposing, assured him there was only a couple of poor young Scotchmen, who were too raw and ignorant to give him the least cause of suspicion; and the third was a presbyterian pedlar of the same nation, who had often lodged in the house before. This declaration satisfied the thief, who swore he was glad there was a pedlar, for he wanted some linen. Then, in a jovial manner he put about the glass, mingling his discourse to Betty with caresses and familiarites that spoke him very happy in his amours. During that part of the conversation which re-

garded us, Strap had crept under the bed, where he lay in the agonies of fear; so that it was with great difficulty I perswaded him our danger was over, and prevailed on him to wake the pedlar, and inform him of what he had seen and heard. This itinerant merchant no sooner felt somebody shaking him by the shoulder, than he started up, calling, as loud as he could,—'Thieves, thieves! Lord have mercy on us!' And Rifle, alarmed at this exclamation, jumped up, cocked one of his pistols, and turned towards the door, to kill the first man who should enter; for he verily believed himself beset; when his dulcinea, after an immoderate fit of laughter persuaded him, that the poor pedlar, dreaming of thieves, had only cried out in his sleep. Meanwhile my comrade had undeceived our fellow-lodger, and informed him of his reason for disturbing him; upon which, getting up softly, he peeped through the hole, and was so terrified with what he saw, that, falling down on his bare knees, he put up a long petition to Heaven, to deliver him from the hands of that ruffian, and promised never to defraud a customer for the future of the value of a pin's point, provided he might be rescued from the present danger. Whether or not his disburdening his conscience afforded him any ease, I know not; but he slipt into bed again, and lay very quiet until the robber and his mistress were asleep, and snored in concert; then, rising softly, he untied a rope that was round his pack, which making fast to one end of it, he opened the window with as little noise as possible, and lowered his goods into the yard with great dexterity; then he moved gently to our bed-side, and bade us farewell, telling us, that, as we ran no risk, we might take our rest with great confidence, and in the morning assure the landlord that we knew nothing of his escape; and, lastly, shaking us by the hands, and wishing us all manner of success, he let himself drop from the window without any danger, for the ground was not above a yard from his feet as he hung on the outside. Although I did not think proper to accompany him in his flight, I was not at all free from apprehension, when I reflected on what might be the effect of the highwayman's dis-

appointment, as he certainly intended to make free with the pedlar's ware. Neither was my companion at more ease in his mind; but, on the contrary, so possessed with the dreadful idea of Rifle, that he solicited me strongly to follow our countryman's example, and so elude the fatal resentment of that terrible adventurer, who would certainly wreak his vengeance on us, as accomplices of the pedlar's elopement. But I represented to him the danger of giving Rifle cause to think we knew his profession, and suggested, that, if ever he should meet us again on the road, he would look upon us as dangerous acquaintance, and find it his interest to put us out of the way. I told him withal my confidence in Betty's good nature, in which he acquiesced; and, during the remaining part of the night, we concerted a proper method of behaviour, to render us unsuspected in the morning.

It was no sooner day, than Betty, entering our chamber, and perceiving our window open, cried out,—'Ods bobs! sure you Scotsmen must have hot constitutions, to lie all night with the window open, in such cold weather.' I feigned to start out of sleep, and, withdrawing the curtain, called,—'What's the matter?' When she shewed me, I affected surprise, and said,—'Bless me! the window was shut when we went to bed.' 'I'll be hanged,' said she, 'if Sawney Waddle the pedlar has not got up in a dream and done it, for I heard him very obstropulous in his sleep.—Sure I put a chamber-pot under his bed.' With these words she advanced to the bed in which he lay, and, finding the sheets cold, exclaimed,—'Good lack a daisy! the rogue is fled!' 'Fled!' cried I, with feigned amazement, 'God forbid!—Sure he has not robbed us.' Then springing up, I laid hold of my breeches, and emptied all my loose money into my hand; which having reckoned, I said,—'Heaven be praised, our money is all safe:—Strap, look to the knapsack.' He did so, and found all was right. Upon which we asked, with seeming concern, if he had stole nothing belonging to the house?—'No, no,' replied she, 'he has stolen nothing but his reckoning;' which, it seems, this pious pedlar had forgot to discharge, in the midst of his devotion. Betty,

after a moment's pause, withdrew; and immediately we could hear her waken Rifle, who no sooner heard of Waddle's flight, than he jumped out of bed, and dressed, venting a thousand execrations, and vowing to murder the pedlar, if ever he should set eyes on him again:—'for,' said he, 'the scoundrel has by this time raised the hue and cry against me.' Having dressed himself in a hurry, he mounted his horse, and for that time rid us of his company, and a thousand fears that were the consequence of it. While we were at breakfast, Betty endeavoured by all the cunning she was mistress of, to learn whether or not we suspected our fellow-lodger, whom we saw take horse; but as we were on our guard, we answered her sly questions with a simplicity she could not distrust; when, all of a sudden, we heard the trampling of a horse's feet at the door. This noise alarmed Strap so much, whose imagination was wholly engrossed by the image of Rifle, that, with a countenance as pale as milk, he cried,—'O Lord! there's the highwayman returned!' Our landlady, staring at these words, said,—'What highwayman, young man?—do you think any highwaymen harbour here?' Though I was very much disconcerted at this piece of indiscretion in Strap, I had presence of mind enough to tell her, we had met a horseman the day before, whom Strap had foolishly supposed to be a highwayman, because he rode with pistols; and that he had been terrified at the sound of a horse's feet ever since. She forced a smile at the ignorance and timidity of my comrade; but I could perceive (not without great concern) that this account was not at all satisfactory to her.

CHAPTER IX.

We proceed on our journey—are overtaken by an highwayman, who fires at Strap—is prevented from shooting me by a company of horsemen, who ride in pursuit of him—Strap is put to bed at an inn—adventures at that inn.

After having paid our score, and taken leave of our hostess, who embraced me tenderly at parting, we proceeded on our journey, blessing ourselves that we had come off so well.

We had not walked above five miles, when we observed a man on horseback galloping after us, whom we in a short time recognised to be no other than this formidable hero who had already given us so much vexation. He stopped hard by me, and asked if I knew who he was? My astonishment had disconcerted me so much, that I did not hear his question, which he repeated with a volley of oaths and threats; but I remained as mute as before. Strap, seeing my discomposure, fell upon his knees in the mud, uttering, with a lamentable voice, these words:—'For C—st's sake, have mercy upon us, Mr Rifle,—we know you very well.' 'Oho!' cried the thief, 'you do!—but you never shall be evidence against me in this world, you dog!' So saying, he drew a pistol, and fired it at the unfortunate shaver, who fell flat upon the ground, without speaking one word. My comrade's fate, and my own situation, rivetted me to the place where I stood, deprived of all sense and reflection; so that I did not make the least attempt either to run away, or deprecate the wrath of this barbarian, who snapped a second pistol at me; but before he had time to prime again, perceiving a company of horsemen coming up, he rode off, and left me standing motionless as a statue, in which posture I was found by those whose appearance had saved my life. This company consisted of three men in livery, well armed, with an officer, who (as I afterwards learned,) was the person from whom Rifle had taken the pocket pistols the day before; and who, making known his misfortune to a nobleman he met on the road, and assuring him his non-resistance was altogether owing to his consideration for the ladies in the coach, procured the assistance of his lordship's servants to go in quest of the plunderer. This holiday captain scampered up to me with great address, and asked who fired the pistol which he had heard. As I had not yet recovered my reason, he, before I could answer, observed a body lying on the ground; at which sight his colour changed, and he pronounced, with a faultering tongue,—'Gentlemen, here's murder committed! let us alight.' 'No, no,' said one of his followers, 'let us rather pursue the murderer. Which way went he, young man?' By this time I

had recollected myself so far as to tell them, that he could not be a quarter of a mile before; and to beg of one of them to assist me in conveying the corpse of my friend to the next house, in order to its being interred. The captain, foreseeing that, in case he should pursue, he must soon come to action, began to curb his horse, and give him the spur at the same time, which treatmeent making the creature rear up and snort, he called out, his horse was frightened, and would not proceed; at the same time wheeling him round and round, stroking his neck, whistling and wheedling him with—'sirrah, sirrah, gently, gently,' &c. 'Zounds!' cried one of the servants, 'sure my lord's sorrel is not resty!' With these words he bestowed a lash on his buttocks, and sorrel disdaining the rein, sprung forward with the captain at a pace that would have soon brought him up with the robber, had not the girth (happily for him) given way, by which means he landed in the dirt; and two of his attendants continued their pursuit, without minding his situation. Meanwhile, one of the three, who remained at my desire, turning the body of Strap, in order to see the wound which had killed him, found him still warm, and breathing; upon which I immediately let him blood, and saw him, with inexpressible joy, recover; he having received no other wound than what his fear had inflicted. Having raised him upon his legs, we walked together to an inn, about half a mile from the place, where Strap, who was not quite recovered, went to bed; and, in a little time, the third servant returned with the captain's horse and furniture, leaving him to crawl after as well as he could, This gentleman of the sword, upon his arrival, complained grievously of the bruise occasioned by his fall; and, on the recommendation of the servant, who warranted my ability, I was employed to bleed him, for which service he rewarded me with half a crown.

The time between this event and dinner, I passed in observing a game at cards between two farmers, an exciseman, and a young fellow in a rusty gown and cassock, who, as I afterwards understood, was curate of a neighbouring parish. It was easy to perceive that the match was not equal, and that

the two farmers, who were partners, had to do with a couple of sharpers, who stript them of all their cash in a very short time. But what surprised me very much was, to hear this clergyman reply to one of the countrymen, who seemed to suspect foul play, in these words:—'D—n me, friend, d'ye question my honour?'—I did not at all wonder to find a cheat in canonicals, this being a character frequent in my own country; but I was scandalized at the indecency of his behaviour, which appeared in the oaths he swore, and the bawdy songs which he sung. At last, to make amends, in some sort, for the damage he had done to the unwary boors, he pulled out a fiddle from the lining of his gown, and, promising to treat them at dinner, began to play most melodiously, singing in concert all the while. This good humour of the parson inspired the company with so much glee, that the farmers soon forgot their losses, and all present went to dancing in the yard. While we were agreeably amused in this manner, our musician, spying a horseman riding towards the inn, stopt all of a sudden, crying out,—Gad so! gentlemen, I beg your pardon; there's our dog of a doctor coming into the inn.' He immediately concealed his instrument, and ran towards the gate, where he took hold of the vicar's bridle, and helped him off, inquiring very cordially into the state of his health. This rosy son of the church (who might be about the age of fifty) having alighted, and entrusted the curate with his horse, stalked with great solemnity into the kitchen, where, sitting down by the fire, he called for a bottle of ale and a pipe; scarce deigning an answer to the submissive questions of those who inquired about the welfare of his family. While he indulged himself in this state, amidst a profound silence, the curate approaching him with great reverence, asked, if he would not be pleased to honour us with his company at dinner? To which interrogation he answered in the negative, saying, he had been to visit Squire Bumpkin, who had drank himself into a high fever at the last assizes; and that he had, on leaving his own house, told Betty he should dine at home. Accordingly, when he had made an end of his bottle and pipe, he rose and moved, with prelatical dignity, to the door, where his journeyman stood ready with his nag. He had no

sooner mounted, than the facetious curate coming into the kitchen, held forth in this manner: 'There the old rascal goes, and the d—l go with him. You see how the world wags, gentlemen. By Gad, this rogue of a vicar does not deserve to live; and yet he has two livings worth L.400 *per annum*, while poor I am fain to do all his drudgery, and ride twenty miles every Sunday to preach, for what? why, truly, for L.20 a-year. I scorn to boast of my own qualifications; but—comparisons are odious. I should be glad to know how this swag-bellied doctor deserves to be more at ease than me. He can loll in his elbow chair at home, indulge himself in the best of victuals and wine, and enjoy the conversation of Betty, his housekeeper. You understand me, gentlemen. Betty is the doctor's poor kinswoman, and a pretty girl she is; but no matter for that:—ay, and a dutiful girl to her parents, whom she visits regularly every year; though I must own, I could never learn in what country they live—My service t'ye, gentlemen.' By this time dinner being ready, I waked my companion, and we ate altogether with great cheerfulness. When our meal was ended, and every man's share of the reckoning adjusted, the curate went out on pretence of some necessary occasion, and mounting his horse, left the two farmers to satisfy the host in the best manner they could. We were no sooner informed of this piece of finesse, than the exciseman, who had been silent hitherto, began to open with a malicious grin:—'Ay, ay, this is an old trick of Shuffle: I could not help smiling when he talked of treating. You must know this is a very curious fellow. He picked up some scraps of learning while he served young Lord Trifle at the university. But what he most excels in is pimping. No man knows his talents better than I; for I was valet-de-chambre to Squire Tattle, an intimate companion of Shuffle's lord. He got himself into a scrape, by pawning some of his lordship's clothes, on which account he was turned away; but, as he was acquainted with some particular circumstances of my lord's conduct, he did not care to exasperate him too much, and so made interest for his receiving orders, and afterwards recommended him to the curacy which he now enjoys. However, the fellow cannot be too much admired for his dexterity

in making a comfortable livelihood, in spite of such a small allowance. You hear he plays a good stick, and is really diverting in company. These qualifications make him agreeable wherever he goes; and, as for playing at cards, there is not a man within three counties a match for him: the truth is, he is a d——ble cheat; and can shift a card with such address, that it is impossible to discover him.' Here he was interrupted by one of the farmers, who asked why he had not justice enough to acquaint them with these particulars before they engaged in play? The exciseman replied, without any hesitation, that it was none of his business to intermeddle between man and man; besides, he did not know they were ignorant of Shuffle's character, which was notorious to the whole country. This did not satisfy the other, who taxed him with abetting and assisting the curate's knavery, and insisting of having his share of the winnings returned: this demand the exciseman as positively refused, affirming, that whatsoever slights Shuffle might practise on other occasions, he was very certain, that he had played on the square with them, and would answer it before any bench in Christendom: so saying, he got up, and having paid his reckoning, sneaked off. The landlord thrusting his neck into the passage, to see if he was gone, shook his head, saying,—'Ah! Lord help us, if every sinner was to have his deserts.—Well, we victuallers must not disoblige the exciseman.—But I know what:—if parson Shuffle and he were weighed together, a straw thrown into either scale, would make the balance kick the beam.—But masters, this is under the rose,' continued Boniface, with a whisper.

CHAPTER X.

The highwayman is taken—we are detained as evidence against him—proceed to the next village—he escapes—we arrive at another inn, where we go to bed—in the night we are awaked by a dreadful adventure—next night we lodge at the house of a schoolmaster—our treatment there.

STRAP and I were about to depart on our journey, when we perceived a crowd on the road coming towards us, shouting

and hallooing all the way. As it approached, we could discern a man on horseback in the middle, with his hands tied behind him, whom we soon knew to be Rifle. This highwayman not being so well mounted as the two servants who went in pursuit of him, was soon overtaken, and, after having discharged his pistols, made prisoner without any further opposition. They were carrying him in triumph, amidst the acclamations of the country people, to a justice of peace in a neighbouring village, but stopped at our inn to join their companion, and take refreshment. When Rifle was dismounted, and placed in the yard, within a circle of peasants armed with pitchforks, I was amazed to see what a pitiful dejected fellow he now appeared, who had but a few hours before filled me with such terror and confusion. My companion was so much encouraged by this alteration in his appearance, that, going up to the thief, he presented his clenched fists to his nose, and declared he would either cudgel or box with him for a guinea, which he immediately produced, and began to strip, but was dissuaded from this adventure by me, who represented to him the folly of the undertaking, as Rifle was now in the hands of justice, which would, no doubt, give us all satisfaction enough. But what made me repent of our impertinent curiosity, was our being detained by the captors as evidence against him, when we were just going to set forward. However, there was no remedy; we were obliged to comply; and, accordingly, joined in the cavalcade, which luckily took the same road that we had proposed to follow. About the twilight, we arrived at the place of our destination; but as the justice was gone to visit a gentleman in the country, with whom (we understood) he would probably stay all night, the robber was confined in an empty garret three stories high, from which it seemed impossible for him to escape. This, nevertheless, was the case; for next morning, when they went up stairs to bring him before the justice, the bird was flown, having got out at the window upon the roof, from whence he continued his route along the tops of the adjoining houses, and entered another garret window, where he skulked until the family were asleep,

at which time he ventured down stairs, and let himself out by the street door, which was found open. This event was a great disappointment to those that apprehended him, who were flushed with hopes of the reward; but gave me great joy, as I was permitted now to continue my journey, without any further molestation. Resolving to make up for the small progress we had hitherto made, we this day travelled with great vigour, and before night reached a market-town, twenty miles from the place from whence we set out in the morning, without meeting any adventure worth notice. Here having taken up our lodging at an inn, I found myself so fatigued, that I began to despair of performing our journey on foot, and desired Strap to inquire if there were any waggon, return horses, or other cheap carriage in this place, to depart for London next day. He was informed, that the waggon from Newcastle to London had halted there two nights ago; and that it would be an easy matter to overtake it, if not the next day, at farthest the day after the next. This piece of news gave us some satisfaction; and, after having made a hearty supper on hashed mutton, we were shewn to our room, which contained two beds, the one allotted for us, and the other for a very honest gentleman, who, we were told, was then drinking below. Though we could have very well dispensed with his company, we were glad to submit to this disposition, as there was not another bed empty in the house; and, accordingly, went to rest, after having secured our baggage under the bolster. About two or three o'clock in the morning, I was waked out of a very profound sleep, by a dreadful noise in the chamber, which did not fail to throw me into an agony of consternation, when I heard these words pronounced with a terrible voice:—'Blood and wounds! run the halbert into the guts of him that's next you, and I'll blow the other's brains out presently.' This dreadful salutation had no sooner reached the ears of Strap, than, starting out of bed, he ran against somebody in the dark, and overturned him in an instant; at the same time bawling out,—'Fire! murder! fire!'—a cry which in a moment alarmed the whole house, and filled our chamber with a crowd of

naked people. When lights were brought, the occasion of all this disturbance soon appeared; which was no other than our fellow-lodger, whom we found lying on the floor scratching his head, with a look testifying the utmost astonishment at the concourse of apparitions that surrounded him. This honest gentleman was, it seems, a recruiting sergeant, who having listed two country fellows over night, dreamed they had mutinied, and threatened to murder him and the drummer who was along with him. This made such an impression on his imagination, that he got up in his sleep, and expressed himself as above. When our apprehension of danger vanished, the company beheld one another with great surprise and mirth; but what attracted the notice of every one, was our landlady, with nothing on her but her shift, and a large pair of buckskin breeches, with the backside before, which she had slipt on in the hurry, and her husband, with her petticoat about his shoulders: one had wrapt himself in a blanket, another was covered with a sheet, and the drummer, who had given his only shirt to be washed, appeared *in cuerpo*, with the bolster rolled about his middle. When this affair was discussed, every body retired to his own apartment, the sergeant slipped into bed, and my companion and I slept without any further disturbance till morning, when we got up, went to breakfast, paid our reckoning, and set forward, in expectation of overtaking the waggon; in which hope, however, we were disappointed for that day. As we exerted ourselves more than usual, I found myself quite spent with fatigue, when we entered a small village in the twilight. We inquired for a public house, and were directed to one of a very sorry appearance. At our entrance, the landlord, who seemed to be a venerable old man, with long gray hair, rose from a table placed by a large fire in a very neat paved kitchen, and, with a cheerful countenance, accosted us in these words:—'*salvete, pueri, ingredimini.*' I was not a little pleased to hear our host speak Latin, because I was in hope of recommending myself to him by my knowledge in that language; I therefore answered, without hesitation, '*dissolve frigus, ligna super foco—large reponens.*' I had

no sooner pronounced these words, than the old gentleman, running towards me, shook me by the hand, crying,—'*fili mi dilectissime! unde venis? a superis, ni fallor?*' In short, finding we were both read in the classics, he did not know how to testify his regard enough; but ordered his daughter, a jolly rosy cheeked damsel, who was his sole domestic, to bring us a bottle of his *quadrimum*, repeating, from Horace, at the same time,—'*deprome quadrimum sabina, O Thaliarche merum diota.*' This *quadrimum* was excellent ale of his own brewing, of which he told us he had always an *amphora* four years old for the use of himself and friends. In the course of our conversation, which was interlarded with scraps of Latin, we understood that this facetious person was a schoolmaster, whose income being small, he was fain to keep a glass of good liquor for the entertainment of passengers, by which he made shift to make the two ends of the year meet. 'I am this day,' said he, 'the happiest old fellow in his majesty's dominions. My wife, rest her soul, is in heaven. My daughter is to be married next week: but the two chief pleasures of my life are these—(pointing to the bottle, and a large edition of Horace that lay on the table). I am old, tis true,—what then? the more reason I should enjoy the small share of life that remains, as my friend Flaccus advises:—*tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi finem dii dederint. Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero.*' As he was very inquisitive about our affairs, we made no scruple of acquainting him with our situation, which, when he had learned, he enriched us with advices how to behave in the world, telling us, that he was no stranger to the deceits of mankind. In the meantime, he ordered his daughter to lay a fowl to the fire for supper, for he was resolved this night to regale his friends,—*permittens divis cætera.* While our entertainment was preparing, our host recounted the adventures of his own life, which, as they contain nothing remarkable, I forbear to rehearse. When we had fared sumptuously, and drank several bottles of his *quadrimum*, I expressed a desire of going to rest, which was with some difficulty complied with, after he had informed us, that we should overtake the waggon by noon next day; and that

there was room enough in it for a half a dozen, for there were only four passengers as yet in that convenience. Before my comrade and I fell asleep, we had some conversation about the good humour of our landlord, which gave Strap such an idea of his benevolence, that he positively believed we should pay nothing for our lodging and entertainment. 'Don't you observe,' said he, 'that he has conceived a particular affection for us; nay, even treated us at supper with extraordinary fare, which, to be sure, we should not of ourselves have called for?' I was partly of Strap's opinion; but the experience I had of the world made me suspend my belief till the morning, when, getting up betimes, we breakfasted with our host and his daughter on hasty-pudding and ale, and desired to know what we had to pay. 'Biddy will let you know, gentlemen,' said he, 'for I never mind these matters. Money matters are beneath the concern of one who lives upon the Horatian plan—*crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam*. Meanwhile, Biddy having consulted a slate that hung in the corner, told us our reckoning came to 8s. 7d. 'Eight shillings and seven pence!' cried Strap; ''tis impossible—you must be mistaken young woman.' 'Reckon again, child,' says her father, very deliberately, 'perhaps you have miscounted.' 'No, indeed, father,' she replied, 'I know my business better.' I could contain my indignation no longer, but said, it was an unconscionable bill, and demanded to know the particulars; upon which the old man got up, muttering—'ay, ay, let us see the particulars—that's but reasonable.' And, taking pen, ink, and paper, wrote the following items.——'To bread and bear, 6d.—to a fowl and sausages, 2s. 6d.—to four bottles *quadrim*. 2s.—to fire and tobacco, 7d.—to lodging, 2s.—to breakfast, 1s.—Total, 8s. 7d. As he had not the appearance of a common publican, and had raised a sort of veneration in me by his demeanour the preceding night, it was not in my power to upbraid him as he deserved; therefore, I contented myself with saying, I was sure he did not learn to be an extortioner from Horace. He answered, 'I was but a young man, and did not know the world, or I would not tax him with extortion, whose only aim was to live *con-*

tentus parvo, and keep off *importuna pauperies*.' My fellow-traveller could not so easily put up with this imposition; but swore he should either take one third of the money, or go without. While we were engaged in this dispute, I perceived the daughter go out, and, conjecturing the occasion, immediately paid the exhorbitant demand, which was no sooner done, than Biddy returned with two stout fellows, who came in on pretence of taking their morning draught; but in reality to frighten us into compliance. Just as we departed, Strap, who was half distracted on account of this piece of expense went up to the schoolmaster, and grinning in his face, pronounced, with great emphasis,—'*Semper avarus eget*.' To which the pedant replied, with a malicious smile,—'*Animum rege, qui, nisi paret, imperat*.'

CHAPTER XI.

We descry the waggon—get into it—arrive at an inn—our fellow-travellers described—a mistake is committed by Strap which produces strange things.

We travelled half a mile without exchanging one word; my thoughts being engrossed by the knavery of the world, to which I must be daily exposed; and the contemplation of my finances, which began sensibly to diminish. At length Strap, who could hold no longer, addressed me thus:—'Well, fools and their money are soon parted. If my advice had been taken, that old skinflint should have been damn'd before he had got more than the third of his demand.—'Tis a sure sign you came easily by your money, when you squander it away in this manner. Ah, God help you, how many bristly beards must I have mowed before I earned four shillings and three-pence halfpenny, which is all thrown to the dogs? How many days have I sat weaving hair, till my toes were numbed by the cold, my fingers cramp'd, and my nose as blue as the sign of the periwig that hung over the door? What the devil was you afraid of? I would have engaged to box with any one of those fellows

that came in, for a guinea. I'm sure I have beat stouter men than either of them.' And indeed my companion would have fought any body, when his life was in no danger; but he had a mortal aversion to fire arms, and all instruments of death. In order to appease him, I assured him no part of this extraordinary expense should fall upon his shoulders; at which declaration he was affronted, and told me, he would have me to know, that although he was a poor barber's boy, he had a soul to spend his money with the best 'squire of the land. Having walked all day at a great pace, without halting for a refreshment, we descried, towards the evening, to our inexpressible joy, the waggon about a quarter of a mile before us; and by the time we reached it, were both of us so weary, that, I verily believe, it would have been impracticable for us to have walked one mile farther. We therefore bargained with the driver, whose name was Joey, to give us a cast to the next stage for a shilling; at which place we should meet the master of the waggon, with whom we might agree for the rest of the journey.

Accordingly, the convenience stopped, and Joey having placed the ladder, Strap (being loaded with our baggage) mounted first; but, just as he was getting in, a tremendous voice assailed his ears in these words:—'God's fury! there shall no passengers come here.' The poor shaver was so disconcerted at this exclamation, which both he and I imagined proceeded from the mouth of a giant, that he descended with great velocity, and a countenance as white as paper. Joey perceiving our astonishment, called, with an arch sneer, —'Waunds, coptain, whay woan't you sooffer the poor waggoneer to meake a penny? Coom coom young man, get oop, get oop, never moind the coptain—I'se not afear'd of the coptain.' This was not encouragement sufficient to Strap, who could not be prevailed upon to venture up again; upon which I attempted, though not without a quaking heart, when I heard the same voice muttering like distant thunder,—'hell and the devil confound me, if I don't make you smart for this!' However, I crept in, and by accident, got an empty place in the straw, which I imme-

diately took possession of, without being able to discern the faces of my fellow-travellers in the dark. Strap following with the knapsack on his back, chanced to take the other side, and, by a jolt of the carriage, pitched directly upon the stomach of the captain, who bellowed out in a most dreadful manner,—'blood and thunder, where's my sword?' At these words, my frighted comrade started up, and at one spring bounced against me with such force, that I thought he was the supposed son of Anak, who intended to press me to death. In the meantime, a female voice cried,—'bless me, what is the matter, my dear?' 'The matter,' replied the captain, 'damn my blood! my guts are squeezed into a pancake by that Scotsman's hump.' Strap, trembling all the while at my back, asked him pardon, and laid the blame of what had happened upon the jolting of the waggon; and the woman who spoke before went on:—'ay, ay, my dear it is our own fault; we may thank ourselves for all the inconveniencies we meet with. I thank God I never travelled so before. I'm sure, if my lady or Sir John was to know where we are, they would not sleep this night for vexation. I wish to God we had wrote for the chariot: I know we shall never be forgiven.'—'Come, come, my dear,' replied the captain, 'it don't signify fretting now—we shall laugh it over as a frolic—I hope you will not suffer in your health. I shall make my lord very merry with our adventures in the diligence.' This discourse gave me such a high notion of the captain and his lady, that I durst not venture to join in the conversation. But immediately after, another female voice began:—'Some people give themselves a great many needless airs—better folks than any here have travelled in waggons before now. Some of us have rode in coaches and chariots, with three footmen behind them, without making so much fuss about it. What then? we are now all upon a footing; therefore let's be sociable and merry. What do you say, Isaac? Is not this a good motion, you doating rogue? speak, you old cent. per cent. fornicator. What desperate debts are you thinking of? what mortgage are you planning? Well, Isaac, positively

you shall never gain my favour till you turn over a new leaf, grow honest, and live like a gentleman. In the meantime, give me a kiss, you old fumbler.' These words, accompanied with a hearty smack, enlivened the person to whom they were addressed, to such a degree, that he cried, in a transport, though with a faultering voice,—'Ah! you wanton baggage—upon my credit you are a waggish girl, he, he, he.' This laugh introduced a fit of coughing, which almost suffocated the poor usurer, (such we afterwards found, was the profession of this our fellow-traveller). About this time I fell asleep, and enjoyed a comfortable nap, till such time as we arrived at the inn where we put up. Here, having alighted from the waggon, I had an opportunity of viewing the passengers in order as they entered. The first who appeared was a brisk airy girl, about twenty years old, with a silver-laced hat on her head, instead of a cap, a blue stuff riding-suit trimmed with silver, very much tarnished, and a whip in her hand. After her came limping an old man, with a worsted night-cap, buttoned under his chin, and a broad-brimmed hat slouched over it, an old rusty blue cloak tied about his neck, under which appeared a brown surtout, that covered a thread-bare coat and waistcoat, and, as we afterwards discerned, a dirty flannel jacket. His eyes were hollow, bleared, and gummy; his face was shrivelled into a thousand wrinkles; his gums were destitute of teeth, his nose sharp and drooping, his chin peaked and prominent, so that, when he mumped or spoke, they approached one another like a pair of nut-crakers: he supported himself on an ivory-headed cane; and his whole figure was a just emblem of winter, famine, and avarice. But how was I surprised when I beheld the formidable captain in the shape of a little thin creature, about the age of forty, with a long withered visage, very much resembling that of a baboon, through the upper part of which two little grey eyes peeped: he wore his own hair in a queue that reached to his rump, which immoderate length, I suppose, was the occasion of a baldness that appeared on the crown of his head, when he deigned to take off his hat, which was very much

of the size and cock of Pistol's. Having laid aside his great coat, I could not help admiring the extraordinary make of this man of war: he was about five feet and three inches high, sixteen inches of which went to his face and long scraggy neck; his thighs were about six inches in length, his legs resembling spindles or drumsticks, two feet and an half, and his body, which put me in mind of extension without substance, engrossed the remainder; so that, on the whole, he appeared like a spider or grasshopper erect, and was almost a *vox et præterea nihil*. His dress consisted of a frock of what is called bear-skin, the skirts of which were about half a foot long, an hussar waistcoat, scarlet breeches, reaching half-way down his thighs, worsted stockings, rolled up almost to his groin, and shoes with wooden heels at least two inches high: he carried a sword very near as long as himself in one hand, and with the other conducted his lady, who seemed to be a woman of his own age, and still retained some remains of an agreeable person: but so ridiculously affected, that, had I not been a novice in the world, I might have easily perceived in her the deplorable vanity and second-hand airs of a lady's woman. We were all assembled in the kitchen, when Captain Weazel (for that was his name) desired a room with a fire for himself and spouse, and told the landlord they would sup by themselves. The innkeeper replied, that he could not afford them a room by themselves; and, as for supping, he had prepared victuals for the passengers in the waggon, without respect of persons; but if he could prevail on the rest to let him have his choice in a separate manner, he should be very well pleased. This was no sooner said, than all of us declared against the proposal; and Miss Jenny (our other female passenger) observed, that, if Captain Weazel and his lady had a mind to sup by themselves, they might wait until we should have done. At this hint, the captain put on a martial frown, and looked very big, without speaking; while his yoke-fellow, with a disdainful toss of her nose, muttered something about—'creature!'—which Miss Jenny overhearing, stept up to her, saying,—'None of your names, good Mrs

Abigail;—creature, quotha—I'll assure you. No such creature as you, neither—no ten pound sneaker—no quality coupler.' Here the captain interposed, with a—'damme, Madam, what do you mean by that?' 'Damn you Sir, who are you?' replied Miss Jenny, 'who made you a captain, you pitiful, trencher-scraping, pimping curler?—'Sdeath! the army is come to a fine pass, when such fellows as you get commissions—what, I suppose you think I don't know you? agad you and your helpmate are well met—a cast off mistress and a bald valet-de-chambre are well yoked together.' 'Blood and wounds!' cried Weasel, 'd'ye question the honour of my wife, Madam? Hell and damnation! no man in England durst say so much. I would flea him—carbonado him! Fury and destruction! I would have his liver for my supper.' So saying, he drew his sword, and flourished with it, to the great terror of Strap; while Miss Jenny, snapping her fingers, told him she did not value his resentment a louse. In the midst of this quarrel, the master of the waggon alighted, who, understanding the cause of the disturbance, and fearing the captain and his lady would take umbrage, and leave his carriage, was at great pains to have every thing made up; which he at last accomplished, and we sat down to supper altogether. At bed-time we were shown to our apartments: the old usurer, Strap, and I, to one room; the captain, his wife, and Miss Jenny, to another. About midnight, my companion's bowels being disordered, he got up, in order to go backward; but, in his return, mistaking one door for another, entered Weasel's chamber, and, without any hesitation, went to bed to his wife, who was fast asleep; the captain being at another end of the room, groping for some empty vessel, in lieu of his own chamber-pot, which was leaky. As he did not perceive Strap coming in, he went towards his own bed, after having found a convenience; but no sooner did he feel a rough head, covered with a cotton night-cap, than it came into his mind, that he had mistaken Miss Jenny's bed instead of his own, and that the head he felt was that of some gallant, with whom she had made an assignation. Full of this con-

jecture, and scandalized at the prostitution of his apartment, he snatched up the vessel he had just before filled, and emptied it at once on the astonished barber and his own wife, who, waking at that instant, broke forth into lamentable cries, which not only alarmed the husband beyond measure, but frightened poor Strap almost out of his senses; for he verily believed himself bewitched; especially when the incensed captain seized him by the throat, with a volley of oaths, asking him how he durst have the presumption to attempt the chastity of his wife. Poor Strap was so amazed and confounded, that he could say nothing but—'I take God to witness, she's a virgin for me.' Mrs Weazel, enraged to find herself in such a pickle, through the precipitation of her husband, arose in her shift, and, with the heel of her shoe, which she found by the bed-side, belaboured the captain's bald pate, till he roared—'Murder.' 'I'll teach you to empty your stink-pots on me,' cried she, 'you pitiful hop-o'-my-thumb coxcomb. What! I warrant you're jealous, you man of lath. Was it for this I condescended to take you to my bed, you poor withered sapless twig?' The noise occasioned by this adventure had brought the master of the waggon and me to the door, where we overheard all that passed with great satisfaction. In the meantime, we were alarmed with the cry of—'Rape! murder! rape!' which Miss Jenny pronounced with great vociferation. O! you vile abominable old villain!' said she, 'would you rob me of my virtue? but I'll be revenged of you, you old goat! I will. Help! for heaven's sake! help! I shall be ravished, ruined! help!' Some servants of the inn, hearing this cry, came running up stairs with lights, and such weapons as chance afforded, when we beheld a very diverting scene. In one corner stood the poor captain, shivering in his shirt, which was all torn to rags, with a woeful visage scratched all over by his wife, who had by this time wrapped the counterpane about her, and sat sobbing on the side of her bed. In the other end lay the old usurer, sprawling on Miss Jenny's bed, with his flannel jacket over his shirt, and his tawny meagre limbs exposed to the air; while she held him

fast by the two ears and loaded him with execrations. When we asked what was the matter, she affected to weep; told us she was afraid that wicked rogue had ruined her in her sleep; and bade us take notice of what we saw, for she intended to make use of our evidence against him. The poor wretch looked like one more dead than alive, and begged to be released; a favour which he had no sooner obtained than he protested she was no woman, but a devil incarnate; that she had first seduced his flesh to rebel, and than betrayed him. 'Yes, cockatrice,' continued he, 'you know you laid this snare for me, but you shan't succeed, for I will hang myself before you shall get a farthing off me.' So saying, he crawled to his own bed, groaning all the way. We then advanced to the captain, who told us,—'Gentlemen, here has been a damn'd mistake; but I'll be revenged on him who was the occasion of it. That Scotsman who carries the knapsack shall not breathe this vital air another day if my name be Weazel. My dear, I ask you ten thousand pardons; you are sensible I could mean no harm to you.' 'I know not what you meant,' replied she, sighing, 'but I know I have got enough to send me to my grave.' At length they were reconciled. The wife was complimented with a share of Miss Jenny's bed (her own being overflowed), and the master of the waggon invited Weazel to sleep the remaining part of the night with him. I retired to mine, where I found Strap mortally afraid, he having stole away in the dark, while the captain and his lady were at loggerheads.

CHAPTER XII.

Captain Weazel challenges Strap, who declines the combat—an affair between the captain and me—the usurer is fain to give Miss Jenny five guineas for a release—we are in danger of losing a meal—the behaviour of Weazel, Jenny, and Joey, on that occasion—an account of Captain Weazel, and his lady—the captain's courage tried—Isaac's mirth at the captain's expense.

NEXT morning I agreed to give the master of the waggon ten shillings for my passage to London, provided Strap should

be allowed to take my place when I should be disposed to walk.—At the same time I desired him to appease the incensed captain, who had entered the kitchen with a drawn sword in his hand, and threatened, with many oaths, to sacrifice the villain who attempted to violate his bed; but it was to no purpose for the master to explain the mistake, and assure him of the poor lad's innocence, who stood trembling behind me all the while: the more submission that appeared in Strap, the more implacable seemed the resentment of Weazel, who swore he must either fight him, or he would instantly put him to death. I was extremely provoked at this insolence, and told him, it could not be supposed that a poor barber lad would engage a man of the sword at his own weapon; but I was persuaded he would wrestle or box with him. To which proposal Strap immediately gave assent, by saying, he would box with him for a guinea. Weazel replied, with a look of disdain, that it was beneath any gentleman of his character to fight like a porter, or even to put himself on a footing, in any respect, with such a fellow as Strap. 'Oddsbodikins!' cries Joey, 'sure, coptain, yaw would not commit murder! Here's a poor lad that is willing to make atoonement for his offence; and an that woan't satisfie yaw, offers to fight yaw fairly. An yaw woan't box, I dare say, he will coodgel with yaw. Woan't yaw, my lad?'—Strap, after some hesitation, answered,—'Yes, yes, I'll cudgel with him.' But this expedient being also rejected by the captain, I began to smell his character, and, tipping Strap the wink, told the company that I had always heard it said, the person who receives a challenge should have the choice of the weapons: this therefore being the rule in point of honour, I would venture to promise on the head of my companion, that he would even fight Captain Weazel at sharps; but it should be with such sharps as Strap was best acquainted with, namely, razors. At my mentioning razors, I could perceive the captain's colour change, while Strap, pulling me by the sleeve, whispered, with great eagerness,—'No, no, no, for the love of God, don't make any such bargain.' At length Weazel, recovering himself turned towards me,

and, with a ferocious countenance, asked,—'Who the devil are you? will you fight me?' With these words, putting himself in a posture, I was grievously alarmed at seeing the point of a sword within half a foot of my breast; and, springing to one side, snatched up a spit that stood in the chimney-corner, with which I kept my formidable adversary at bay, who made a great many half-longes, skipping backward at every push, till at last I pinned him up in a corner, to the no small diversion of the company. While he was in this situation, his wife entered, and, seeing her husband in these dangerous circumstances, uttered a dreadful scream; in this emergency, Weasel demanded a cessation, which was immediately granted: and at last was contented with the submission of Strap, who, falling upon his knees before him, protested the innocence of his intention, and asked pardon for the mistake he had committed. This affair being ended without bloodshed, we went to breakfast, but missed two of our company, namely, Miss Jenny and the usurer. As for the first, Mrs Weasel informed us, that she had kept her awake all night with her groans; and that when she arose in the morning, Miss Jenny was so much indisposed, that she could not proceed on her journey. At that instant, a message came from her to the master of the waggon, who immediately went into her chamber, followed by us all. She told him in a lamentable tone, that she was afraid of a miscarriage, owing to the fright she received last night from the brutality of Isaac; and, as the event was uncertain, desired the usurer might be detained to answer for the consequence. Accordingly this ancient Tarquin was found in the waggon, whither he had retired to avoid the shame of last night's disgrace, and brought by force into her presence. He no sooner appeared than she began to weep and sigh most piteously, and told us, if she died, she would leave her blood upon the head of that ravisher. Poor Isaac turned up his eyes and hands to Heaven, prayed that God would deliver him from the machinations of that Jezebel; and assured us with tears in his eyes, that his being found in bed with her, was the result of her own invitation. The wag-

gener understanding the case, advised Isaac to make it up, by giving her a sum of money: to which advice he replied with great vehemence,—'A sum of money!—a halter for the cockatrice!' 'Oh! 'tis very well,' said Miss Jenny—'I see it is in vain to attempt that flinty heart of his by fair means. Joey, be so good as to go the justice, and tell him there is a sick person here, who wants to see him on an affair of consequence.' At the name of justice, Isaac trembled, and, bidding Joey stay, asked with a quavering voice, what she would have? She told him, that, as he had not perpetrated his wicked purpose, she would be satisfied with a small matter. And though the damage she might sustain in her health might be irreparable, she would give him a release for an hundred guineas. 'An hundred guineas!' cried he, in an ecstacy, 'an hundred furies! where should a poor old wretch like me have an hundred guineas? If I had so much money, d'ye think I should be found travelling in a waggon at this season of the year?' 'Come, come,' replied Jenny, 'none of your miserly artifice here. You think I don't know Isaac Rapine, the money-broker in the Minories. Ah! you old rogue! many a pawn have you had of me and my acquaintance, which was never redeemed.' Isaac, finding it was in vain to disguise himself, offered twenty shillings for a discharge, which she absolutely refused under fifty pounds: at last, however, she was brought down to five, which he paid, with great reluctancy, rather than be prosecuted for a rape. After which accommodation the sick person made shift to get into the waggon, and we set forwards in great tranquillity, Strap being accommodated with Joey's horse, the driver himself choosing to walk. This morning and forenoon we were entertained with an account of the valour of Captain Weazel, who told us he had once knocked down a soldier that made game of him; tweaked a drawer by the nose, who found fault with his picking his teeth with a fork, at another time; and that he had moreover challenged a cheesemonger, who had the presumption to be his rival:—for the truth of which exploits he appealed to his wife. She confirmed whatever he said, and observed,—'The last affair

happened that very day on which I received a love-letter from squire Gobble; and don't you remember, my dear, I was prodigiously sick that very night with eating ortolans, when my lord Diddle took notice of my complexion's being altered, and my lady was so alarmed that she had well nigh fainted.' 'Yes, my dear,' replied the captain, 'you know, my lord said to me with a sneer, 'Billy, Mrs Weasel is certainly breeding.' And I answered, cavalierly,—'My lord, I wish I could return the compliment.' Upon which the whole company broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter; and my lord, who loves a repartee dearly, came round and bussed me.' We travelled in this manner five days, without interruption, or meeting any thing worth notice; Miss Jenny (who soon recovered her spirits) entertaining us every day with diverting songs, of which she could sing a great number; and rallying her old gallant, who, notwithstanding, would never be reconciled to her. On the sixth day, while we were about to sit down to dinner, the innkeeper came and told us, that three gentlemen, just arrived, had ordered the victuals to be carried to their apartment, although he had informed them that they were bespoke by the passengers in the waggon. To which information they had replied,—'The passengers in the waggon might be damned, their betters must be served before them—they supposed it would be no hardship on such travellers to dine upon bread and cheese for one day.' This was a terrible disappointment to us all; and we laid our heads together how to remedy it; when Miss Jenny observed that captain Weasel, being by profession a soldier, ought in this case to protect and prevent us from being insulted. But the captain excused himself, saying, he would not for all the world be known to have travelled in a waggon; swearing, at the same time, that, could he appear with honour, they should eat his sword sooner than his provision. Upon this declaration, Miss Jenny, snatching his weapon, drew it, and ran immediately into the kitchen, where she threatened to put the cook to death if he did not send the victuals into our chamber immediately. The noise she made brought the three strangers down, one

of whom no sooner perceived her, than he cried,—'Ha! Jenny Ramper! what the devil brought thee hither?' 'My dear Jack Rattle!' replied she, running into his arms, 'is it you? then Weazel may go to hell for a dinner—I shall dine with you.' They consented to this proposal with a great deal of joy; and we were on the point of being reduced to a very uncomfortable meal, when Joey, understanding the whole affair, entered the kitchen with a pitchfork in his hand, and swore he would be the death of any man who should pretend to seize the victuals prepared for the waggon. This menace had like to have produced fatal consequences; the three strangers drawing their swords, and being joined by their servants, and we ranging ourselves on the side of Joey; when the landlord interposing, offered to part with his own dinner to keep the peace, which was accepted by the strangers; and we sat down to table without any further molestation. In the afternoon, I chose to walk along with Joey, and Strap took my place. Having entered into a conversation with this driver, I soon found him to be a merry, facetious, good-natured fellow, and withal very arch: he informed me, that Miss Jenny was a common girl upon the town; who falling into company with a recruiting officer, he carried her down in the stage-coach from London to Newcastle, where he had been arrested for debt, and was now in prison; upon which she was fain to return to her former way of life, by this conveyance. He told me, likewise, that one of the gentlemen's servants whom we left at the inn, having accidently seen Weazel, immediately knew him, and acquainted Joey with some particulars of his character. That he had served my lord Frizzle in quality of valet-de-chambre many years, while he lived separate from his lady: but, upon their reconciliation, she expressly insisted upon Weazel's being turned off, as well as the woman he kept; when his lordship, to get rid of them both with a good grace, proposed that he should marry his mistress, and he would procure a commission for him in the army; this expedient was agreed to; and Weazel is now, by his lordship's interest, ensign in ——'s regiment. I found he and I had the same sentiments

with regard to Weasel's courage, which we resolved to put to the trial, by alarming the passengers with the cry of—'an highwayman!' as soon as an horseman should appear. This scheme we put in practice towards the dusk, when we descried a man on horseback approaching us. Joey had no sooner intimated to the people in the waggon, that he was afraid we should be all robbed, than a general consternation arose: Strap jumped out of the waggon, and hid himself behind a hedge. The usurer put forth ejaculations, and made a rustling among the straw, which made us conjecture he had hid something under it. Mrs Weasel, wringing her hands, uttered lamentable cries: and the captain, to our great amusement, began to snore; but this artifice did not succeed; for Miss Jenny, shaking him by the shoulder, bawled out,—'Sdeath! captain, is this time to snore, when we are going to be robbed? get up, for shame, and behave like a soldier and a man of honour.' Weasel pretended to be in a great passion for being disturbed, and swore he would have his nap out if all the highwaymen in England surrounded him. 'D—n my blood! what are you afraid of?' continued he, at the same time trembling with such agitation, that the whole carriage shook. This singular piece of behaviour incensed Miss Ramper so much, that she cried,—'D—n your pitiful soul, you are as arrant a poltroon, as ever was drummed out of a regiment. Stop the waggon, Joey, —let me get out, and, by G—d, if I have rhetoric enough, the thief shall not only take your purse, but your skin also.' So saying, she leaped out with great agility. By this time the horseman came up with us, and happened to be a gentleman's servant well known to Joey, who communicated the scheme, and desired him to carry it on a little further, by going up to the waggon, and questioning those within. The stranger consenting, for the sake of diversion, approached it, and, in a terrible tone, demanded, 'Who have we got here?' Isaac replied, with a lamentable voice,—'Here's a poor miserable sinner, who has got a small family to maintain, and nothing in the world wherewithal, but these fifteen shillings, which if you rob me of, we must all starve together.' Who's

that sobbing in the other corner?' (said the supposed highwayman). 'A poor unfortunate woman,' answered Mrs Weasel, 'upon whom I beg you, for Christ's sake, to have compassion.' 'Are you maid or wife?' said he. 'Wife to my sorrow,' cried she. 'Who or where is your husband?' continued he. 'My husband,' replied Mrs Weasel, 'is an officer in the army, and was left sick at the last inn where we dined.' 'You must be mistaken, madam,' said he, 'for I myself saw him get into the waggon this afternoon. But pray what smell is that? sure your lap-dog has befouled himself!—let me catch hold of the nasty cur, I'll teach him better manners.' Here he laid hold of one of Weasel's legs, and pulled him out from under his wife's petticoats, where he had concealed himself. The poor trembling captain, being detected in this inglorious situation, rubbed his eyes, and, affecting to wake out of sleep, cried, 'What's the matter?—what's the matter?' 'The matter is not much,' answered the horseman, I only called in to inquire after your health, and so adieu, most noble captain. So saying he clapped spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment. It was some time before Weasel could recollect himself, but at length, re-assuming the big look, he said,—'D—n the fellow! why did he ride away, before I had time to ask him how his lord and lady do?—don't you remember Tom, my dear?' addressing himself to his wife. 'Yes,' replied she, 'I think I do remember something of the fellow; but you know I seldom converse with people of his station.' 'Heyday! cried Joey, 'do yaw knaw the young mon, coptain?' 'Know him,' said Weasel, 'many a time has he filled a glass of Burgundy for me at my lord Trippet's table.' 'And what may his neame be, coptain?' said Joey. 'His name!—his name,' replied Weasel, 'is Tom Rinser.' 'Waunds!' cried Joey, 'a has changed his own neame then! for I'se lay a wager he was christened John Trotter.' This observation raised a laugh against the captain, who seemed very much disconcerted; when Isaac broke silence, and said,—'It was no matter who or what he was, since he has not proved the robber we suspected; and we ought to bless God for our

narrow escape.' 'Bless God,' said Weazel, 'bless the devil! for what? had he been a highwayman, I should have eat his blood, body, and guts, before he had robbed me, or any one in this *diligence*.' 'Ha, ha, ha,' cried Miss Jenny, 'I believe you will eat all you kill indeed, captain.' The usurer was so well pleased at the event of this adventure, that he could not refrain from being severe, and took notice that captain Weazel seemed to be a good christian, for he had armed himself with patience and resignation instead of carnal weapons, and worked out his salvation with fear and trembling. This piece of satire occasioned a great deal of mirth at Weazel's expense, who muttered a great many oaths, and threatened to cut Isaac's throat. The usurer, taking hold of this menace, said,—'Gentlemen and ladies, I take you all to witness, that my life is in danger from this bloody-minded officer: I'll have him bound over to the peace.' This second sneer procured another laugh against him, and he remained crest-fallen during the remaining part of our journey.

CHAPTER XIII.

Strap and I are terrified by an apparition—Strap's conjecture—the mystery explained by Joey—we arrive at London—our dress and appearance described—we are insulted in the street—an adventure in an ale-house—we are imposed upon by a waggish footman—set to rights by a tobacconist—take lodgings—dine for a dinner—an accident at our ordinary.

We arrived at our inn, supped, and went to bed; but Strap's distemper continuing, he was obliged to rise in the middle of the night, and taking the candle in his hand, which he had left burning for the purpose, he went down to the house of office, whence in a short time he returned in a great hurry, with his hair standing on end, and a look betokening horror and astonishment. Without speaking a word, he set down the light, and jumped into bed behind me, where he lay and trembled with great violence. When I asked him what was the matter, he replied with a broken accent,—'God have

mercy on us! I have seen the devil.' Though my prejudice was not quite so strong as his, I was not a little alarmed at this exclamation, and much more so, when I heard the sound of bells approaching our chamber, and felt my bedfellow cling close to me, uttering these words,—'Christ have mercy upon us! there he comes.' At this instant a monstrous over-grown raven entered our chamber, with bells at his feet, and made directly towards our bed. As this creature is reckoned in our country a common vehicle for the devil and witches to play their pranks in, I verily believed we were haunted, and in a violent fright shrunk under the bed-clothes. This terrible apparition leapt upon the bed, and, after giving us several severe dabs with its beak through the blankets, hopped away and vanished. Strap and I recommended ourselves to the protection of heaven with great devotion, and, when we no longer heard the noise, ventered to peep up and take breath. But we had not been long freed from this phantom, when another appeared that had well nigh deprived us both of our senses. We perceived an old man enter the room with a long white beard that reached to his middle; there was a certain wild peculiarity in his eyes and countenance, that did not savour of this world; and his dress consisted of a brown stuff coat buttoned behind, and at the wrists, with an old fashioned cap of the same suff upon his head. I was so amazed that I had not power to move my eyes from such a ghastly object, but lay motionless, and saw him come straight up to me: when he reached the bed he wrung his hands, and cried with a voice that did not seem to belong to a human creature,—'Where is Ralpho?' I made no reply; upon which he repeated, in an accent still more preternatural,—'Where is Ralpho?' He had no sooner pronounced these words, than I heard the sound of the bells at a distance; which the apparition having listened to, tripped away, and left me almost petrified with fear. It was a good while before I could recover myself so for as to speak; and when at length I turned to Strap, I found him in a fit, which, however, did not last long. When he came to himself, I asked his opinion of what had happened; and he as-

sured me, that the first must certainly be the soul of some person damned, which appeared by the chains about his legs (for his fears had magnified the creature to the bigness of a horse, and the sound of small morrice-bells to the clanking of massy chains). As for the old man, he took it to be the spirit of somebody murdered long ago in this place, which had power granted it to torment the assassin in the shape of a raven, and that Ralpho was the name of the said murderer. Although I had not much faith in this interpretation, I was too much troubled to enjoy any sleep; and in all my future adventures never passed a night so ill. In the morning, Strap imparted the whole affair to Joey, who, after an immoderate fit of laughter, explained the matter, by telling him the old man was the landlord's father, who had been an idiot some years, and diverted himself with a tame raven, which, it seems, had hopped away from his apartment in the night, and induced him to follow it to our chamber, where he had inquired after it, under the name of Ralpho.

Nothing remarkable happened during the remaining part of our journey, which continued six or seven days longer: at length we entered the great city, and lodged all night at the inn where the waggon put up. Next morning, all the passengers parted different ways; while my companion and I sallied out to inquire for the member of parliament to whom I had a letter of recommendation from Mr Crab. As we had discharged our lodging at the inn, Strap took up our baggage, and marched behind me in the street with the knapsack on his back, as usual, so that we made a very whimsical appearance. I had dressed myself to the greatest advantage; that is, put on a clean ruffled shirt, and my best thread stockings: my hair (which was of the deepest red) hung down upon my shoulders, as lank and straight as a pound of candles; and the skirts of my coat reached to the middle of my leg; my waistcoat and breeches were of the same piece; and cut in the same taste; and my hat very much resembled a barber's bason, in the shallowness of the crown, and narrowness of the brims. Strap was habited in a much less awkward manner; but a short-crop-eared wig,

that very much resembled Scrub's in the play, and the knapsack on his back, added to what is called a queer phiz, occasioned by a long chin, hook nose, and high cheek bones, rendered him on the whole a very fit subject of mirth and pleasantry. As we walked along, Strap, at my desire, inquired of a carman whom we met, whereabouts Mr Cringer lived; and was answered by a stare accompanied with the word—'anan!' upon which I came up, in order to explain the question, but had the misfortune to be unintelligible likewise, the carman damning us for a lousy Scots guard, and whipping his horses, with a—'gee ho!' which nettled me to the quick, and roused the indignation of Strap so far, that after the fellow was gone a good way, he told me he would fight him for a farthing. While we were deliberating upon what was to be done, an hackney coachman driving softly along, and perceiving us standing by the kennel, came up close to us, and calling, 'a coach master!' by a dexterous management of the reins, made his horses stumble in the wet, and bedaub us all over with mud. After which exploit, he drove on, applauding himself with a hearty laugh, in which several people joined, to my great mortification; but one more compassionate than the rest, seeing us strangers, advised me to go into an ale-house, and dry myself. I thanked him for his advice, which I immediately complied with; and going into the house he pointed out, called for a pot of beer, and sat down by a fire in the public room, where we cleaned ourselves as well as we could. In the meantime, a wag, who sat in a box smoking his pipe, understanding by our dialect that we were from Scotland, came up to me, and with a grave countenance, asked how long I had been caught? As I did not know the meaning of this question, I made no answer; and he went on, saying, it could not be a great while, for my tail was not yet cut; at the same time, taking hold of my hair, and tipping the wink to the rest of the company, who seemed highly entertained with his wit. I was incensed at this usage, but afraid of resenting it, because I happened to be in a strange place, and perceived the person who spoke to me was a brawny fellow, for whom I thought

myself by no means a match. However, Strap, having either more courage or less caution, could not put up with the insults that I suffered; but told him, in a peremptory tone,—'he was an uncivil fellow for making so free with his betters.' Then the wit going towards him, asked, what he had got in his knapsack?—'Is it oatmeal or brimstone, Sawney?' said he, seizing him by the chin, which he shook, to the inexpressible diversion of all present. My companion feeling himself assualted in such an approbrious manner, disengaged himself in a trice, and lent his antagonist such a box on the ear, as made him stagger to the other side of the room; and, in a moment, a ring was formed for the combatants. Seeing Strap beginning to strip, and my blood being heated with indignation, which banished all other thoughts, I undressed myself to the skin in an instant, and declared, that as the affront that occasioned the quarrel was offered to me, I would fight it out myself; upon which one or two cried out,—'that's a brave Scots boy; you shall have fair play, by G—d.' This assurance gave me fresh spirits, and going up to my adversary, who by his pale countenance, did not seem much inclined to the battle, I struck him so hard on the stomach, that he reeled over a bench, and fell to the ground. Then I attempted to keep him down, in order to improve my success, according to the manner of my own country; but was restrained by the spectators, one of whom endeavoured to raise up my opponent, but in vain: for he protested he would not fight, for he was not quite recovered of a late illness. I was very well pleased with this excuse, and immediately dressed myself, having acquired the good opinion of the company for my bravery, as well as of my comrade Strap, who shook me by the hand, and wished me joy of the victory. After having drank our pot, and dried our clothes, we inquired of the landlord if he knew Mr Cringer, the member of parliament, and were amazed at his replying in the negative; for we imagined he must be altogether as conspicuous here as in the borough he represented; but he told us we might possibly hear of him as we passed along. We betook ourselves therefore to the street,

where, seeing a footman standing at a door, we made up to him, and asked if he knew where our patron lived? This member of the party-coloured fraternity, surveying us both very minutely, said he knew Mr Cringer very well, and bade us turn down the first street on our left, then turn to the right, and then to the left again, after which perambulation we would observe a lane, through which we must pass, and at the other end we should find an alley that leads to another street, where we should see the sign of the *Thistle and three pedlars*, and there he lodged. We thanked him for his information, and went forwards, Strap telling me, that he knew this person to be an honest friendly man by his countenance, before he opened his mouth; in which opinion I acquiesced, ascribing his good manners to the company he daily saw in the house where he served. We followed his directions punctually, in turning to the left and to the right, and to the left again; but, instead of seeing a lane before us, found ourselves at the side of the river, a circumstance that perplexed us not a little; and my fellow-traveller ventured to pronounce, that we had certainly missed our way. By this time we were pretty much fatigued with our walk, and not knowing how to proceed, I went into a small snuff shop hard by, encouraged by the sign of the Highlander, where I found, to my inexpressible satisfaction, the shopkeeper was my countryman. He was no sooner informed of our perigrination, and the directions we had received from the footman, than he informed us, we had been imposed upon, telling us, Mr Cringer lived in the other end of the town; and that it would be to no purpose for us to go thither to-day, for by that time he was gone to the house. I then asked if he could recommend us to a lodging. He readily gave us a line to one of his acquaintance who kept a chandler's shop not far from St Martin's lane; there we hired a bed-room, up two pair of stairs, at the rate of 2s. per week, so very small, that, when the bed was let down, we were obliged to carry out every other piece of furniture that belonged to the apartment, and use the bedstead by way of chairs. About dinner-time, our landlord asked us how we proposed to live? to which

interrogation we answered, that we would be directed by him. 'Well then,' says he, 'there are two ways of eating in this town, for people of your condition, the one more creditable and expensive than the other: the first is, to dine at an eating-house frequented by well-dressed people only; and the other is called diving, practised by those who are either obliged or inclined to live frugally.' I gave him to understand, that provided the last was not infamous, it would suit much better with our circumstances than the other. 'Infamous!' cried he, 'God forbid! There are many creditable people, rich people, aye, and fine people, that dive every day. I have seen many a pretty gentleman with a laced waistcoat dine in that manner very comfortably for threepence halfpenny, and go afterwards to the coffee-house, where he made a figure with the best lord in the land—but your own eyes shall bear witness—I will go along with you to-day, and introduce you. He accordingly conducted us to a certain lane, where stopping, he bade us observe him, and do as he did, and, walking a few paces, dived into a cellar, and disappeared in an instant. I followed his example, and descending very successfully, found myself in the middle of a cook's shop, almost suffocated with the steams of boiled beef, and surrounded by a company of hackney-coachmen, chairmen, draymen, and a few footmen out of place or on board wages, who sat eating shin of beef, tripe, cow-heel, or sausages, at separate boards, covered with cloths which turned my stomach. While I stood in amaze, undetermined whether to sit down or walk upwards again, Strap in his descent missing one of the steps, tumbled headlong into this infernal ordinary, and overturned the cook as she carried a porringer of soup to one of the guests: in her fall, she dashed the whole mess against the legs of a drummer belonging to the foot-guards, who happened to be in her way, and scalded him so miserably, that he started up, and danced up and down, uttering a volley of execrations that made my hair stand on end. While he entertained the company in this manner, with an eloquence peculiar to himself, the cook got up, and, after a hearty curse on the poor author of this mischance, who lay

under the table scratching his rump with a woeful countenance, emptied a salt-seller in her hand, and, stripping down the patient's stocking, which brought the skin along with it, applied the contents to the sore. This poultice was scarce laid on, when the drummer, who had begun to abate of his exclamation, broke forth into such a hideous yell, as made the whole company tremble; then seising a pewter pint-pot that stood by him, squeezed the sides of it together, as if it had been made of pliant leather, grinding his teeth at the same time with a most horrible grin. Guessing the cause of this violent transport, I bade the woman wash off the salt, and bathe the part with oil, which she did, and procured him immediate ease. But here another difficulty occurred, which was no other than the landlady's insisting on his paying for the pot he had rendered useless. He swore he would pay for nothing but what he had eaten, and bade her be thankful for his moderation, or else he would prosecute her for damages. Strap, foreseeing the whole affair would lie at his door, promised to satisfy the cook, and called for a dram of gin to treat the drummer, which entirely appeased him, and composed all animosities. After this accommodation, our landlord and we sat down at a board, and dined upon shin of beef most deliciously; our reckoning amounting to twopence halfpenny each, bread and small beer included.

CHAPTER XIV.

We visit Strap's friend—a description of him—his advice—we go to Mr Cringer's house—are denied admittance—an accident befals Strap—his behaviour thereupon—an extraordinary adventure occurs, in the course of which I lose all my money.

In the afternoon my companion proposed to call at his friend's house, which, we were informed, was in the neighbourhood, whither we accordingly went, and were so lucky as to find him at home. This gentleman, who had come from Scotland three or four years before, kept a school in

town, where he taught the Latin, French, and Italian languages; but what he chiefly professed was the pronunciation of the English tongue, after a method more speedy and uncommon than any practised heretofore; and indeed, if his scholars spoke like their master, the latter part of his undertaking was certainly performed to a tittle; for, although I could easily understand every word of what I had heard hitherto since I entered England, three parts in four of his dialect were as unintelligible to me, as if he had spoke in the Arabic or Irish. He was a middle-sized man, and stooped very much, though not above the age of forty; his face frightfully pitted with the small-pox, and his mouth extended from ear to ear. He was dressed in a night-gown of plaid, fastened about his middle with a sergeant's old sash, and a tie periwig, with a fore-top three inches high, in the fashion of King Charles II.'s reign. After he had received Strap (who was related to him) very courteously, he inquired of him who I was, and, being informed, took me by the hand, telling me he was at school with my father. When he understood my situation, he assured me that he would do me all the service in his power, both by his advice and otherwise; and while he spoke these words, eyed me with great attention, walking round me several times, and muttering,—'C—st! O C—st! fat a saight is here?' I soon guessed the reason of his ejaculation, and said,—'I suppose, Sir, you are not pleased with my dress?' 'Dress!' answered he, 'you may caal it what you please in your country, but I vow to Gad 'tis a masquerade here. No christian will admit such a figure into his hawse. Upon my conscience, I wonder the dogs did not hunt you. Did you pass through St James's market? God bless my eye-saight! you look like a cousin-german of Ourang Outang.' I began to be a little serious at this discourse, and asked him if he thought I should obtain entrance to-morrow at the house of Mr Cringer, on whom I chiefly depended for an introduction into business. 'Mr Cringer, Mr Cringer,' (replied he, scratching his cheek,) 'may be a very honest gentleman—I know nothing to the contrary; but is your sole dependence

upon him? who recommended you to him?' I pulled out Mr Crab's letter, and told him the foundation of my hopes; at which he stared at me, and repeated—'C—st!' I began to conceive bad omens from this behaviour of his, and begged he would assist me with his advice, which he promised to give me frankly: and, as a specimen, directed us to a periwig warehouse in the neighbourhood, in order to be accommodated; laying strong injunctions on me not to appear before Mr Cringer till I had parted with these carroty locks, which (he said) were sufficient to beget an antipathy against me in all mankind. And, as we were going to pursue this advice, he called me back, and bade me be sure to deliver my letter into Mr Cringer's own hand. As we walked along, Strap triumphed greatly in our reception with his friend, who, it seems, had assured him he would, in a day or two, provide for him with some good master; and 'now,' says he, 'you shall see how I shall fit you with a wig. There's ne'er a barber in London (and that's a bold word) can pawn a rotten caul, or a penny-weight of dead hair, upon me.' And indeed this zealous adherent did wrangle so long with the merchant, that he was desired twenty times to leave the shop, and see if he could get one cheaper elsewhere. At length I made choice of a good handsome bob, for which I paid ten shillings, and returned to our lodging, where Strap in a moment rid me of that hair which had given the schoolmaster so much offence.

We got up next day betimes, having been informed that Mr Cringer gave audience by candle-light to all his dependents, he himself being obliged to attend the levee of my Lord Terrier at break of day, because his lordship made one at the minister's between eight and nine o'clock. When we came to Mr Cringer's door, Strap, to give me an instance of his politeness, ran to the knocker, which he employed so loud and so long, that he alarmed the whole street; and a window opening in the second story of the next house, a chamber-pot was discharged upon him so effectually, that the poor barber was wet to the skin, while I, being luckily at some distance, escaped the unsavoury deluge. In the meantime,

a footman opening the door, and seeing nobody in the street but us, asked, with a stern countenance, if it was I who made such a damned noise, and what I wanted? I told him I had business with his master, whom I desired to see. Upon which he clapped the door in my face, telling me, I must learn better manners before I could have access to his master. Vexed at this disappointment, I turned my resentment against Strap, whom I sharply reprimanded for his presumption; but, he, not in the least regarding what I said, wrung the urine out of his periwig, and lifting up a large stone, flung it with such force against the street door of that house from whence he had been bedewed, that the lock giving way, it flew wide open, and he took to his heels, leaving me to follow him as I could. Indeed there was no time for deliberation; I therefore pursued him with all the speed I could exert, until we found ourselves, about the dawn, in a street we did not know. Here, as we wandered along, gaping about, a very decent sort of a man passing by me, stopped of a sudden, and took up something, which having examined, he turned, and presented it to me, with these words:—'Sir, you have dropt *half-a-crown*.' I was not a little surprised at this instance of honesty, and told him it did not belong to me; but he bade me recollect, and see if all my money was safe: upon which I pulled out my purse (for I had bought one since I came to town), and reckoning my money in my hand, which was now reduced to five guineas seven shillings and twopence, assured him I had lost nothing. 'Well then,' says he, 'so much the better—this is God-send; and as you two were present when I picked it up, you are entitled to equal shares with me.' I was astonished at these words, and looked upon this person to be a prodigy of integrity, but absolutely refused to take any part of the sum. 'Come, gentlemen,' said he, 'you are too modest—I see you are strangers; but you shall give me leave to treat you with a whet this cold raw morning.' I would have declined this invitation, but Strap whispered to me that the gentleman would be affronted, and I complied. 'Where shall we go?' said the stranger, 'I am quite ig-

norant of this part of the town.' I informed him that we were in the same situation: upon which he proposed to go into the first public-house we should find open; and, as we walked together, he began in this manner.—'I find by your tongues you are from Scotland, gentlemen. My grandmother by the father's side was of your country; and I am so prepossessed in its favour, that I never meet a Scotsman but my heart warms. The Scots are a very brave people. There is scarce a great family in the kingdom that cannot boast of some exploits performed by its ancestors many hundred years ago. There's your Douglases, Gordons, Campbells, Hamiltons. We have no such ancient families here in England. Then you are all very well educated. I have known a pedlar talk in Greek and Hebrew as well as if they had been his mother tongue. And for honesty, I once had a servant, his name was Gregory Macgregor, I would have trusted him with untold gold. This eulogium on my native country gained my affection so strongly, that I believe I could have gone to death to serve the author; and Strap's eyes swam in tears. At length, as we passed through a dark narrow lane, we perceived a public-house, which we entered, and found a man sitting by the fire, smoking a pipe, with a pint of purl before him. Our new acquaintance asked us, if ever we had drank egg-flip? to which question we answering in the negative, he assured us of a regale, and ordered a quart to be prepared, calling for pipes and tobacco at the same time. We found this composition very palatable, and drank heartily; the conversation (which was introduced by the gentleman) turning upon the snares that young inexperienced people are exposed to in this metropolis. He described a thousand cheats that are daily practised upon the ignorant and unwary; and warned us of them with so much good nature and concern, that we blessed the opportunity which threw us in his way. After we had put the can about for some time, our new friend began to yawn, telling us he had been up all night with a sick person; and proposed we should have recourse to some diversion to keep him awake. 'Suppose,' said he, 'we should

take a hand at whist for pastime. But let me see, that won't do, there's only three of us; and I cannot play at any other game. The truth is, I seldom or never play, but out of complaisance, or at such a time as this, when I am in danger of falling asleep.' Although I was not much inclined to gaming, I felt no aversion to pass an hour or two at cards with a friend; and, knowing that Strap understood as much of the matter as I, made no scruple of saying, 'I wish we could find a fourth hand.' While we were in this perplexity, the person whom we found in the house at our entrance, overhearing our discourse, took the pipe from his mouth very gravely, and accosted us thus:—'Gentlemen, my pipe is out, you see' (shaking the ashes into the fire), 'and rather than you should be baulked, I don't care if I take a hand with you for a trifle; but remember I won't play for anything of consequence.' We accepted his proffer with pleasure. Having cut for partners, it fell to my lot to play with him against our friend and Strap, for threepence a game. We were so successful, that, in a short time, I was half a crown gainer; when the gentleman whom we had met in the street observing he had no luck to-day, proposed to leave off, or change partners. By this time I was inflamed with my good fortune and the expectation of improving it, as I perceived the two strangers played but indifferently: therefore I voted for giving him his revenge; and, cutting again, Strap and I (to our mutual satisfaction) happened to be partners. My good fortune attended me still: and in less than an hour, we had got thirty shillings of their money; for, as they lost, they grew the keener, and doubled stakes every time. At last the inconstant goddess began to veer about; and we were very soon stripped of all our gains, and about forty shillings of our own money. This loss mortified me extremely, and had a visible effect on the muscles of Strap's face, which lengthened apace; but our antagonists perceiving our condition, kindly permitted us to retrieve our loss, and console ourselves with a new acquisition. Then my companion wisely suggested it was time to be gone; upon which the person who had joined us in the house be-

gan to curse the cards, and muttered that we were indebted to fortune only for what we had got, no part of our success being owing to our good play. This insinuation nettled me so much, that I challenged him to a game of piquet for a crown; and he was with difficulty persuaded to accept the invitation. This contest ended in less than an hour, to my inexpressible affliction, who lost every shilling of my own money, Strap absolutely refusing to supply me with a sixpence. The gentleman, at whose request we had come in, perceiving, by my disconsolate looks, the situation of my heart, which well nigh bursted with grief and resentment, when the other stranger got up, and went away with my money, began in this manner.—'I am truly afflicted at your bad luck, and would willingly repair it was it in my power. But what in the name of goodness could provoke you to tempt your fate so long? it is always a maxim with gamesters, to pursue success as far as it will go, and to stop whenever fortune shifts about. You are a young man, and your passions too impetuous; you must learn to govern them better: however, there is no experience like that which is bought; you will be the better for this the longest day you have to live. As for the fellow who has got your money, I don't half like him. Did you not observe me tip you the wink to leave off in time.' I answered, no. 'No,' continued he, 'you was too eager to mind any thing but the game. But, harkee,' said he, in a whisper, 'are you satisfied of that young man's honesty? his looks are a little suspicious; but I may be mistaken; he made a great many grimaces while he stood behind you; this is a very wicked town.' I told him I was very well convinced of my comrade's integrity, and that the grimaces he mentioned were doubtless owing to his anxiety at my loss. 'O ho! if that be the case, I ask his pardon,—landlord, see what's to pay.' The reckoning amounted to eighteen pence, which having discharged, the gentleman shook us both by the hand, and, saying he should be very glad to see us again, departed.

CHAPTER XV.

Strap moralizes—presents his purse to me—we inform our landlord of my misfortune—he unravels the mystery—I present myself to Cringer—he recommends and turns me over to Mr Staytape—I become acquainted with a fellow-dependent, who explains the characters of Cringer and Staytape—and informs me of the method to be pursued at the navy-office and surgeons' hall—Strap is employed.

In our way to our lodging, after a profound silence on both sides, Strap, with a hideous groan, observed, that we had brought our pigs to a fine market. To this observation I made no reply: and he went on; 'God send us well out of this place; we have not been in London eight-and-forty hours, and I believe we have met with eight-and-forty thousand misfortunes—we have been jeered, reproached, buffeted, pissed upon, and at last stripped of our money; and I suppose by-and-by we shall be stripped of our skins. Indeed, as to the money part of it, that was owing to our own folly; Solomon says, *bray a fool in a mortar, and he will never be wise.* Ah! God help us, an ounce of prudence is worth a pound of gold.' This was no time for him to tamper with my disposition, already mad with my loss, and inflamed with resentment against him for having refused me a little money to attempt to retrieve it. I therefore turned towards him with a stern countenance, and asked, 'who he called fool?' Being altogether unaccustomed to such looks from me, he stood still, and stared in my face for some time; then, with some confusion, uttered, 'Fool! I called nobody fool but myself; I am sure I am the greatest fool of the two, for being so much concerned at other people's misfortunes: but *nemo omnibus horis sapit*—that's all—that's all.' Upon which a silence ensued, that brought us to our lodging, where I threw myself upon the bed in an agony of despair, resolved to perish rather than apply to my companion, or any other body, for relief; but Strap, who knew my temper, and whose heart bled within him at my distress, after some pause came to the bedside, and, putting a leathern purse into my hand, burst into tears, crying, 'I know what you think! but I scorn

your thoughts. There's all I have in the world; take it, and I'll perhaps get more for you before that be done. If not, I'll beg for you, steal for you, go through the wide world with you, and starve with you; for though I be a poor cobler's son, I am no scout.' I was so touched with the generous passion of this poor creature, that I could not refrain from weeping also; and we mingled our tears together for some time. Upon examining the purse, I found in it two half-guineas and half-a-crown, which I would have returned to him, saying, he knew better than I how to manage it; but he absolutely refused my proposal, and told me it was more reasonable and decent that he should depend upon me who was a gentleman, than that I should be controlled by him.

After this friendly contest was over, and our minds more at ease, we informed our landlord of what had happened to us, taking care to conceal the extremity to which we were reduced. He no sooner heard the story, than he assured us we had been grievously imposed upon by a couple of sharpers, who were associates; and that this polite, honest, friendly, humane person, who had treated us so civilly, was no other than a rascally money-dropper, who made it his business to decoy strangers in that manner to one of his own haunts, where an accomplice or two were always waiting to assist in pillaging the prey he had run down. Here the good man recounted a great many stories of people who had been seduced, cheated, pilfered, beat, nay even murdered, by such villains. I was confounded at the artifice and wickedness of mankind; and Strap, lifting up his eyes and hands to Heaven, prayed that God would deliver him from such scenes of iniquity; for surely the devil had set up his throne in London. Our landlord being curious to know what reception we had met with at Mr Cringer's, we acquainted him with the particulars; at which he shook his head, and told us, we had not gone the right way to work; that there was nothing to be done with a m—b—r of p—m—t without a bribe; that the servant was commonly infected with the master's disease, and expected to be paid for his work, as well as his betters. He, therefore, advised me to give the

footman a shilling the next time I should desire admittance to my patron, or else I should scarce find an opportunity to deliver my letter. Accordingly next morning, when the door was opened, I slipt a shilling into his hand, and told him I had a letter for his master. I found the good effects of my liberality; for the fellow let me in immediately and taking the letter out of my hand, desired me to wait in a kind of passage for an answer. In this place I continued standing for three quarters of an hour, during which time I saw a great many young fellows whom I formerly knew in Scotland, pass and repass, with an air of familiarity, in their way to and from the audience chamber; while I was fain to stand shivering in the cold, and turn my back to them, that they might not perceive the lowness of my condition. At length, Mr Cringer came out to see a young gentleman to the door, who was no other than 'Squire Gawky, dressed in a very gay suit of clothes: at parting, Mr Cringer shook him by the hand, and told him he hoped to have the pleasure of his company at dinner, then turning about towards me, asked what were my commands? When he understood I was the person who had brought the letter from Mr Crab, he affected to recollect my name, which, however, he pretended he could not do, till he had consulted the letter again; to save him that trouble, I told him my name was Random. Upon which he went on, 'Ay, ay, Random, Random, Random—I think I remember the name;' and very well he might, for this very individual Mr Cringer had many a time rode before my grandfather's cloak-bag, in quality of a footman. 'Well,' says he, 'you propose to go on board a man of war as surgeon's mate.' I replied by a low bow. 'I believe it will be a difficult matter,' continued he, 'to procure a warrant, there being already such a swarm of Scots surgeons at the navy office, in expectation of the next vacancy, that the commissioners are afraid of being torn to pieces, and have actually applied for a guard to protect them. However, some ships will soon be put in commission, and then we shall see what's to be done.' So saying, he left me exceedingly mortified at the different reception Mr Gawky and I had met with from

this upstart, proud, mean member, who, I imagined would have been glad of an opportunity to be grateful for the obligation he owed to my family.

At my return, I was surprised with the agreeable news of Strap's being employed, on the recommendation of his friend the schoolmaster, by a periwig-maker in the neighbourhood, who allowed him five shillings per week, besides bed and board. I continued to dance attendance every other morning at the levee of Mr Cringer, during a fortnight, in which time I became acquainted with a young fellow of my own country and profession, who also depended on the member's interest; but was treated with much more respect than I, both by the servants and master, and often admitted into a parlour where there was a fire, for the convenience of the better sort of those who waited for him. Thither I was never permitted to penetrate, on account of my appearance, which was not at all fashionable; but was obliged to stand blowing my fingers in a cold lobby, and take the first opportunity of Mr Cringer's going to the door to speak with him. One day, while I enjoyed this occasion, a person was introduced, whom Mr Cringer no sooner saw, than, running towards him, he saluted him with a bow to the very ground, and afterwards shaking him by the hand with great heartiness and familiarity, called him his good friend, and asked very kindly after Mrs Staytape, and the young ladies; then, after a whisper which continued some minutes, wherein I overheard the word *honour* repeated several times with great emphasis, Mr Cringer introduced me to this gentleman, as to a person whose advice and assistance I might depend upon, and having given me his direction, followed me to the door, where he told me, I need not give myself the trouble to call at his house any more, for Mr Staytape would do my business. At that instant my fellow-dependent coming out after me, overheard the discourse of Mr Cringer, and making up to me on the street, accosted me very civilly. This address I looked upon as no small honour, considering the figure he made; for he was dressed in a blue frock with a gold button, a green silk waistcoat trimmed with gold, black velvet

breeches, white silk stockings, silver buckles, a gold laced hat, a spencer wig, and a silver-hilted hanger, with a fine clouded cane in his hand. 'I perceive,' says he, 'you are but lately come from Scotland; pray what may your business with Mr Cringer be? I suppose it is no secret—and I may possibly give you some advice that may be serviceable; for I have been surgeon's second mate on board of a seventy-gun ship, and consequently know a good deal of the world.' I made no scruple to disclose my situation, which when he had learned, he shook his head and told me he had been pretty much in the same circumstances about a year ago; that he had relied on Cringer's promises, until his money, (which was considerable), as well as his credit, was quite exhausted; and when he wrote to his relations for a fresh supply, instead of money, he received nothing but reproaches, and the epithets of idle debauched fellow: that, after he had waited at the navy office many months for a warrant, to no purpose, he was fain to pawn some of his clothes, which raised a small sum, wherewith he bribed the secretary, who soon procured a warrant for him, notwithstanding he had affirmed the same day, that there was not one vacancy: that he had gone on board, where he remained nine months; at the end of which the ship was put out of commission; and he said the company were to be paid off in Broad street the very next day; that his relations being reconciled to him, had charged him to pay his devoirs regularly to Mr Cringer, who had informed them, by letter, that his interest alone had procured the warrant; in obedience to which command, he came to his levee every morning as I saw, though he looked upon him to be a very pitiful scoundrel. In conclusion, he asked me if I had yet passed at surgeons' hall! To which question I answered, I did not so much as know it was necessary. 'Necessary!' cried he, 'O Lord, O Lord! I find I must instruct you—come along with me, and I'll give you some information about that matter.' So saying, he carried me into an ale-house, where he called for some beer and bread and cheese, on which we breakfasted. While we sat in this place, he told me I must first go to the navy-office,

and write to the board, desiring them to order a letter for me to the surgeons' hall, that I may be examined touching my skill in surgery: that the surgeons, after having examined me, would give me my qualifications sealed up in form of a letter, directed to the commissioners, which qualification I must deliver to the secretary of the board, who would open it in my presence, and read the contents; after which, I must employ my interest to be provided for as soon as possible: that the expense of this qualification, for second mate of a third rate, amounted to thirteen shillings, exclusive of the warrant, which cost him half-a-guinea and half-a-crown, besides the present to the secretary, which consisted of a three-pound-twelve piece. This calculation was like a thunderbolt to me, whose whole fortune did not amount to twelve shillings. I accordingly made him acquainted with this part of my distress, after having thanked him for his information and advice. He condoled me on this occasion; but bade me be of good cheer, for he had conceived a friendship for me, and would make all things easy. He was run out at present, but to-morrow or next day he was certain of receiving a considerable sum, of which he would lend me what would be sufficient to answer my exigencies. This frank declaration pleased me so much, that I pulled out my purse, and emptied it before him, begging him to take what he pleased for pocket expense, until he should receive his own money. With a good deal of pressing he was prevailed upon to take five shillings, telling me that he might have what money he wanted at any time for the trouble of going into the city; but as he had met with me, he would defer his going thither till to-morrow, when I should go along with him, and he would put me in a way of acting for myself, without any servile dependence on that rascal Cringer, much less on the lousy tailor to whom I heard him turn you over. 'How,' cried I, 'is Mr Staytape a tailor?' 'No less, I'll assure you,' answered he, 'and, I confess, more likely to serve you than the member; for, provided you can entertain him with politics and conundrums, you may have credit with him for as many and as rich clothes as you please.' I

told him, I was utterly ignorant of both, and so incensed at Cringer's usage, that I would never set foot within his door again. After a good deal more conversation, my new acquaintance and I parted, having made an appointment to meet the next day at the same place, in order to set out for the city. I went immediately to Strap, and related every thing which had happened: but he did not at all approve of my being so forward to lend money to a stranger, especially as we had already been so much imposed upon by appearances. 'However,' said he, 'if you are sure he is a Scotsman, I believe you are safe.'

CHAPTER XVI.

My new acquaintance breaks an appointment—I proceed by myself to the navy-office—address myself to a person there—who assists me with his advice—write to the board——they grant me a letter to the surgeons at the hall—am informed of the beau's name and character—find him—he makes me his confidant in an amour—desires me to pawn my linen, for his occasions—I recover what I lent him—some curious observations of Strap on that occasion—his vanity.

In the morning I rose and went to the place of rendezvous, where I waited two hours in vain; and was so exasperated against him for breaking his appointment, that I set out for the city by myself, in hopes of finding the villain, and being revenged on him for his breach of promise. At length I found myself at the navy-office, which I entered, and saw crowds of young fellows walking below, many of whom made no better appearance than myself. I consulted the physiognomy of each, and at last made up to one whose countenance I liked; and asked if he could instruct me in the form of the letter which was to be sent to the board, to obtain an order for examination? He answered me, in broad Scots, that he would shew me the copy of what he had writ for himself, by the direction of another who knew the form; and accordingly pulled it out of his pocket for my perusal; and told me, that, if I was expeditious, I might

send it in to the board before dinner, for they did no business in the afternoon. He then went with me to a coffee-house hard by, where I wrote the letter, which was immediately delivered to the messenger; who told me I might expect an order to-morrow about the same time. Having transacted this piece of business, my mind was a good deal composed; and as I met with so much civility from this stranger, I desired further acquaintance with him, fully resolved, however, not to be deceived by him so much to my prejudice, as I had been by the beau. He agreed to dine with me at the cook's shop which I frequented; and on our way thither, carried me to 'Change, where I was in some hopes of finding Mr Jackson (for that was the name of the person who had broke his appointment). I sought him there to no purpose, and on our way towards the other end of the town, imparted to my companion his behaviour towards me: upon which, he gave me to understand, that he was no stranger to the name of Beau Jackson (so he was called at the navy-office), although he did not know him personally; that he had the character of a good-natured careless fellow, who made no scruple of borrowing from any body that would lend; that most people who knew him believed he had a good principle at bottom; but his extravagance was such, he would probably never have it in his power to manifest the honesty of his intention. This account made me sweat for my five shillings, which I nevertheless did not altogether despair of recovering, provided I could find out the debtor. This young man likewise added another circumstance of Squire Jackson's history, which was, that being destitute of all means to equip himself for sea, when he received his last warrant, he had been recommended to a person who lent him a little money, after he had signed a will and power, entitling that person to lift his wages when they should become due, as also to inherit his effects in case of his death: that he was still under the tutorage and direction of that gentleman, who advanced him small sums from time to time upon his security, at the rate of 50 *per cent.* But at present his credit was very low, because his funds would do little

more than pay what he had already received, this moderate interest included. After the stranger (whose name was Thomson) had entertained me with this account of Jackson, he informed me that he himself had passed for third mate of a third rate, about four months ago; since which time, he had constantly attended at the navy-office in hope of a warrant, having been assured from the beginning, both by a Scots member and one of the commissioners to whom the member recommended him, that he should be put into the first vacancy; notwithstanding which promise, he had the mortification to see six or seven appointed to the same station almost every week: that now being utterly impoverished, his sole hope consisted in the promise of a friend lately come to town, to lend him a small matter, for a present to the secretary, without which he was persuaded he might wait a thousand years to no purpose. I conceived a mighty liking for this young fellow, which (I believe) proceeded from the similitude of our fortunes: we spent the whole day together; and, as he lived at Wapping, I desired him to take a share of my bed. Next day we returned to the navy-office, where after being called before the board, and questioned about the place of my nativity and education, they ordered a letter to be made out for me, which, upon paying half-a-crown to the clerk, I received, and delivered into the hands of the clerk at surgeons' hall, together with a shilling for his trouble in registering my name. By this time my whole stock was diminished to two shillings, and I saw not the least prospect of relief, even for present subsistence much less to enable me to pay the fees at surgeons' hall for my examination, which would come on in a fortnight. In this state of perplexity, I consulted Strap, who assured me he would pawn every thing he had in the world, even to his razors, before I should want: but this expedient I absolutely rejected, telling him, I would a thousand times rather list for a soldier, of which I had some thoughts, than be any longer a burden to him. At the word soldier, he grew pale as death, and begged, on his knees, I would think no more of that scheme. 'God preserve us all in our right wits!'

cried he, 'would you turn soldier, and perhaps be sent abroad against the Spaniards, where you must stand and be shot at like a woodcock?—Heaven keep cold lead out of my carcase! and let me die in a bed like a christian, as all my forefathers have done. What signifies all the riches and honours of this life, if one enjoys not content? and in the next there is no respect of persons. Better be a poor honest barber with a good conscience, and time to repent of my sins upon my death-bed, than be cut off (God bless us) by a musket shot, as it were in the very flower of one's age, in the pursuit of riches and fame. What signify riches? (my dear friend!) do not they make unto themselves wings? as the wise man saith; and does not Horace observe,—*non domus aut fundus, non æris acervus aut auri, ægroto domino deduxit corpore febrem, non animo curas.* I could moreover mention many other sayings in contempt of riches, both from the Bible and other good books; but, as I know you are not very fond of those things, I shall only assure you, that, if you take on to be a soldier, I will do the same; and then if we should both be slain, you will not only have your own blood to answer for, but mine also; and peradventure the lives of all those whom we shall kill in battle. Therefore, I pray you, consider, whether you will sit down contented with small things, and share the fruits of my industry in peace, till Providence shall send better tidings; or, by your despair, plung both our souls and bodies into everlasting perdition, which God of his infinite mercy forbid.' I could not help smiling at this harangue, which was delivered with great earnestness, the tears standing in his eyes all the time; and promised to do nothing of that sort without his consent and concurrence. He was much comforted with this declaration, and told me in a few days he should receive a week's wages, which should be at my service; but advised me in the meantime to go in quest of Jackson, and recover, if possible, what he had borrowed of me. I accordingly trudged about from one end of the town to the other for several days, without being able to learn any thing certain concerning him: and one day, being ex-

tremely hungry, and allured by the steams that regaled my nostrils from a boiling cellar, I went down with an intention to gratify my appetite with two penny worth of beef; when, to my no small surprise, I found Mr Jackson sitting at dinner with a footman. He no sooner perceived me than he got up, and shook me by the hand, saying—'he was glad to see me, for he intended to have called at my lodgings in the afternoon.' I was so well pleased with this rencounter, and the apologies he made for not keeping his appointment, that I forgot my resentment, and sat down to dinner, with the happy expectation of not only recovering my own money before we should part, but also of reaping the benefit of his promise to lend me wherewithal to pass examination; and this hope my sanguine complexion suggested, though the account Thomson gave me of him ought to have moderated my expectation. When we had feasted sumptuously, he took his leave of the footman, and adjourned with me to an ale-house hard by, where after shaking me by the hand again, he began thus.—I suppose you think me a sad dog, Mr Random, and I do confess that appearances are against me. But I dare say you will forgive me when I tell you, my not coming at the time appointed was owing to a peremptory message I received from a certain lady, whom, hark'ee (but this is a great secret), I am to marry very soon. You think this strange perhaps, but it is not less true for all that—a five thousand pounder, I'll assure you, besides expectations. For my own part, devil take me if I know what any woman can see engaging about me—but a whim you know; and then one would not baulk one's good fortune. You saw that footman who dined with us—he's one of the honestest fellows that ever wore a livery. You must know it was by his means I was introduced to her; for he made me first acquainted with her woman, who is his mistress: ay, many a crown has he and his sweetheart had of my money; but what of that? things are now brought to a bearing. I have—(come a little this way)—I have proposed marriage, and the day is fixed; she's a charming creature; writes like an angel. O Lord! she can repeat all

the English tragedies as well as e'er a player in Drury-lane! and indeed is so fond of plays, that, to be near the stage, she has taken lodgings in a court hard by the theatre. But you shall see—you shall see—here's the last letter she sent me.' With these words he put it into my hand, and I read (to the best of my remembrance) as follows.—

'DEER KREETER,—AS you are the animable hopjack of my contemplayshins, your aydear is infernally skimming before my keymerycal fansee, when Murfy sends his puppies to the heys of slipping mortals, and when Febus shines from his merrydying throne: whereupon, I shall cansee if old whorie Time has lost his pinners, as also cupid his harrows, until thou enjoy sweet propose in the loafseek harms of thy faithfool to commend,

'Wingar yeard, Droory-lane,
'January 12th.' 'CLAYRENDER.'

While I was reading, he seemed to be in an ecstacy, rubbing his hands, and bursting out into fits of laughter; at last he caught hold of my hand, and, squeezing it, cried, —'There is style for you! what do you think of this billet doux?' I answered, 'It might be sublime for aught I knew, for it was altogether above my comprehension.' 'O ho!' said he, 'I believe it is—both tender and sublime—she's a divine creature!—and so doats upon me! Let me see, what shall I do with this money, when I have once got it into my hands? In the first place I shall do for you—I'm a man of few words; but, say no more, that's determined.—Whether would you advise me to purchase some post, by which I may rise in the state: or lay out my wife's fortune in land, and retire to the country at once?'—I gave my opinion without hesitation, that he could not do better than buy an estate and improve; especially since he had already seen so much of the world. Then I launched out into the praises of a country life, as described by the poets whose works I had read. He seemed to relish my advice, but withal told me, that, although he had seen a great deal of the world, both by land and sea, having cruised three whole months in the Channel, yet he should not be satisfied until he had visited France, which he proposed to do before he should settle, and to carry his wife along with him. I had nothing

to object to his proposal; and asked how soon he hoped to be happy? 'As to that,' he replied, 'nothing obstructs my happiness but the want of a little ready cash; for you must know, my friend in the city has gone out of town for a week to two; and I unfortunately missed my pay at Broad-street, by being detained too long by the dear charmer: but there will be a recal at Chatham next week, whither the ship's books are sent, and I have commissioned a friend in that place to receive the money.' 'If that be all,' said I, 'there's no great harm in deferring your marriage a few days.' 'Yes, faith! but there is,' said he, 'you don't know how many rivals I have, who would take all advantages against me. I would not baulk the impatience of her passion for the world; the least appearance of coldness and indifference would ruin all: and such offers don't occur every day.' I acquiesced in this observation, and inquired how he intended to proceed: at this question he rubbed his chin, and said,—'Why, truly, I must be obliged to some friend or other—do you know nobody that would lend me a small sum for a day or two?' I assured him I was such an utter stranger in London, that I did not believe that I could borrow a guinea if my life depended upon it. 'No!' said he, 'that's hard—that's hard. I wish I had any thing to pawn: upon my soul you have got excellent linen (feeling the sleeve of my shirt): how many shirts of that kind have you got?' I answered, 'Six ruffled and six plain.' At which he testified great suprise, and swore that no gentleman ought to have more than four. 'How many d'ye think I have got?' continued he. 'But this and another, as I hope to be saved! I dare say we shall be able to raise a good sum out of your superfluity—let me see—let me see—each of these shirts are worth sixteen shillings at a moderate computation; now, suppose we pawn them for half price, eight times eight is sixty-four, that's three pounds four; zounds! that will do; give me your hand.' 'Softly, softly, Mr Jackson,' said I, 'don't dispose of my linen without my consent; first pay me the crown you owe me, and then we shall talk of other matters.' He protested he had not

above one shilling in his pocket, but that he would pay me out of the first of the money raised from the shirts. This piece of assurance incensed me so much, that I swore I would not part with him until I had received satisfaction for what I had lent him; and as for the shirts, I would not pawn one of them to save him from the gallows. At this expression he laughed aloud, and then complained it was damn'd hard, that I should refuse him a trifle that would infallibly enable him not only to make his own fortune, but mine also. 'You talk of pawning my shirts,' said I, 'suppose you should sell this hanger, Mr Jackson? I believe it would fetch a good round sum.' 'No, hang it,' said he, 'I can't appear decently without my hanger, or egad it should go.' However, seeing me inflexible with regard to my linen, he at length unbuckled his hanger, and, shewing me the sign of the three blue balls, desired me to carry it thither and pawn it for two guineas. This office I would by no means have performed, had I seen any likelihood of having my money otherwise; but not willing, out of a piece of false delicacy, to neglect the only opportunity I should perhaps ever have, I ventured into a pawnbroker's shop, where I demanded two guineas on the pledge, in the name of Thomas Williams: 'Two guineas!' (said the pawnbroker, looking at the hanger), 'this piece of goods has been here several times before for thirty shillings: however, since I believe the gentleman to whom it belongs will redeem it, he shall have what he wants;' and accordingly, he paid me the money, which I carried to the house where I had left Jackson, and, calling for change, counted out to him seven-and-thirty shillings, reserving the other five for myself. After looking at the money some time, he said, 'D—n it! it don't signify—this won't do my business; so you may as well take half a guinea, or a whole one, as the five shillings you have kept.' I thanked him kindly, but I refused to accept of any more than was my due, because I had no prospect of repaying it. Upon which declaration he stared in my face, and told me, I was excessively raw, or I would not talk in that manner. 'Blood!' cried he, 'I have a very

bad opinion of a young fellow who won't borrow of his friend when he is in want; 'tis the sign of a sneaking spirit. Come, come, Random, give me back the five shillings, and take this half guinea, and if ever you are able to pay me, I believe you will; if not, d—n me if ever I ask it.' When I reflected on my present necessity, I suffered myself to be persuaded; and, after making my acknowledgments to Mr Jackson, who offered to treat me with a play, I returned to my lodgings with a much better opinion of this gentleman than I had in the morning; and at night imparted my day's adventures to Strap, who rejoiced at the good luck, saying, —'I told you, if he was a Scotsman you was safe enough; and who knows but this marriage may make us all? You have heard, I suppose, as how a countryman of our, a journeyman baker, ran away with a great lady of this town, and now keeps his coach. Ecod! I say nothing; but yesterday morning, as I was shaving a gentleman at his own house, there was a young lady in the room—a fine buxom wench, i'faith! and she threw so many sheep's eyes at a certain person whom I shall not name, that my heart went knock, knock, knock, like a fulling-mill, and my hand sh—— sh—— shook so much, that I sliced a piece of skin off the gentleman's nose: whereby he swore a deadly oath, and was going to horsewhip me, when she prevented him, and made my peace. *Omen haud malum!* Is not a journeyman barber as good as a journeyman baker? The only difference is, the baker uses flour for the belly, and the barber uses it for the head: and as the head is a more noble member than the belly, so is a barber more noble than a baker; for what's the belly without the head? Besides, I am told he could neither read nor write; now you know I can do both, and, moreover, speak Latin: but I will say no more, for I despise vanity; nothing is more vain than vanity.' With these words he pulled out of his pocket a wax candle's end, which he applied to his forehead; and, upon examination, I found he had combed his own hair over the toupee of his wig, and was indeed in his whole dress become a very smart shaver. I congratulated him on his prospect with a satirical smile,

which he understood very well; and, shaking his head, observed I had very little faith, but the truth would come to light in spite of my incredulity.

CHAPTER XVII.

I go to surgeons' hall, where I meet with Mr Jackson—am examined—a fierce dispute arises between two of the examiners—Jackson disguises himself to attract respect—is detected—in hazard of being sent to bridewell—he treats us at a tavern—carries us to a night house—a troublesome adventure there—we are committed to the round-house—carried before a justice—his behaviour.

With the assistance of this faithful adherent, who gave me almost all the money he earned, I preserved my half guinea entire till the day of examination, when I went, with a quaking heart, to surgeons' hall, in order to undergo that ceremony. Among a crowd of young fellows who walked in the outward hall, I perceived Mr Jackson, to whom I immediately went up, and, inquiring into the state of his amour, understood it was still undetermined by reason of his friend's absence, and the delay of the recal at Chatham, which put it out of his power to bring it to a conclusion. I then asked what his business was in this place? he replied, he was resolved to have two strings to his bow, that in case the one failed he might use the other; and, with this view, he was to pass that night for a higher qualification. At that instant, a young fellow came out from the place of examination, with a pale countenance, his lip quivering, and his looks as wild as if he had seen a ghost. He no sooner appeared, than we all flocked about him, with the utmost eagerness, to know what reception he had met with; which (after some pause) he described, recounting all the questions they had asked, with the answers he made. In this manner, we obliged no less than twelve to recapitulate, which, now the danger was past, they did with pleasure, before it fell to my lot: at length the beadle called my name, with a voice that made me tremble as much as if it had been the sound of the last trumpet;

however, there was no remedy: I was conducted into a large hall, where I saw about a dozen of grim faces sitting at a long table; one of whom bade me come forward, in such an imperious tone, that I was actually, for a minute or two, bereft of my senses. The first question he put to me was,—'where was you born?' to which I answered,—'in Scotland.' 'In Scotland,' said he, 'I know that very well; we have scarce any other countrymen to examine here; you Scotsmen have overspread us of late as the locusts did Egypt: I ask you in what part of Scotland was you born?' I named the place of my nativity, which he had never before heard of; he then proceeded to interrogate me about my age, the town where I served my time, with the term of my apprenticeship; and, when I informed him that I served three years only, he fell into a violent passion; swore it was a shame and a scandal to send such raw boys into the world as surgeons; that it was a great presumption in me, and an affront upon the English, to pretend to sufficient skill in my business, having served so short a time, when every apprentice in England was bound seven years at least; that my friends would have done better if they had made me a weaver or shoemaker; but their pride would have me a gentleman (he supposed) at any rate, and their poverty could not afford the necessary education. This exordium did not at all contribute to the recovery of my spirits, but, on the contrary, reduced me to such a situation that I was scarce able to stand; which being perceived by a plump gentleman who sat opposite to me, with a skull before him, he said, Mr Snarler was too severe upon the young man; and, turning towards me, told me, I need not to be afraid, for nobody would do me any harm; then bidding me take time to recollect myself, he examined me touching the operation of the trepan, and was very well satisfied with my answers. The next person who questioned me was a wag, who began by asking if I had ever seen amputation performed; and I replying in the affirmative, he shook his head, and said,—'what! upon a dead subject, I suppose? if,' continued he, 'during an engagement at sea, a man should be brought to you with his head

shot off, how would you behave?' After some hesitation, I owned such a case had never come under my observation, neither did I remember to have seen any method of cure proposed for such an accident, in any of the systems of surgery I had perused. Whether it was owing to the simplicity of my answer, or the archness of the question, I know not, but every member at the board deigned to smile, except Mr Snarler, who seemed to have very little of the *animal risibile* in his constitution. The facetious member, encouraged by the success of his last joke, went on thus:—'suppose you was called to a patient of a plethoric habit, who had been bruised by a fall, what would you do?' I answered, I would bleed him immediately. 'What,' said he, 'before you had tied up his arm?' But this stroke of wit not answering his expectation, he desired me to advance to the gentleman who sat next him; and who, with a pert air, asked what method of cure I would follow in wounds of the intestines. I repeated the method of cure as it is prescribed by the best chirurgical writers; which he heard to an end, and then said, with a supercilious smile,—'so you think by such treatment the patient might recover?' I told him I saw nothing to make me think otherwise. 'That may be,' resumed he, 'I won't answer for your foresight; but did you ever know a case of this kind succeed.' I answered, I did not; and was about to tell him I had never seen a wounded intestine; but he stopped me, by saying, with some precipitation,—'nor never will. I affirm, that all wounds of the intestines, whether great or small, are mortal.' 'Pardon me, brother,' says the fat gentleman, 'there is very good authority.'—Here he was interrupted by the other, with—'sir, excuse me, I despise all authority. *Nullius in verba.* I stand upon my own bottom.' 'But, sir, sir,' replied his antagonist, 'the reason of the thing shews.'—'A fig for reason,' cried this sufficient member,—'I laugh at reason,—give me ocular demonstration.' The corpulent gentleman began to wax warm, and observed, that no man acquainted with the anatomy of the parts would advance such an extravagant assertion. This inuendo enraged the other so much, that he started up, and, in a furi-

ous tone, exclaimed,—'what, sir! do you question my knowledge in anatomy?' By this time, all the examiners had espoused the opinion of one or other of the disputants, and raised their voices all together, when the chairman commanded silence, and ordered me to withdraw. In less than a quarter of an hour I was called in again, received my qualification sealed up, and was ordered to pay five shillings. I laid down my half-guinea upon the table, and stood some time, until one of them bade me begone; to this, I replied, I will, when I have got my change; upon which another threw me five shillings and sixpence, saying, I should not be a true Scotsman if I went away without my change. I was afterwards obliged to give three shillings and sixpence to the beadles, and a shilling to an old woman who swept the hall. This disbursement sunk my finances to thirteen-pence halfpenny, with which I was sneaking off, when Jackson perceiving it, came up to me, and begged I would tarry for him, and he would accompany me to the other end of the town, as soon as his examination should be over. I could not refuse this to a person that was so much my friend; but I was astonished at the change of his dress, which was varied in half an hour from what I have already described, to a very grotesque fashion. His head was covered with an old smoked tie wig that did not boast one crooked hair, and a slouched hat over it, which would have very well become a chimney-sweeper or a dust-man; his neck was adorned with a black crape, the ends of which he had twisted, and fixed in the button-hole of a shabby great coat that wrapped up his whole body; his white silk stockings were converted into black worsted hose; and his countenance was rendered venerable by wrinkles, and a beard of his own painting. When I expressed my surprise at this metamorphosis, he laughed, and told me, it was done by the advice and assistance of a friend who lived over the way, and would certainly produce something very much to his advantage; for it gave him the appearance of age, which never fails of attracting respect. I applauded his sagacity, and waited with impatience for the effects of it. At length he was called in, but whether the oddness of his

appearance excited a curiosity more than usual in the board, or his behaviour was not suitable to his figure, I know not, he was discovered to be an impostor, and put into the hands of the beadle, in order to be sent to bridewell. So that instead of seeing him come out with a cheerful countenance, and a surgeon's qualification in his hand, I perceived him led through the outward hall as a prisoner, and was very much alarmed and anxious to know the occasion; when he called, with a lamentable voice and piteous aspect, to me, and some others who knew him,—'for God's sake, gentlemen, bear witness that I am the same individual John Jackson, who served as surgeon's second mate on board the Elizabeth, or else I shall go to bridewell.' It would have been impossible for the most austere hermit that ever lived to have refrained from laughing at his appearance and address; we therefore indulged ourselves a good while at his expense, and afterwards pleaded his cause so effectually with the beadle, who was gratified with half a crown, that the prisoner was dismissed, and, in a few moments, resumed his former gaiety; swearing, since the board had refused his money, he would spend it every shilling before he went to bed in treating his friends; at the same time inviting us all to favour him with our company. It was now ten o'clock at night, and, as I had a great way to walk through streets that were utterly unknown to me, I was prevailed upon to be of their party, in hopes he would afterwards accompany me to my lodgings, according to his promise. He conducted us to his friend's house, who kept a tavern over the way, where we continued drinking punch, until the liquor mounted up to our heads, and made us all extremely frolicsome: I in particular was so much elevated, that nothing would serve me but a wench, at which demand Jackson expressed much joy, and assured me I should have my desire before we parted. Accordingly, when he had paid the reckoning, we sallied out, roaring and singing; and were conducted by our leader to a place of nocturnal entertainment, where I immediately attached myself to a fair one, with whom I proposed to spend the remaining part of the night; but she not relishing my

appearance, refused to grant my request before I should have made her an acknowledgment; which not suiting with my circumstances, we broke off our correspondence, to my no small mortification and resentment, because I thought the mercenary creature had not done justice to my merit. In the meantime, Mr Jackson's dress had attracted the inclinations and assiduities of two or three nymphs, who loaded him with caresses, in return for the arrack punch with which he treated them; till at length, notwithstanding the sprightly sallies of those charmers, sleep began to exert his power over us all; and our conductor called,—'to pay.' When the bill was brought, which amounted to twelve shillings, he put his hand in his pocket, but might have saved himself the trouble, for his purse was gone. This accident disconcerted him a good deal at first; but, after some recollection, he seized the two dulcineas who sat by him, one in each hand, and swore, if they did not immediately restore his money, he would charge a constable with them. The good lady at the bar, seeing what passed, whispered something to the drawer, who went out; and then, with great composure, asked what was the matter? Jackson told her he was robbed, and swore, if she refused him satisfaction, he would have her and her whores committed to bridewell. 'Robbed!' cried she, 'robbed in my house! gentlemen and ladies, I take you all to witness, this person has scandalized my reputation.' At that instant, seeing the constable and watch enter, she proceeded,—'what! you must not only endeavour, by your false aspersions, to ruin my character, but even commit an assault upon my family! Mr Constable, I charge you with this uncivil person, who has been guilty of a riot here; I shall take care and bring an action against him for defamation.' While I was reflecting on this melancholy event, which had made me quite sober, the lady whose favours I had solicited, being piqued at some repartee that passed between us, cried,—'they are all concerned;' and desired the constable to take us all into custody; an arrest which was performed instantly, to the utter astonishment and despair of us all, except Jackson, who, having been often in such scrapes, was very little con-

cerned, and charged the constable in his turn with the landlady and her whole bevy: upon which we were carried all together prisoners to the round-house; where Jackson (after a word of comfort to us) informed the constable of his being robbed, to which he said he would swear next morning before the justice. 'Ay, ay,' says the bawd, 'we shall see whose oath will most signify.' In a little time, the constable, calling Jackson into another room, spoke to him thus.—'I perceive that you and your company are strangers, and am very sorry for your being involved in such an ugly business. I have known this woman a great while; she has kept a notorious house in the neighbourhood this many years, and, although often complained of as a nuisance, still escapes, through her interest with the justices, to whom she, and all of her employment, pay contribution quarterly for protection. As she charged me with you first, her complaint will have the preference; and she can procure evidence to swear whatever she shall please to desire of them. So that, unless you can make it up before morning, you and your companions may think yourselves happily quit for a month's hard labour in bridewell. Nay, if she should swear a robbery or assault against you, you will be committed to Newgate, and tried next sessions at the Old Bailey for your life.' This last piece of information had such an effect upon Jackson, that he agreed to make it up, provided his money might be restored. The constable told him, that, instead of retrieving what he had lost, he was pretty certain it would cost him some more before they would come to any composition. But, however, he had compassion on him, and would, if he pleased, sound them about a mutual release. The unfortunate beau thanked him for his friendship, and, returning to us, acquainted us with the substance of this dialogue; while the constable, desiring to speak in private with our adversary, carried her into the next room, and pleaded our cause so effectually, that she condescended to make him umpire: he accordingly proposed an arbitration, to which we gave our assent; and he fined each party in three shillings, to be laid out in a bowl of punch, wherein we drowned all animosities,

to the inexpressible joy of my two late acquaintances and me, who had been in the state of the damned ever since Jackson mentioned bridewell and Newgate. By the time we had finished our bowl, to which, by-the-by, I had contributed my last shilling, it was morning; and I proposed to move homeward, when the constable gave me to understand, he could discharge no prisoners, but by order of the justice, before whom we must appear. This renewed my chagrin; and I cursed the hour in which I had yielded to Jackson's invitation. About nine o'clock, we were escorted to the house of a certain justice, not many miles distant from Covent garden; who no sooner saw the constable enter with a train of prisoners at his heels, than he saluted him as follows.—'So Mr Constable, you are a diligent man—what den of rogues have you been scouring?' Then, looking at us, who appeared very much dejected, he continued,—'ay, ay, thieves, I see—old offenders—O, your humble servant, Mrs Harridan! I suppose these fellows have been taken robbing your house—yes, yes, here's an old acquaintance of mine: you have used expedition,' said he to me, 'in returning from transportation; but we shall save you the trouble for the future—the surgeons will fetch you from your next transportation at their expense.' I assured his worship he was mistaken in me, for he had never seen me in his life before. To this declaration, he replied,—'how! you impudent rascal, dare you say so to my face? do you think I am to be imposed upon by that northern accent which you have assumed? but it shan't avail you—you shall find me too far north for you. Here, clerk, write this fellow's *mittimus*. His name is Patrick Gahagan.' Here Mr Jackson interposed, and told him I was a Scotsman lately come to town, descended of a good family, and that my name was Random. The justice looked upon this assertion as an outrage upon his memory, on which he valued himself much; and, strutting up to Jackson, with a fierce countenance, put his hands in his sides, and said,—'who are you, sir? do you give me the lie? take notice, gentlemen, here's a fellow who affronts me upon the bench; but I'll lay you fast, sirrah, I will; for

notwithstanding your laced jacket, I believe you are a notorious felon.' My friend was so much abashed at this menace, which was thundered out with great vociferation, that he changed colour, and remained speechless. This confusion his worship took for a symptom of guilt, and to complete his discovery, continued his threats—'now I am convinced you are a thief—your face discovers it—you tremble all over—your conscience won't lie still—you'll be hanged, sirrah,' raising his voice, 'you'll be hanged; and happy had it been for the world, as well as your own miserable soul, if you had been detected and cut off in the beginning of your career. Come hither, clerk, and take this man's confession.' I was in an agony of consternation, when the constable, going into another room with his worship, acquainted him with the truth of the story; which having learned, he returned with a smiling countenance, and, addressing himself to us all, said, it was always his way to terrify young people, when they came before him, that his threats might make a strong impression on their minds, and deter them from engaging in scenes of riot and debauchery, which commonly ended before the judge. Thus having cloaked his own want of discernment under the disguise of paternal care, we were dismissed, and I found myself as much lightened as if a mountain had been lifted off my breast.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I carry my qualification to the navy office—the nature of it—the behaviour of the secretary—Strap's concern for my absence—a battle between him and a blacksmith—the troublesome consequence of it—his harangue to me—his friend the school-master recommends me to a French apothecary, who entertains me as a journeyman.

I WOULD willingly have gone home to sleep, but was told by my companions, that we must deliver our letters of qualification at the navy office before one o'clock; accordingly we went thither, and gave them to the secretary, who opened and read them; and I was mightily pleased to find my-

self qualified for second mate of a third rate. When he had stuck them altogether on a file, one of our company asked if there were any vacancies; to which interrogation he answered, no. Then I ventured to inquire if any ships were to be put in commission soon? At which question he surveyed me with a look of ineffable contempt, and, pushing us out of his office, locked the door, without deigning us another word. We went down stairs, and conferred together on our expectations, when I understood that each of them had been recommended to one or other of the commissioners, and each of them promised the first vacancy that should fall; but that none of them relied solely upon that interest, without a present to the secretary, with whom some of the commissioners went snacks. For which reason each of them had provided a small purse; and I was asked what I proposed to give? This was a vexatious question to me, who, far from being in a capacity to gratify a ravenous secretary, had not wherewithal to purchase a dinner. I therefore answered, I had not yet determined what to give; and sneaked off towards my own lodgings, cursing my fate all the way, and inveighing, with much bitterness, against the barbarity of my grandfather, and the sordid avarice of my relations, who left me a prey to contempt and indigence. Full of these disagreeable reflections, I arrived at the house where I lodged, and relieved my landlord from great anxiety on my account; for this honest man believed I had met with some dismal accident, and that he should never see me again. Strap, who had come to visit me in the morning, understanding I had been abroad all night, was almost distracted, and, after having obtained leave of his master, had gone in quest of me, though he was even more ignorant of the town than I. Not being willing to inform my landlord of my adventure, I told him I had met with an acquaintance at surgeons' hall, with whom I spent the evening and night; but, being very much infested by bugs, I had not slept much, and therefore, intended to take a little repose; so saying, I went to bed, and desired to be awakened, if Strap should happen to come while I should be asleep. I was accordingly roused by my friend

himself, who entered my chamber about three o'clock in the afternoon; and presented a figure to my eyes, that I could scarce believe real. In short, this affectionate shaver, setting out towards surgeons' hall, had inquired for me there to no purpose; from thence he found his way to the navy office, where he could hear no tidings of me, because I was unknown to every body then present; he afterwards went upon 'Change, in hopes of seeing me upon the Scots walk, but without success: at last, being almost in despair of finding me, he resolved to ask every body he met in the street, if perchance any one could give him information about me; and actually put his resolution in practice, in spite of the scoffs, curses, and reproaches, with which he was answered; until a blacksmith's 'prentice, seeing him stop a porter with a burden on his back, and hearing his question, for which he received a hearty curse, called to him, and asked if the person he inquired after was not a Scotsman? Strap replied, with great eagerness,—'yes, and had on a brown coat with long skirts.' 'The same,' said the blacksmith, 'I saw him pass by an hour ago.' 'Did you so?' cried Strap, rubbing his hands,—'Odd! I am very glad of that—which way went he?' 'Towards Tyburn in a cart,' said he; 'if you make good speed, you may get thither time enough to see him hanged.' This piece of wit incensed my friend to such a degree, that he called the blacksmith scoundrel, and protested he would fight him for half a farthing. 'No, no,' said the other, stripping, 'I'll have none of your money—you Scotsmen seldom carry any about with you—but I'll fight you for love.' There was a ring immediately formed by the mob; and Strap, finding he could not get off honourably without fighting, at the same time burning with resentment against his adversary, quitted his clothes to the care of the multitude, and the battle began with great violence on the side of Strap, who in a few minutes exhausted his breath and spirits on his patient antagonist, who sustained the assault with great coolness, till, finding the barber quite spent, he returned the blows he had lent him with such interest, that Strap, after having received three falls on the hard

stones, gave out and allowed the blacksmith to be the better man. The victory being thus decided, it was proposed to adjourn to a cellar hard by, and drink friends. But when my friend began to gather up his clothes, he perceived that some honest person or other had made free with his shirt neckcloth, hat and wig, which were carried off; and probably his coat and waistcoat would have met with the same fate, had they been worth stealing. It was in vain for him to make a noise, which only yielded mirth to the spectators; he was fain to get off in this manner, which he accomplished with much difficulty, and appeared before me all besmeared with blood and dirt. Notwithstanding this misfortune, such was his transport at finding me safe and sound, that he had almost stifled and stunk me to death with his embraces. After he had cleaned himself, and put on one of my shirts, and a woollen night-cap, I recounted to him the particulars of my night's campaign which filled him with admiration, and made him repeat, with great energy, an observation which was often in his mouth, namely,—'that surely London is the devil's drawing room.' As neither of us had dined, he desired me to get up; and the milk-woman coming round at that instant, he went down stairs and brought up a quart, with a penny brick, on which we made a comfortable meal. He then shared his money with me, which amounted to eighteen pence, and left me, with an intention to borrow an old wig and hat of his friend the schoolmaster.

He was no sooner gone, than I began to consider my situation with great uneasiness, and revolved all the schemes my imagination could suggest, in order to choose and pursue some one that might procure me bread; for it is impossible to express the pangs I felt, when I reflected on the miserable dependence in which I lived at the expense of a poor barber's boy. My pride took the alarm, and having no hopes of succeeding at the navy office, I came to a resolution of enlisting in the foot-guards next day, be the event what it would. This extravagant design, by flattering my disposition, gave great satisfaction, and I was charging the enemy at the head of my own regiment, when Strap's return

interrupted my reverie. The schoolmaster had made him a present of the tie wig which he wore when I was introduced to him, together with an old hat, whose brims would have overshadowed a colossus. Though Strap had ventured to wear them in the dusk, he did not choose to entertain the mob by day; therefore went to work immediately, and reduced them both to a moderate size. While he was employed in this office, he addressed me thus.—'To be sure, Mr Random, you are born a gentleman, and have a great deal of learning—and indeed look like a gentleman; for, as to person, you may hold up your head with the best of them. On the other hand, I am a poor but honest cobler's son—my mother was as industrious a woman as ever broke bread, till such time as she took to drinking, which you very well know—but every body has failings—*humanum est errare*—now for myself, I am a poor journeyman barber, tolerably well made, and understand some Latin, and have a smattering of Greek—but what of that? perhaps I might also say that I know a little of the world—but that is to no purpose—though you be gentle and I simple, it does not follow but that I who am simple, may do a good office to you who are gentle. Now this is the case—my kinsman the schoolmaster—perhaps you did not know how nearly he is related to me—I'll satisfy you in that presently—his mother and my grandmother's sister's nephew—no, that's not it—my grandfather's brother's daughter—rabbit it! I have forgot the degree, but this I know, he and I are cousins seven times removed.' My impatience to know the good office he had done me got the better of my temper, and interrupted him at this place, with,—'d—n your relation and pedigree! if the schoolmaster or you can be of any advantage to me, why don't you tell me, without all this preamble?' When I pronounced these words, with some vehemence, Strap looked at me for sometime with a grave countenance, and then went on:—'surely my pedigree is not to be d—n'd, because it is not so noble as yours. I am very sorry to see such an alteration in your temper of late—you was always fiery, but now you are grown as crabbed as old Perriwinkle the drunken tinker, on whom you and I (God

forgive us) played so many unlucky tricks, while we were at school. But I will no longer detain you in suspense, because (doubtless) nothing is more uneasy than doubt—*dubio, procul dubio, nil dubius.* My friend, or relation, or which you will, or both, the schoolmaster being informed of the regard I have for you—for, you may be sure, I did not fail to let him know your good qualities—by-the-by, he has undertaken to teach you the pronunciation of the English tongue, without which, he says, you will be unfit for business in this country. I say my relation has spoke in your behalf to a French apothecary who wants a journeyman; and, on his recommendation, you may have fifteen pounds per year, bed and board, whenever you please.' I was too much interested in this piece of news to entertain it with indifference; but, jumping up, insisted on Strap's immediately accompanying me to the house of his friend, that I might not lose this opportunity through the least delay or neglect on my part. We were informed that the schoolmaster was in company at a public-house in the neighbourhood, whither we repaired, and found him drinking with the very individual apothecary in question. When he was called to the door at our desire, and observed my impatience, he broke out into his usual term of admiration:—'O C—t! I suppose, when you heard of this offer, you did not take leisure enough to come down stairs, but leapt out of the window; did you overturn no porter nor oyster-woman in your way! It is a mercy of God you did not knock your brains out against some post in your career. O my conscience! I believe, had I been in the inmost recesses of my habitation—the very *penetralia*,—even in bed with my wife, your eagerness would have surmounted bolts, bars, decency, and every thing. The den of Cacus or *sanctum sanctorum* could not have hid me from you. But come along, the gentleman of whom I spoke is in the house, I will present you to him forthwith.' When I entered the room, I perceived four or five people smoaking, one of whom the schoolmaster accosted thus:—'Mr Lavement, here's the young man of whom I spoke to you.' The apothecary, who was a little old withered man, with a

forehead about an inch high, a noise turned up at the end, large cheek-bones that helped to form a pit for his little grey eyes, a great bag of loose skin hanging down on each side in wrinkles like the alforjas of a baboon; and a mouth so accustomed to that contraction which produces grinning, that he could not pronounce a syllable without discovering the remains of his teeth, which consisted of four yellow fangs, not improperly, by anatomists, called *canine*. This person (I say) after having eyed me some time, said,—'Oho, 'tis very well, Mons. Concordance;—young man, you are ver welcome, take one coup of bierre—and come to mine house to-marrow morning: Mons. Concordance vil shew you de way.' Upon this I made my bow, and as I went out of the room, could here him say, *may foy! c'est un ceau garçon, c'est un galliard.* As I had, by my own application, while I served Crab, acquired the French tongue well enough to read authors written in that language, and understand any thing that occurred in conversation, I determined to pretend ignorance to my new master, that he and his family, whom I supposed to be of the same country, not being on the reserve before me, might possibly discover something in discourse, which would either yield me amusement or advantage. Next morning Mr Concordance carried me to the apothecary's house, where the bargain was made, and orders given to provide an apartment for me immediately. But, before I entered upon business, the shoolmaster recommended me to his tailor, who gave me credit for a suit of clothes, to be paid out of the first moiety of my wages, and they were begun upon that very day; he afterwards accommodated me with a new hat, on the same terms; so that, in a few days, I hoped to make a very fashionable appearance. In the meantime, Strap conveyed my baggage to the place allotted for me, which was a back room up two pair of stairs, furnished with a pallet for me to lie upon, a chair without a back, an earthen chamber-pot without a handle, a bottle by way of candlestick, and a triangular piece of glass instead of a mirror, the rest of its ornaments having been lately removed to one of the garrets, for the convenience of the servant of an Irish captain, who lodged in the first floor.

CHAPTER XIX.

The characters of Mr Lavement, his wife, and daughter—some anecdotes of the family—the mother and daughter rivals—I am guilty of a mistake that gives me present satisfaction, but is attended with troublesome consequences.

NEXT day, while I was at work in the shop, a bouncing damsel, well dressed, came in, on pretence of finding a vial for some use or other; and taking an opportunity, when she thought I did not mind her, of observing me narrowly, went away with a silent look of disdain. I easily guessed her sentiments, and my pride took the resolution of entertaining the same indifference and neglect towards her. At dinner, the maids, with whom I dined in the kitchen, gave me to understand that this was my master's only daughter, who would have a very handsome fortune, on account of which, and her beauty, a great many young gentlemen made their addresses to her; that she had been twice on the brink of marriage, but disappointed by the stinginess of her father, who refused to part with a shilling to promote the match; for which reason the young lady did not behave to her father with all the filial veneration that might be expected; in particular, she harboured the most perfect hatred for his countrymen, in which disposition she resembled her mother, who was an English woman: and, by the hints they dropped, I learned the grey mare was the better horse; that she was a matron of a high spirit, which was often manifested at the expense of her dependents; that she loved diversions, and looked upon miss as her rival in all parties; which indeed was the true cause of her disappointments; for, had the mother been hearty in her interest, the father would not have ventured to refuse her demands. Over and above this intelligence, I of myself soon made more discoveries: Mr Lavement's significant grins at his wife, while she looked another way, convinced me that he was not at all content with his lot; and his behaviour in presence of the captain made me believe his chief torment was jealousy. As for my

own part, I was considered in no other light than that of a menial servant, and had been already six days in the house without being honoured with one word from either mother or daughter, the latter (as I understood from the maids) having at table one day expressed some surprise that her papa should entertain such an awkward mean looking journeyman. I was nettled at this piece of information, and next Sunday (it being my turn to take my diversion) dressed myself in my new clothes, to the greatest advantage, and, vanity apart, made no contemptible figure. After having spent most part of the day in company with Strap, and some of his acquaintance, I came home in the afternoon, and was let in by miss, who, not knowing me, dropped a low curt'sy as I advanced, which I returned with a profound bow, and shut the door. By the time I had turned about, she had perceived her mistake, and changed colour, but did not withdraw. The passage being narrow, I could not get away without jostling her; so I was forced to remain where I was, with my eyes fixed on the ground, and my face glowing with blushes. At length her vanity coming to her assistance, she went away tittering, and I could hear her pronounce the word, 'creature.' From this day forward, she came into the shop fifty times every day, upon various pretences, and put in practice so many ridiculous airs, that I could easily perceive her opinion of me was changed, and that she did not think me altogether an unworthy conquest. But my heart was so steeled against her charms by pride and resentment, which were two chief ingredients in my disposition, that I remained insensible to all her arts; and, notwithstanding some advances she made, could not be prevailed upon to yield her the least attention. This neglect soon banished all the favourable impressions she felt for me, and the rage of a slighted woman took place in her heart; this she manifested not only in all the suggestions her malice could invent to my prejudice with her father, but also in procuring for me such servile employments as she hoped would sufficiently humble my spirit. One day, in particular, she ordered me to brush my master's coat, but I refusing, a smart dialogue ensued, which ended

in her bursting into tears of rage; when her mother interposing, and examining into the merits of the cause, determined it in my favour; and this good office I owed not to any esteem or consideration she had for me, but solely to the desire of mortifying her daughter, who on this occasion observed, that let people be never so much in the right, there were some folks who would never do them justice; but to be sure they had their reasons for it, which some people were not ignorant of, although they despised their little arts.—This insinuation of *some people* and *some folks* put me upon observing the behaviour of my mistress more narrowly for the future; and it was not long before I had reason to believe that she looked upon her daughter as a rival in the affections of Captain O'Donnell, who lodged in the house. In the meantime my industry and knowledge gained me the good will of my master, who would often say, in French, '*mardie, c'est un bon garçon.*' He had a great deal of business; but as he was mostly employed among his fellow refugees, his profits were small. However, his expense for medicines was not great, for he was the most expert man at a succedaneum of any apothecary in London; so that I have been sometimes amazed to see him, without the least hesitation, make up a physician's prescription, though he had not in his shop one medicine mentioned in it. Oyster shells he could invent into crabs eyes; common oil into oil of sweet almonds; syrup of sugar into balsamic syrup; Thames water into aqua cinnamoni; turpentine into capivi; and a hundred more costly preparations were produced in an instant, from the cheapest and coarsest drugs of the *materia medica:* and when any common thing was ordered for a patient, he always took care to disguise it in colour or taste, or both, in such a manner, as that it could not possibly be known. For which purpose cochineal and oil of cloves were of great service. Among many nostrums which he possessed, there was one for the veneral disease, that brought him a good deal of money; and this he concealed so artfully from me, that I could never learn its composition: but during the eight months I staid in his service, he was so unfortunate in the use of it, that

three parts in four of those who took it were fain to confirm the cure by a salivation under the direction of another doctor. This bad success, in all appearance, attached him the more to his specific; and before I left him, I may venture to say, he would have sooner renounced the Trinity (notwithstanding his being a good hugonot) than his confidence in the never-failing power of this remedy. Mr Lavement had attempted more than once to introduce a vegetable diet into his family, by launching out into the praise of roots and greens, and decrying the use of flesh, both as a physician and philosopher; but all his rhetoric could not make one proselyte to his opinion; and even the wife of his bosom declared against the proposal. Whether it was owing to the little regard she paid to her husband's admonition in this particular, or to the natural warmth of her constitution, I know not, but this lady's passions became every day more and more violent, till at last she looked upon decency as an unnecessary restraint; and one afternoon, when her husband was abroad, and her daughter gone to visit, ordered me to call a hackney coach, in which she and the captain drove towards Covent garden. Miss came home in the evening, and, supping at her usual hour, went to bed. About eleven o'clock my master entered, and asked if his wife was gone to sleep: upon which I told him, my mistress went out in the afternoon, and was not yet returned. This was like a clap of thunder to the poor apothecary, who starting back, cried, '*mort de ma vie!* vat you tell a me? my wife not at home! At that instant a patient's servant arrived with a prescription for a draught, which my master taking, went into the shop to make it up with his own hand. While he rubbed the ingredients in a glass mortar, he inquired of me, whether or not his wife went out alone; and no sooner heard that she was in company with the captain, than, with one blow, he split the mortar into a thousand pieces, and, grinning like the head of a bass viol, exclaimed, 'ah traitresse!' It would have been impossible for me to have preserved my gravity a minute longer, when I was happily relieved by a rap at the door, which I opened, and perceived my mistress coming

out of the coach: she flounced immediately into the shop, and addressed her husband thus.—'I suppose you thought I was lost, my dear—Captain O'Donnell has been so good as to treat me with a play. 'Play—play,' replied he, 'oho! yes, by gar, I believe ver prettie play.' 'Bless me!' said she, 'what's the matter?' 'Vat de matter?' cried he, forgetting all his former complaisance, 'by gar, you be one damn dog's wife—ventre bleu! me vill shew you vat it is to put one horn upon mine head. Pardieu! le Capitaine O'Donnell be one.'——Here the Captain, who had been all the while at the door discharging the coach, entered, and said, with a terrible voice, 'd—mme! what am I!' Mr Lavement, changing his tone, immediately saluted him with, '*Oh serviteur, monsieur le capitaine, vous etes un gallant homme—ma femme est fort obligée.*' Then turning about towards me, pronounced with a low voice, '*et diablement obligeante, sans doubte.*' 'Hark'e, Mr Lavement,' said the captain, 'I am a man of honour, and I believe you are too much of a gentleman to be offended at the civility I shew your wife.' This declaration had such an effect on the apothecary, that he resumed all the politesse of a Frenchman; and with the utmost prostration of compliment, assured the captain that he was perfectly well satisfied with the honour he had done his wife. Matters being thus composed, every body went to rest. Next day I perceived, through a glass door that opened from the shop into the parlour, the captain talking earnestly to Miss, who heard him with a look that expressed anger mingled with scorn; which, however, he at last found means to mollify, and sealed his reconciliation with a kiss. This circumstance soon convinced me of the occasion of the quarrel: but, notwithstanding all my vigilance, I could never discover any other commerce between them. In the meanwhile, I had reason to believe I had inspired one of the maids with tender sentiments for me; and one night, when I thought every other person in the house asleep, I took the opportunity of going to reap the fruits of my conquest, her bed-fellow having the day before gone to Richmond to visit her parents. Accordingly, I got up, and (naked as

I was) explored my way in the dark to the garret where she lay. I was ravished to find the door open, and moved softly to her bedside, transported with the hope of completing my wishes. But what horrors of jealousy and disappointment did I feel, when I found her asleep, fast locked in the arms of a man, whom I easily guessed to be no other than the captain's servant! I was upon the point of doing some rash thing, when the noise of a rat scratching behind the wainscoat put me to flight, and I was fain to get back to my own bed in safety. Whether this alarm had disordered my mind, or that I was led astray by the power of destiny, I know not; but, instead of turning to the left hand when I descended to the second storey, I pursued the contrary course, and mistook the young lady's bedchamber for my own. I did not perceive my mistake before I had run against the bedposts, and then it was not in my power to retreat undiscovered; for the nymph being awake, felt my approach, and, with a soft voice, bade me make less noise, lest the Scots booby in the next room should overhear us. This hint was sufficient to inform me of the nature of the assignation; and as my passions, at any time high, were then in a state of exaltation, I resolved to profit by my good fortune. Without any more ceremony, therefore, I made bold to slip into bed to this charmer, who gave me as favourable a reception as I could desire. Our conversation was very sparing on my part; but she upbraided the person whom I represented with his jealousy of me, whom she handled so roughly, that my resentment had well nigh occasioned a discovery more than once; but I was consoled for her hatred of me by the revenge I enjoyed in understanding from her own mouth, that it was now high time to salve her reputation by matrimony: for she had reason to fear she could not much longer conceal the effects of their mutual intercourse. While I was meditating an answer to this proposal, I heard a noise in my room, like something heavy falling down upon the floor: upon which I started up, and creeping to the door of my chamber, observed, by moon-light, the shadow of a man groping his way out; so I retired to one side to let him pass, and saw him go down

stairs as expeditiously as he could. It was an easy matter to divine that this was the captain, who, having overslept himself, had got up at last to keep his assignation; and finding my door open, had entered my apartment instead of that of his mistress, where I supplied his place. But finding his mistake, by falling over my chair, he was afraid the noise might alarm the family, and, for that reason made off, delaying the gratification of his desires till another opportunity. By this time I was satisfied; and, instead of returning to the place from whence I came, retreated to my own castle, which I fortified by bolting the door, and, in the congratulation of my own happiness, fell asleep. But the truth of this adventure could not be long concealed from my young mistress, who next day came to an explanation with the captain, upon his lamenting his last night's disappointment, and begging pardon for the noise he had made. Their mutual chagrin, when they came to the knowledge of what had happened, may be easily conjectured, though each had a peculiar grief unfelt by the other; for she was conscious of not only having betrayed to me the secrets of her commerce with him, but also of having incensed me by the freedoms she had taken with my name, beyond a hope of reconciliation. On the other hand, his jealousy suggested that her sorrow was all artifice; and that I had supplied his place with her own privity and consent. That such was the situation of their thoughts will appear in the sequel; for that very day she came into the shop where I was alone, and fixing her eyes, swiming in tears, upon me, sighed most piteously: but I was proof against her distress, by recollecting the epithets with which she had honoured me the night before: and believing that the good reception I enjoyed was destined for another, therefore I took no notice of her affliction; and she had the mortification to find her disdain returned four-fold. However, from thence forward she thought proper to use me with more complaisance than usual, knowing that it was in my power at any time to publish her shame. By these means my life became much more agreeable (though I never could prevail upon myself to repeat my nocturnal visit) and,

as I every day improved in my knowledge of the town, I shook of my awkward air by degrees, and acquired the character of a polite journeyman apothecary.

CHAPTER XX.

I am assaulted and dangerously wounded—suspect O'Donnell, and am confirmed in my opinion—concert a scheme of revenge, and put it in execution—O'Donnell robs his own servant, and disappears—I make my addresses to a lady, and am miraculously delivered from her snare.

One night about twelve o'clock, as I returned from visiting a patient at Chelsea, I received a blow on my head from an unseen hand, that stretched me senseless on the ground; and was left for dead, with three stabs of a sword in my body. The groans I uttered, when I recovered the use of my reason, alarmed the people of a solitary ale-house that stood near the spot where I lay, and they were humane enough to take me in, and send for a surgeon, who dressed my wounds, and assured me they were not mortal. One of them penetrated through the skin and muscles of one side of my belly in such a manner, that, doubtless the assassin imagined he had run me through the entrails. The second slanted along one of my ribs; and the last, which was intended for the finishing stroke, having been directed to my heart, the sword snapped upon my breast bone, and the point remained sticking in the skin. When I reflected upon this event, I could not persuade myself that I had been assaulted by a common footpad; because it is not usual for such people to murder those they rob, especially when they meet with no resistance; and I found my money and every thing else about me (but my carcass) safe. I concluded, therefore, that I must either have been mistaken for another, or obliged to the private resentment of some secret enemy for what had happened; and as I could remember nobody who had the least cause of complaint against me, except Captain O'Donnell and my master's daughter, my suspicion settled on them,

though I took care to conceal it that I might the sooner arrive at confirmation. With this view, I went home in a chair about ten o'clock in the morning; and as the chairman supported me into the house, met the captain in the passage, who no sooner saw me, than he started back, and gave evident signs of guilty confusion, which he would have accounted for from the surprise occasioned by seeing me in such a condition. My master having heard my story condoled me with a good deal of sympathy, and when he understood my wounds were not dangerous, ordered me to be carried up stairs to bed; though not without some opposition from his wife, who was of opinion, it would be better for me to go to an hospital, where I should be more carefully attended. My meditation was employed in concerting with myself some method of revenge against squire O'Donnell and his inamorata, whom I looked upon as the authors of my misfortune; when miss (who was not at home at my arrival) entered my chamber, and, saying she was sorry for the accident that had befallen me, asked if I suspected any body to be the assassin: upon which I fixed my eyes stedfastly upon her, and answered, 'yes.' She discovered no symptom of confusion; but replied hastily, 'if that be the case, why don't you take out a warrant to have him apprehended? It will cost but a trifle; if you have no money I'll lend you.' This frankness not only cured me of my suspicion with respect to her; but even staggered my belief with regard to the captain, of whose guilt I resolved to have further proof, before I should enterprise any thing in the way of revenge. I thanked her kindly for her generous offer; which however I had no occasion to accept, being determined to do nothing rashly; for though I could plainly perceive the person who attacked me to be a soldier, whose face I thought was familiar to me, I could not swear with a safe conscience to any particular man; and, granting I could, my prosecution of him would not much avail. This uncertainty I pretended, lest the captain, hearing from her that I knew the person who wounded me, might think proper to withdraw before I could be in a

condition to requite him. In two days I was up, and able to do a little business, so that Mr Lavement made shift to carry on his practice, without hiring another journeyman in my room. The first thing I attempted towards a certain discovery of my secret enemy, was to get into O'Donnell's apartment while he was abroad in an undress, and examine his sword, the point of which being broke off, I applied the fragment that was found sticking in my body, and found it answered the fractured part exactly. There was no room left for doubt; and all that remained was to fix upon a scheme of revenge, which almost solely engrossed my thoughts during the space of eight nights and days. Sometimes I was tempted to fall upon him in the same manner as he had practised upon me, and kill him outright. But this assault my honour opposed as a piece of barbarous cowardice, in which he was not to be imitated. At other times I entertained thoughts of demanding satisfaction in an honourable way; but was diverted from this undertaking by considering the uncertainty of the event, and the nature of the injury he had done me, which did not entitle him to such easy terms. At last I determined to pursue a middle course; and actually put my design in execution after this manner.—Having secured the assistance of Strap and two of his acquaintance whom he could depend upon, we provided ourselves with disguises, and I caused the following letter to be delivered to him by one of our associates in livery one Sunday evening.—

'SIR,—If I may be allowed to judge from appearance, it will not be disagreeable to you to hear that my husband is gone to Bagshot to visit a patient, and will not return till to-morrow night; so, that if you have any thing to propose to me (as your behaviour on many occasions has seemed to insinuate), you will do well to embrace the present opportunity of seeing

Yours, &c.'

This letter was signed with the name of an apothecary's wife who lived in Chelsea, of whom I had heard O'Donnell was an admirer. Every thing succeeded to our wish. The amorous hero hastened towards the place of assignation; and was encountered by us in the very place where he had assault-

ed me. We rushed upon him all at once, secured his sword, stripped off his clothes even to the skin, which we scourged with nettles till he was blistered from head to foot, notwithstanding all the eloquence of his tears and supplications. When I was satisfied with the stripes I had bestowed, we carried off his clothes, which we hid in a hedge near the place, and left him stark naked to find his way home in the best manner he could, while I took care to be there before him. I afterwards understood, that in his way to the lodgings of a friend who lived in the skirts of the town, he was picked up by the watch, who carried him to the round-house, from whence he sent for clothes to his lodgings; and next morning arrived at the door in a chair, wrapped up in a blanket he had borrowed; for his body was so sore and swelled, that he could not bear to be confined in his wearing apparel. He was treated with the utmost tenderness by my mistress and her daughter, who vied with each other in their care and attendance of him; but Lavement himself could not forbear expressing his joy, by several malicious grins, while he ordered me to prepare an unguent for his sores. As to myself, nobody can doubt my gratification when I had every day an opportunity of seeing my revenge protracted on the body of my adversary, by the ulcers of which I had been the cause; and indeed, I not only enjoyed the satisfaction of having flayed him alive, but another also which I had not foreseen. The story of his being attacked and stripped in such a place having been inserted in the news, gave information to those who found his clothes next day whither to bring them; and accordingly, he retrieved every thing he had lost, except a few letters, among which was that which I had writ to him in the name of the apothecary's wife. This and the others, which, it seems, were all on the subject of love (for this Hibernian hero was one of those people who are called fortune-hunters), fell into the hands of a certain female author, famous for the scandal she has published, who, after having embellished them with some ornaments of her own invention, gave them to the town in print. I was very much shocked on reflecting, that I might

possibly be the occasion of a whole family's unhappiness, on account of the letter I had written; but was eased of that apprehension, when I understood that the Chelsea apothecary had commenced a law-suit against the printer for defamation; and looked upon the whole as a piece of forgery committed by the author, who had disappeared. But whatever might be his opinion of the matter, our two ladies seemed to entertain a different idea of it: for, as soon as the pamphlet appeared, I could perceive their care of their patient considerably diminish, until at last it ended in total neglect. It was impossible for him to be ignorant of this change, any more than of the occasion of it; but as he was conscious to himself of having deserved worse than contempt at their hands, he was glad to come off so cheaply, and contented himself with muttering curses and threats against the apothecary, who, as he imagined, having got an inkling of the appointment with his wife, had taken revenge of him in the manner described. By the time he got a new scarf skin, his character was become so notorious, that he thought it high time for him to decamp; and his retreat he performed in one night without beat of drum, after having robbed his own servant of every thing that belonged to him, except the clothes he had on his back. A few days after he disappeared, Mr Lavement, for his own security, took into custody a large old trunk which he had left; and, as it was very heavy, made no question that the contents were sufficient to indemnify him for what O'Donnell owed in lodging. But a month being elapsed without hearing any tidings of this adventurer, and my master being impatient to know what the trunk contained, he ordered me to break it open in his presence, which task I performed with the pestle of our great mortar, and discovered, to his inexpressible astonishment and mortification, a heap of stones.

About this time, my friend Strap informed me of an offer he had to go abroad with a gentleman, in quality of valet-de-chambre, and, at the same time assured me, that whatever advantage he might propose to himself from this pro-

spect, he could not bear the thoughts of parting from me; so much was he attached to my fortune. In spite of all the obligations I owed to this poor honest fellow, ingratitude is so natural to the heart of man, that I began to be tired of his acquaintance; and now that I had contracted other friendships which appeared more creditable, was even ashamed to see a journeyman barber inquiring after me with the familiarity of a companion. I therefore, on pretence of consulting his welfare, insisted upon his accepting the proposal, which he at last determined to embrace, with great reluctance; and, in a few days, took his leave of me, shedding a flood of tears, which I could not behold without emotion. I now began to look upon myself as a gentleman in reality—learned to dance of a Frenchman whom I had cured of a fashionable distemper—frequented plays during the holidays—became the oracle of an ale-house, where every dispute was referred to my decision—and at length contracted an acquaintance with a young lady, who found means to make a conquest of my heart, and upon whom I prevailed, after much attendance and solicitation, to give me a promise of marriage. As this beautiful creature passed for a rich heiress, I blessed my good fortune, and was actually on the point of crowning all my wishes, by matrimony; when one morning I went to her lodgings, and her maid being abroad, took the privilege of a bridegroom to enter her chamber, where, to my utter confusion, I found her in bed with a man. Heaven gave me patience and presence of mind enough to withdraw immediately; and I thanked my stars a thousand times for the happy discovery, by which I resolved to profit so much as to abandon all thoughts of marriage for the future.

CHAPTER XXI.

'Squire Gawky comes to lodge with my master—is involved in a troublesome affair, out of which he is extricated by me—he marries my master's daughter—they conspire against me—I am found guilty of theft—discharged—deserted by my friends—I hire a room in St Giles's—where by accident, I find the lady to whom I made my addresses in a miserable condition—I relieve her.

WHILE I enjoyed myself at large in this temper of mind, Mr Lavement let his first floor to my countryman and acquaintance, 'Squire Gawky, who, by this time, had got a lieutenancy in the army, and such a martial ferocity in his appearance, that I was afraid he would remember what had happened between us in Scotland, and atone for his breach of appointment then, by his punctuality now; but, whether he had actually forgot me, or was willing to make me believe so, he betrayed not the least symptom of recognition at sight of me, and I remained quite cured of my apprehension; though I had occasion, not long after, to be convinced, that howsoever his externals might be altered, he was at bottom the same individual Gawky whom I have already described: for, coming home late one night from the house of a patient, I heard a noise in the street, and, as I approached, perceived two gentlemen in custody of three watchmen. The prisoners, who were miserably disfigured with dirt, complained bitterly of the loss of their hats and wigs; and one of them, whom, by his tongue, I knew to be a Scotsman, lamented most piteously, offering a guinea for his liberty, which the watchman refused, alleging that one of his companions was wounded grievously, and that he must stand to the consequence. My prejudice in favour of my native country was so strong, that I could not bear to see any body belonging to it in distress, and therefore, with one blow of my faithful cudgel, knocked down the watchman who had hold of the person for whom I was chiefly concerned. He was no sooner disengaged, than he betook himself to his heels, and left me to maintain the dispute as I should think pro-

per; and, indeed, I came off but scurvily; for, before I could avail myself of my speed, I received a blow on the eye from one of the other two, that had well nigh deprived me of the use of that organ: however, I made shift to get home, where I was informed of Captain Gawky's being robbed and abused by a company of footpads, and was ordered by my master to prepare an emollient glyster and paregoric draught, in order to allay and compose the ferment of his spirits, occasioned by the barbarous treatment he had undergone, while he took twelve ounces of blood from him immediately. When I inquired into the particulars of this adventure, and understood, by the servant, that he came in just before me, without hat and wig, I made no scruple of believing him to be the person I had released, and was confirmed in my belief upon hearing his voice, to which, before that event, I had been so long a stranger. My eye being considerably swelled and inflamed, I could not reflect upon my enterprise without cursing my own folly, and even resolving to declare the truth of the whole story, in order to be revenged on the cowardly wretch, for whom I had suffered: accordingly, next day, after he had told, in presence of my master, his wife, and daughter, who came to visit him, a thousand lies concerning the prowess he had shewn in making his escape, I ventured to explain the mystery, and, calling in the evidence of my contused eye, upbraided him with cowardice and ingratitude. Gawky was so astonished at this discourse, that he could not answer one word; and the rest of the company stared at one another; till at length my mistress reprimanded me for my insolent behaviour, and threatened to turn me away for my presumption. Upon which, Gawky (having recollected himself) observed, as the young man might have mistaken another person for him, he could forgive his insinuations, more especially as he seemed to have suffered for his civility; but advised me to be more certain in my conjectures for the future, before I ventured to publish them to the prejudice of any man. Miss applauded the captain's generosity in pardoning one who had so villanously aspersed him, and I began to imagine her praise

was not at all disinterested. But the apothecary, who, perhaps, had more penetration, or less partiality, than his wife and daughter, differed from them in his sentiments of the matter, and expressed himself to me in the shop in this manner:—'Ah mon pauvre Roderique! you ave more of de veracité dan of de prudence——bot mine vife and dater be diablement sage, and monsieur le capitaine un fanfaron, pardieu!' This eulogium on his wife and daughter, though spoken ironically by him, was, nevertheless, literally just; by espousing the cause of Gawky, the one obliged a valuable lodger, and the other acquired a husband at a juncture when one was absolutely necessary; for the young lady finding the effects of her correspondence with O'Donnell becoming plainer and plainer every day, insinuated herself so artfully into the affection of this new lodger, that in less than a fortnight, on pretence of going to a play, they drove away together to the Fleet, where they were coupled; from thence removed to a bagnio, where the marriage was consummated; and in the morning came home, where they asked her father's and mother's blessing. The prudent parents, notwithstanding the precipitation with which the match was carried on, did not think fit to refuse their approbation: for the apothecary was not ill pleased to find his daughter married to a young man of a good prospect, who had not mentioned to him one syllable on the article of her dowry; and his wife was rejoiced at being rid of a rival in her gallants, and a spy upon her pleasures. Nor was I without self-enjoyment at this event, when I reflected upon the revenge I had unwittingly taken upon my enemy, by making him a cuckold by anticipation. But I little dreamed what a storm of mischief was brewing against me, whilst I thus indulged myself. Whatever face Gawky put on the matter, my discovery of the adventure before related, and the reproaches I vented against him, had stung him to the soul, and cherished the seeds of enmity so strongly in his breast, that he, (it seems) imparted his indignation to his wife, who being as desirous as himself to compass the ruin of one that not only slighted her caresses, but was able on any occasion to discover parti-

culars not at all advantageous to her character, readily joined in a conspiracy against me, which (had it taken effect as they expected) would infallibly have brought me to an ignominious death.

My master having several times missed large quantities of medicines, of which I could give no account, at last lost all patience, and in plain terms taxed me with having embezzled them for my own use. As I could only oppose my single asseveration to his suspicion, he told me one day,—'by gar, your vord not be give me de satisfaction—me find necessaire to chercher for my medicine, pardonnez moi—il faut chercher—me demand le clef of your coffre a cette heure.' Then raising his voice to conceal the fright he was in, lest I should make any opposition, he went on,—'oui, foutre, I charge you rendez le clef of your coffre—moi—si, moi que vous parle.' I was fired with so much resentment and disdain at this accusation, that I burst into tears, which he took for a sign of guilt; and pulling out my key, told him he might satisfy himself immediately, though he would not find it so easy to satisfy me for the injury my reputation had suffered from his unjust suspicion. He took the key, and mounted up to my chamber, attended by the whole family; saying, —'*he bien, nous verrons—nous verrons.*' But what was my horror and amazement, when, on opening my chest, he pulled out an handful of the very things that were missing, and pronounced,—'Ah ha! vous etes bien venus—mardie, Mons. Roderique, you be fort innocent.' I had not power to utter one word in my own vindication, but stood motionless and silent, while every body present made their respective remarks on what appeared against me. The servants said they were sorry for my misfortune, and went away repeating, 'who would have thought it?' My mistress took occasion from this detection to rail against the practice of employing strangers in general; and Mrs Gawky, after having observed that she never had a good opinion of my fidelity, proposed to have me carried before the justice, and committed to Newgate immediately. Her husband was actually upon the stairs in his way for a constable, when Mr

Lavement, knowing the cost and trouble of a prosecution, to which he must bind himself and at the same time dreading lest some particulars of my confession might affect his practice, called out,—'restez, mon fils! restez, it be veritablement one grand crime which dis pouvre diable have committed —bot peutêtre de good God give him de penitence, and me vill not have upon mine head the blood of one sinner.' The captain and his lady used all the christian arguments their zeal could suggest, to prevail on the apothecary to pursue me to destruction, and represented the injustice he did to the community, of which he was a member, in letting a villain escape, who would not fail of doing more mischief in the world, when he should reflect on his coming off so easily now. But their eloquence made no impression on my master, who, turning to me, said,—'go, miserable, go from mine house, quick, quick—and make reparation for your mauvaise actions.' By this time my indignation had roused me from the stupefaction in which I had hitherto remained, and I began in this manner.—'Sir, appearances, I own, condemn me; but you are imposed upon as much as I am abused—I have fallen a sacrifice to the rancour of that scoundrel,' (pointing to Gawky), 'who has found means to convey your goods hither, that the detection of them might blast my reputation, and accomplish my destruction. His hatred of me is owing to a consciousness of his having wronged me in my own country; for which injury, he, in a cowardly manner, refused me the satisfaction of a gentleman: he knows, moreover, that I am no stranger to his dastardly behaviour in this town, which I have recounted before; and he is unwilling that such a testimony of his ingratitude and pusillanimity should live upon the earth: for this reason he is guilty of the most infernal malice to bring about my ruin. And I am afraid, madam,' (turning to Mrs Gawky), 'you have too easily entered into the sentiments of your husband. I have often found you my enemy, and am well acquainted with the occasion of your being so, which I don't at present think proper to declare; but I would not advise you, for your own sake, to drive me to extremity.' This address enraged her

so much, that, with a face as red as scarlet, and the eyes of a fury, she strutted up to me, and, putting her hands on her sides, spit in my face, saying, I was a scandalous villain, but she defied my malice; and that, unless her papa would prosecute me like a thief as I was, she would not stay another night under his roof. At the same time, Gawky, assuming a big look, told me, he scorned what lies I could invent against him; but that, if I pretended to asperse his wife, he would put me to death, by G—d. To this threat I answered,—'I wish to God I could meet with thee in a desert, that I might have an opportunity of punishing thee for thy perfidy towards me, and rid the world of such a rascal—What hinders me this moment' (said I, seizing an old bottle that stood by) 'from doing myself that justice?' I had no sooner armed myself in this manner, than Gawky and his father-in-law retired in such a hurry, that the one overturned the other, and they rolled together down stairs; while my mistress swooned away with fear; and her daughter asked if I intended to murder her? I gave her to understand, that nothing was farther from my intention; that I would leave her to the stings of her own conscience, but was firmly resolved to slit her husband's nose, whenever fortune should offer a convenient opportunity. Then going down stairs, I met Lavement coming up, trembling, with the pestle in his hand, and Gawky behind, armed with his sword, pushing him forward. I demanded a parley, and having assured them of my pacific disposition, Gawky exclaimed,—'ah! villain! you have killed my dear wife.' And the apothecary cried,—'ah coquin! vere is my shild?' 'The lady,' said I, 'is above stairs, unhurt by me, and will a few months hence (I believe) reward your concern.' Here she called to them, and desired they would let the wretch go, and trouble themselves no further about him. To which request her father consented, observing nevertheless, that my conversation was fort mysterieuse. Finding it impossible to vindicate my innocence, I left the house immediately, and went to the schoolmaster, with an intention of clearing myself to him, and asking his advice with regard to my future conduct;

but, to my inexpressible vexation, was told he was gone to the country, where he would stay two or three days. I returned with a design of consulting some acquaintances I had acquired in my master's neighbourhood; but my story had taken air, through the officiousness of the servants, and not one of my friends would vouchsafe me a hearing. Thus I found myself, by the iniquity of mankind, in a much more deplorable condition than ever: for though I had been formerly as poor, my reputation was without blemish, and my health unimpaired till now;—but at present my good name was lost, my money gone, my friends were alienated, my body was infected by a distemper contracted in the course of an amour, and my faithful Strap, who alone could yield pity and assistance, absent I knew not where.

The first resolution I could take in this melancholy conjuncture, was to remove my clothes to the house of the person with whom I had formerly lodged, where I remained two days, in hopes of getting another place, by the interest of Mr Concordance, to whom I made no doubt of being able to vindicate my character; but in this supposition I reckoned without my host, for Lavement took care to be beforehand with me; and when I attempted to explain the whole affair to the schoolmaster, I found him so prepossessed against me, that he would scarce hear me to an end; but when I had finished my justification, shook his head, and beginning with his usual exclamation,—'O Ch—st!' said, 'that won't go down with me. I am very sorry I should have the misfortune of being concerned in the affair, but, however shall be more cautious for the future. I will trust no man from henceforward—no, not my father who begat me—nor the brother who lay with me in my mother's womb. Should Daniel rise from the dead, I would think him an impostor, and were the genius of Truth to appear, would question its veracity.' I told him, that one day it was possible he might be convinced of the injury I had suffered, and repent of his premature determination. To which remark he answered, the proof of my innocence would make his bowels vibrate with joy;—but till that shall happen,' continued he, 'I must

beg to have no manner of connection with you—my reputation is at stake—O my good God! I shall be looked upon as your accomplice and abettor—people will say Jonathan Wild was but a type of me—boys will hoot at me as I pass along, and the cinder-wenches belch forth reproaches, wafted in a gale impregnated with gin—I shall be notorious—the very butt of slander and cloak of infamy.' I was not in an humour to relish the climax of expressions upon which this gentleman valued himself in all his discourses; but, without any ceremony, took my leave, cursed with every sentiment of horror which my situation could suggest. I considered, however, in the intervals of my despondence, that I must in some shape suit my expense to my calamitous circumstances; and with that view hired an apartment in a garret near St. Giles's, at the rate of nine-pence per week. In this place I resolved to perform my own cure, having first pawned three shirts to purchase medicines and support for the occasion.

One day when I sat in this solitary retreat, musing upon the unhappiness of my fate, I was alarmed by a groan that issued from a chamber contiguous to mine, into which I immediately ran, and found a woman stretched on a miserable truckle bed, without any sensible signs of life. Having applied a smelling-bottle to her nose, the blood began to revisit her cheeks, and she opened her eyes; but, good heavens! what were the emotions of my soul, when I discovered her to be the same individual lady who had triumphed over my heart, and to whose fate I had almost been inseparably joined! Her deplorable situation filled my breast with compassion, and every tender idea reviving in my imagination, I flew into her embrace. She knew me immediately; and, straining me gently in her arms, shed a torrent of tears, which I could not help increasing. At length, casting a languishing look at me, she pronounced, with a feeble voice,—'dear Mr Random, I do not deserve this concern at your hands. I am a vile creature, who had a base design upon your person; suffer me to expiate that and all my other crimes by a miserable death, which will not fail to overtake me in a few hours.' I encouraged her as much as I could; told her I forgave all

her intentions with regard to me; and that, although my circumstances were extremely low, I would share my last farthing with her. In the meantime, begged to know the immediate cause of that fit from which she had just recovered, and said, I would endeavour by my skill to prevent any more such attacks. She seemed very much affected with this expression, took my hand, and pressed it to her lips, saying, you are too generous!—I wish I could live to express my gratitude; but alas! I perish for want.' Then, shutting her eyes, she relapsed into another swoon. Such extremity of distress must have awaked the most obdurate heart to sympathy and compassion. What effect, then, must it have had on mine, that was naturally prone to every tender passion? I ran down stairs, and sent my landlady to a chemist's shop for some cinnamon water; while I, returning to this unfortunate creature's chamber, used all the means in my power to bring her to herself. This aim, with much difficulty, I accomplished, and made her drink a glass of the cordial to recruit her spirits; then I prepared a little mulled red wine and a toast, which having taken, she found herself thoroughly revived, and informed me, that she had not tasted food for eight-and-forty hours before. As I was impatient to know the occasion and nature of her calamity, she gave me to understand, that she was a woman of the town by profession: that, in the course of her adventures she found herself dangerously infected with a distemper to which all of her class are particularly subject: that her malady gaining ground every day, she became lothesome to herself, and offensive to others; when she resolved to retire to some obscure corner, where she might be cured with as little noise and expense as possible: that she had accordingly chosen this place of retreat, and put herself into the hands of an advertising doctor, who, having fleeced her of all the money she had, or could procure, left her three days ago in a worse condition than that in which he found her; that, except the clothes on her back, she had pawned or sold every thing that belonged to her, to satisfy that rapacious quack, and quiet the clamour of her landlady, who still persisted in her

threats to turn her out into the street. After having moralised upon these particulars, I proposed that she should lodge in the same room with me, an expedient that would save some money; and assured her I would undertake her cure as well as my own, during which she should partake of all the conveniencies that I could afford to myself. She embraced my offer with unfeigned acknowledgment; and I began to put it in practice immediately. I found in her not only an agreeable companion, whose conversation greatly alleviated my chagrin, but also a careful nurse, who served me with the utmost fidelity and affection. One day, while I testified my surprise that a woman of her beauty, good sense, and education (for she had a large portion of each), could be reduced to such an infamous and miserable way of life as that of a prostitute,—she answered, with a sigh,—'these very advantages were the cause of my undoing.' This remarkable reply inflamed my curiosity to such a degree, that I begged she would favour me with the particulars of her story, and she complied in these words.—

CHAPTER XXII.

The history of Miss Williams.

My father was an eminent merchant in the city, who having, in the course of trade, suffered very considerable losses, retired in his old age, with his wife, to a small estate in the country, which he had purchased with the remains of his fortune. At that time I, being but eight years of age, was left in town for the convenience of education, boarded with an aunt, who was a rigid presbyterian, and who confined me so closely to what she called the duties of religion, that, in time, I grew weary of her doctrines, and by degrees conceived an aversion for the good books she daily recommended to my perusal. As I increased in age, and appeared with a person not disagreeable, I contracted a good deal of acquaintance among my own sex, one of whom, after having

lamented the restraint I was under from the narrowness of my aunt's sentiments, told me I must now throw off the prejudices of opinion imbibed under her influence and example, and learn to think for myself; for which purpose she advised me to read Shaftesbury, Tindal, Hobbes, and all the books that are remarkable for their deviation from the old way of thinking, and, by comparing one with another, I should soon be able to form a system of my own. I followed her advice; and, whether it was owing to my prepossession against what I had formerly read, or the clearness of argument in these my new instructors, I know not, but I studied them with pleasure, and in a short time became a professed freethinker. Proud of my new improvement, I argued in all companies, and that with such success, that I soon acquired the reputation of a philosopher, and few people durst undertake me in a dispute. I grew vain upon my good fortune, and at length pretended to make my aunt a proselyte to my opinion; but she no sooner perceived my drift, than, taking the alarm, she wrote to my father an account of my heresy, and conjured him, as he tendered the good of my soul, to remove me immediately from the dangerous place where I had contracted such sinful principles: accordingly, my father ordered me into the country, where I arrived in the fifteenth year of my age; and, by his command, gave him a detail of all the articles of my faith, which he did not find so unreasonable as they had been represented. Finding myself suddenly deprived of the company and pleasures of the town, I grew melancholy, and it was some time before I could relish my situation. But solitude became every day more and more familiar to me; and I consoled myself in my retreat with the enjoyment of a good library, at such times as I was not employed in the management of the family (for my mother had been dead three years), in visiting, or some other party of rural diversion. Having more imagination than judgment, I addicted myself too much to poetry and romance; and, in short, was looked upon as a very extraordinary person by every body in the country where I resided. I had one evening strayed with a book in

my hand, into a wood that bordered on the high road, at a little distance from my father's house, when a certain drunken squire riding by perceived me, and crying,—'zounds! there's a charming creature!' alighted in a moment, caught me in his arms, and treated me so rudely, that I shrieked as loud as I could; and, in the meantime, opposed his violence with all the strength that rage and resentment could inspire. During this struggle, another horseman came up, who seeing a lady so unworthily used, dismounted, and flew to my assistance. My ravisher, mad with disappointment, or provoked with the reproaches of the other gentleman, quitted me, and, running to his horse, drew a pistol from the saddle, and fired at my protector, who happily receiving no damage, went up, and, with the butt end of his whip, laid him prostrate on the ground, before he could use the other, which his antagonist immediately seized, and clapping to the squire's breast, threatened to put him to death for his cowardice and treachery. In this dilemma I interposed, and begged his life, which was granted to my request, after he had asked pardon, and swore his intention was only to obtain a kiss. However, my defender thought proper to unload the other pistol, and throw away the flints, before he gave him his liberty. This courteous stranger conducted me home, where my father, having learned the signal service he had done me, loaded him with caresses, and insisted on his lodging that night at our house. If the obligation he had conferred upon me, justly inspired me with sentiments of gratitude, his appearance and conversation seemed to entitle him to somewhat more. He was about the age of two-and-twenty, among the tallest of the middle size; had chesnut coloured hair, which he wore tied up in a ribbon; a high polished forehead, a nose inclining to the aquiline, lively blue eyes, red pouting lips, teeth as white as snow, and a certain openness of countenance—but what need I describe any more particulars of his person? I hope you will do me the justice to believe I do not flatter, when I say he was the exact resemblance of you; and, if I had not been well acquainted with his family and pedigree, I should have made no scruple

of concluding that you was his brother. He spoke little, and seemed to have no reserve; for what he said was ingenuous, sensible, and uncommon. In short, said she, bursting into tears, he was formed for the ruin of our sex. His behaviour was modest and respectful; but his looks were so significant, that I could easily observe he secretly blessed the occasion that introduced him to my acquaintance. We learned from his discourse, that he was the eldest son of a wealthy gentleman in the neighbourhood, to whose name we were no strangers; that he had been to visit an acquaintance in the country, from whose house he was returning home when my shrieks brought him to my rescue. All night long my imagination formed a thousand ridiculous expectations. There was so much of knight-errantry in this gentleman's coming to the relief of a damsel in distress, with whom he immediately became enamoured, that all I had read of love and chivalry recurred to my fancy, and I looked upon myself as a princess in some region of romance, who being delivered from the power of a brutal giant or satyr by a generous Oroondates, was bound in gratitude, as well as led by inclination, to yield my affections to him without reserve. In vain did I endeavour to chastise these foolish conceits, by reflections more reasonable and severe. The amusing images took full possession of my mind and my dreams represented my hero sighing at my feet in the language of a desparing lover. Next morning after breakfast he took his leave, when my father begged the favour of further acquaintance with him; to which request he replied by a compliment to him, and a look to me so full of eloquence and tenderness, that my whole soul received the soft impression. In a short time he repeated his visit; and, as the recital of the particular steps he pursued to ruin me would be too tedious and impertinent, let it suffice to say, he made it his business to insinuate himself into my esteem, by convincing me of his own good sense, and at the same time flattering my understanding. This task he performed in the most artful manner, by seeming to contradict me often through misapprehension, that I might have an opportunity of clearing myself the

more to my own honour. Having thus secured my good opinion, he began to give me some tokens of a particular passion, founded on a veneration for the qualities of my mind, and, as an accidental ornament, admired the beauties of my person; till at length, being fully persuaded of his conquest, he chose a proper season for the theme, and disclosed his love in terms so ardent and sincere, that it was impossible for me to disguise the sentiments of my heart, and he received my approbation with the most lively transport. After this mutual declaration, we contrived to meet more frequently, in private interviews, where we enjoyed the conversation of one another, in all the elevation of fancy and impatience of hope, that reciprocal adoration can inspire. He professed his honourable intentions of which I made no question, lamented the avaricious disposition of his father, who had destined him for the arms of another, and vowed eternal fidelity with such an appearance of candour and devotion, that I became a dupe to his deceit, and, in an evil hour, crowned his eager desire with full possession. Cursed be the day on which I gave away my innocence and peace for a momentary gratification, which has entailed upon me such misery and horror! cursed be my beauty, that first attracted the attention of the seducer! cursed be my education, that, by refining my sentiments, made my heart the more susceptible! cursed be my good sense, that fixed me to one object, and taught me the preference I enjoyed was but my due! had I been ugly, nobody would have tempted me; had I been ignorant, the charms of my person would not have atoned for the coarseness of my conversation; had I been giddy, my vanity would have divided my inclinations, and my ideas would have been so diffused, that I should never have listened to the enchantments of one alone.

But, to return to my unfortunate story: we gave a loose to guilty pleasure, which, for some months, banished every other concern. At last, by degrees, his visits became less frequent, and his behaviour less warm: I perceived his coldness—my heart took the alarm—my tears reproached him—and I insisted upon the performance of his promise to espouse

me, that, whatever should happen, my reputation might be safe. He seemed to acquiesce in my proposal, and left me on pretence of finding a proper clergyman to unite us in the bands of wedlock. But, alas! the inconstant had no intention to return. I waited a whole week with the utmost impatience; sometimes doubting his honour, at other times inventing excuses for him, and condemning myself for harbouring the least suspicion of his faith. At length, I understood from a gentleman who dined at our house, that this perfidious wretch was on the point of setting out for London with his bride, to buy clothes for their approaching nuptials. This information distracted me! the more so as I found myself some months gone with child, and reflected, that it would be impossible to conceal my disgrace, which would not only ruin the character I had acquired in the country, but also bring the grey hairs of an indulgent parent with sorrow to the grave. Rage took possession of my soul; I denounced a thousand imprecations, and formed as many schemes of revenge against the traitor who had undone me! Then my resentment would subside to silent sorrow. I recalled the tranquillity I had lost, I wept over my infatuation, and sometimes a ray of hope would intervene, and for a moment cheer my drooping heart; I would revolve all the favourable circumstances of his character, repeat the vows he made, ascribe his absence to the vigilance of a suspicious father, who compelled him to a match his soul abhorred, and comfort myself with the expectation of seeing him before the thing should be brought to any terms of agreement. But how vain was my imagination! The villain left me without remorse; and in a few days the news of his marriage was spread all over the country. My horror was then inconceivable! and had not the desire of revenge diverted the resolution, I should infallibly have put an end to my miserable life. My father observed the symptoms of my despair; and, though I have good reason to believe he guessed the cause, was at a great deal of pains to seem ignorant of my affliction, while he endeavoured with paternal fondness to alleviate my distress. I saw his concern, which increased my anguish, and raised

my fury against the author of my calamity to an implacable degree. Having furnished myself with a little money, I made an elopement from this unhappy parent in the night-time, and, about break of day, arrived at a small town, from whence a stage-coach set out for London, in which I embarked, and next day alighted in town; the spirit of revenge having supported me all the way against every other reflection. My first care was to hire a lodging, in which I kept myself very retired, having assumed a feigned name, that my character and situation might be the better concealed. It was not long before I found out the house of my ravisher, whither I immediately repaired in a transport of rage, determined to act some desperate deed for the satisfaction of my despair, though the hurry of my spirits would not permit to concert or resolve upon a particular plan. When I demanded admission to Lothario (so let me call him), I was desired to send up my name and business; but this I refused, telling the porter I had business for his master's private ear. Upon which I was conducted into a parlour until he should be informed of my request. There I remained about a quarter of an hour, when a servant entered, and told me his master was engaged with company, and begged to be excused at that time. My temper could hold out no longer: I pulled a poniard from my bosom where I had concealed it, and rushing out, flew up stairs like a fury, exclaiming,—'where is this perfidious villain! could I once plunge this dagger into his false heart, I should then die satisfied.' The noise I made alarmed not only the servants, but the company also, who, hearing my threats, came forwards to the staircase to see what was the matter. I was seized, disarmed, and withheld by two footmen; and in this situation, felt the most exquisite torture in beholding my undoer approach with his young wife. I could not endure the sight, was deprived of my senses, and fell into a severe fit, during which I know not how I was treated; but when I recovered the use of reflection, found myself on a bed in a paltry apartment, where I was attended by an old woman, who asked a thousand impertinent questions relating to my condition; and informed me that

my behaviour had thrown the whole family into confusion; that Lothario affirmed I was mad, and proposed to have me sent to Bedlam; but my lady persuaded herself there was more in my conduct than he cared should be known, and had taken to her bed on bare suspicion, having first ordered that I should be narrowly looked to. I heard all she said without making any other reply, than desiring she would do me the favour to call a chair; but this, she told me, could not be done without her master's consent, which, however, was easily procured, and I was conveyed to my own lodgings in a state of mind that baffles all description. The agitation of my thoughts produced a fever, which brought on a miscarriage; and I believe it is well for my conscience that Heaven thus disposed of my burden; for, let me own to you with penitence and horror, if I had brought a living child into the world, my frenzy would have prompted me to sacrifice the little innocent to my resentment of the father's infidelity.

After this event, my rage abated, and my hate became more deliberate and calm: when, one day, my landlady informed me, that there was a gentleman below who desired to see me, he having something of consequence to impart, which he was sure would contribute to my peace of mind. I was exceedingly alarmed at this declaration, which I attempted to interpret a thousand ways; and before I came to any determination he entered my room, with an apology for intruding upon me against my knowledge or consent. I surveyed him some time, and, not being able to recollect his face, demanded, with a faltering accent, what his business was with me? Upon which he desired I would give him a particular audience, and he did not doubt of communicating something that would conduce to my satisfaction and repose. As I thought myself sufficiently guarded against any violence, I granted his request, and bid the woman withdraw. The stranger then advancing, gave me to understand, that he was well acquainted with the particulars of my story, having been informed of them from Lothario's own mouth; that, from the time he knew my misfortunes, he had entertained a

detestation for the author of them; which had of late been increased and inflamed to a desire of revenge, by a piece of dishonourable conduct towards him; that, hearing of my melancholy situation, he had come with an intention of offering his assistance and comfort, and was ready to espouse my quarrel, and forthwith take vengeance on my seducer, provided I would grant him one consideration, which, he hoped, I should see no reason to refuse. Had all the artifice of hell been employed in composing a persuasive, it could not have had a more instantaneous or favourable effect than this discourse had upon me. I was transported with a delirium of gloomy joy; I hugged my companion in my arms, and vowed, that if he would make good his promise, my soul and body should be at his disposal. The contract was made; he devoted himself to my revenge, undertook to murder Lothario that very night, and to bring me an account of his death before morning. Accordingly, about two of the clock, he was introduced to my chamber, and assured me, my perfidious lover was no more; that although he was not entitled to such an honourable proceeding, he had fairly challenged him to the field, where he upbraided him with his treachery towards me, for whom (he told me) his sword was drawn, and after a few passes left him weltering in his blood. I was so savaged by my wrongs, that I delighted in the recital of this adventure, made him repeat the particulars, feasted my eyes with the blood that remained on his clothes and sword, and yielded up my body as a recompence for the service he had done me. My imagination was so engrossed with these ideas, that in my sleep I dreamed Lothario appeared before me, pale, mangled, and bloody, blamed my rashness, protested his innocence, and pleaded his own cause so pathetically, that I was convinced of his fidelity, and waked in a fit of horror and remorse. My bed-fellow endeavoured to soothe, console, and persuade me that I had but barely done justice to myself. I dropt asleep again, and the same apparition returned to my fancy. In short, I passed the night in great misery, and looked upon my avenger with such abhorrence, that, in the morning, perceiving my aversion, he insinuated

there was still a possibility of Lothario's recovery; it was true he left him wounded on the ground, but not quite dead; and perhaps his hurts might not be mortal. At these words, I started up, bade him fly for intelligence, and, if he could not bring me tidings of Lothario's safety, at least consult his own, and never return, for I was resolved to surrender myself to justice, and declare all that I knew of the affair, that, if possible, I might expiate my own guilt, by incurring the rigours of a sincere repentance and ignominious death. He very coolly represented the unreasonableness of my prejudice against him, who had done nothing but what his love of me inspired, and honour justified: that now he had, at the risk of his life, been subservient to my revenge, I was about to discard him as an infamous agent occasionally necessary; and that, even if he should be so lucky as to bring news of Lothario's safety, it was probable my former resentment might revive, and I would upbraid him of having failed in his undertaking. I assured him, that, on the contrary, he should be dearer to me than ever, as I then should be convinced he acted more on the principles of a man of honour than on those of a mercenary assassin, and scorned to take away the life of an adversary (how inveterate soever) which fortune had put in his power. 'Well then, madam,' said he, 'whatever may have happened, I shall find it no difficult matter to acquit myself in point of honour.' And took his leave, in order to inquire into the consequences of his duel. I was now more sensible than ever of the degrees of guilt and misery; all the affliction I had suffered hitherto was owing to my own credulity and weakness, and my conscience could not accuse me of venal crimes: but now that I looked upon myself as a murderer, it is impossible to express the terrors of my imagination, which was incessantly haunted by the image of the deceased, and my bosom stung with the most exquisite agonies, of which I saw no end. At length Horatio (for so I shall call my keeper) returned, and, telling me I had nothing to fear, delivered into my hands a billet, containing these words:—

'MADAM,—As I understand it is of consequence to your peace, I take this liberty to inform you, that the wounds received from Horatio are not mortal. This satisfaction my humanity could not deny, even to a person who has endeavoured to disturb the repose, as well as destroy the life, of LOTHARIO.'

Being well acquainted with his hand, I had no reason to suspect an imposition in this letter, which I read over and over with a transport of joy, and caressed Horatio so much, that he appeared the happiest man alive. Thus was I won from despair by the menaces of a greater misfortune than that which depressed me. Griefs are like usurpers, the most powerful deposes all the rest. But my raptures were not lasting; that very letter which in a manner re-established my tranquillity, in a little time banished my peace. His unjust reproaches, while they waked my resentment, recalled my former happiness, and filled my soul with rage and sorrow. Horatio, perceiving the situation of my mind, endeavoured to divert my chagrin, by treating me with all the amusements and entertainments of the town. I was gratified with every indulgence I could desire, introduced into the company of other kept-mistresses, by whom an uncommon deference was paid to me; and I began to lose all remembrance of my former condition, when an accident brought it back to my view, with all its interesting circumstances. Diverting myself one day with some newspapers, which I had not before perused, the following advertisement attracted my attention:—

'Whereas a young gentlewoman disappeared from her father's house in the county of ———, about the end of September, on account, as is supposed, of some uneasiness of mind, and has not been as yet heard of: whoever will give any information about her to Mr ——— of Gray's Inn, shall be handsomely rewarded; or if she will return to the arms of her disconsolate parent, she will be received with the utmost tenderness, whatever reason she may have to think otherwise, and may be the means of prolonging the life of a father, already weighed down almost to the grave with age and sorrow.'

This pathetic remonstrance had such an effect on me, that I was fully resolved to return, like the prodigal son, and im-

plore the forgiveness of him who gave me life; but, alas! upon inquiry, I found he had paid his debt to nature a month before, lamenting my absence to his last hour, having left his fortune to a stranger, as a mark of his resentment of my unkind and undutiful behaviour. Penetrated with remorse on this occasion, I sunk into the most profound melancholy, and considered myself as the immediate cause of his death. I lost all relish for company, and indeed most of my acquaintance no sooner perceived my change of temper than they abandoned me. Horatio, disgusted at my insensibility, or, which is more probable, cloyed with possession, became colder and colder every day, till at last he left me altogether, without making any apology for his conduct, or securing me against the miseries of want, as a man of honour ought to have done, considering the share he had in my ruin; for I afterwards learned that the quarrel between Lothario and him was a story trumped up to rid the one of my importunities, and give the other the enjoyment of my person, which, it seems, he lusted after, upon seeing me at the house of my seducer. Reduced to this extremity, I cursed my own simplicity, uttered horrid imprecations against the treachery of Horatio; and, as I became every day more familiarized to the loss of innocence, resolved to be revenged on the sex in general, by practising their own arts upon themselves. Nor was an opportunity long wanting; an old gentlewoman, under pretence of sympathising, visited me, and, after having condoled me on my misfortunes, and professed a disinterested friendship, began to display the art of her occupation in encomiums on my beauty, and invectives against the wretch who had forsaken me; insinuating withal, that it would be my own fault if I did not still make my fortune by the extraordinary qualifications with which nature had endowed me. I soon understood her drift, and gave her such encouragement to explain herself, that we came to an agreement immediately to divide the profits of my prostitution accruing from such gallants as she should introduce to my acquaintance. The first stroke of my dissimulation was practised upon a certain judge, to whom I was recommended by

this matron as an innocent creature just arrived from the country. He was so transported with my appearance and feigned simplicity, that he paid a hundred guineas for the possession of me for one night only, during which I behaved in such a manner as to make him perfectly well pleased with his purchase.

CHAPTER XXIII.

She is interrupted by a bailiff, who arrests and carries her to the Marshalsea—I accompany her—bring witnesses to prove she is not the person named in the writ—the bailiff is fain to give her a present, and discharge her—we shift our lodging—she resumes her story, and ends it—my reflections thereupon—she makes me acquainted with the progress of a common woman of the town—resolves to quit that way of life.

Her story was here interrupted by a rap at the door, which I no sooner opened, than three or four terrible fellows rushed in, one of whom accosted my fellow-lodger thus:—'madam, your servant, you must do me the favour to come along with me—I have got a writ against you.' While the bailiff (for so he was) spoke thus, his followers surrounded the prisoner, and began to handle her very roughly. This treatment incensed me so much, that I snatched up the poker, and would certainly have used it in defence of the lady, without any regard to the strength and number of her adversaries, had she not begged me, with a composure of countenance for which I could not account, to use no violence in her behalf, which could be of no service to her but might be very detrimental to myself. Then turning to the leader of this formidable troop, she desired to see the writ, and, having perused it, said, with a faltering voice,—'I am not the person whose name is here mentioned; arrest me at your peril.' 'Ay, ay, madam,' replied the catchpole, 'we shall prove your identity. In the meantime, whether will you be pleased to be carried to my house, or to jail?' 'If I must be confined,' said she, 'I would rather be in your house than in a common jail.' 'Well, well,' an-

swered he, 'if you have money enough in your pocket, you shall be entertained like a princess.' But when she acquainted him with her poverty, he swore he never gave credit, and ordered one of his myrmidons to call a coach, to carry her to the Marshalsea at once. While they waited for the convenience, she took me aside, and bade me be under no concern on her account, for she knew how to extricate herself from this difficulty very soon, and perhaps gain something by the occasion. Although her discourse was a mystery to me, I was very well pleased with her assurance, and, when the coach came to the door, offered to accompany her to prison; to which proposal, after much entreaty, she consented. When we arrived at the gate of the Marshalsea, our conductor alighted, and, having demanded entrance, presented the writ to the turnkey, who no sooner perceived the name of Elizabeth Cary, than he cried,—'Ah hah! my old acquaintance Bett! I am glad to see thee with all my heart!' So saying, he opened the coach door, and helped her to dismount; but when he observed her face, he started back, saying,—'sounds! who have we got here?' The bailiff, alarmed at this interrogation, cried, with some emotion, —'who the devil should it be, but the prisoner Elizabeth Cary?' The turnkey replied,—'that Elizabeth Cary! I'll be d—d if that's Elizabeth Cary, more than my grandmother. D—n my blood, I know Bett Cary as well as if I had made her.' Here the lady thought fit to interpose, and tell the catchpole, if he had taken her word for it at first, he might have saved himself and her a great deal of trouble.— 'It may be so,' answered he, 'but by G—d I'll have further evidence that you are not the person before you and I part.' 'Yes, yes,' said she, 'you shall have further evidence to your cost.' Then we adjourned into the lodge, and called for a bottle of wine, where my companion wrote a direction to two of her acquaintance, and begged the favour of me to go to their lodgings, and request them to come to her immediately. I found them together at a house in Bridges street, Drury lane; and as they were luckily unengaged, they set out with me in a hackney-coach,

without hesitation, after I had related the circumstances of the affair, which flattered them with the hopes of seeing a bailiff trounced; for there is an antipathy as natural between the w——s and bailiffs, as that subsisting between mice and cats. Accordingly, when they entered the lodge, they embraced the prisoner very affectionately by the name of Nancy Williams, and asked how long she had been nabbed, and for what? On hearing the particulars of her adventure repeated, they offered to swear before a justice of peace, that she was not the person mentioned in the writ, whom, it seems, they all knew; but the bailiff, who was by this time convinced of his mistake, told them he would not put them to that trouble.—'Ladies,' said he, 'there's no harm done—you shall give me leave to treat you with another bottle, and then we'll part friends.' This proposal was not at all relished by the sisterhood; and Miss Williams told him, sure he did not imagine her such a fool, as to be satisfied with a paltry glass of sour wine. Here the turnkey interrupted her, by affirming, with an oath, that the wine was as good as ever was tipped over tongue. 'Well,' continued she, 'that may be,—but was it the best of champaign, it is no recompense for the damage I have suffered both in character and health, by being wrongfully dragged to jail. At this rate no innocent person is safe, since an officer of justice, out of malice, private pique, or mistake, may injure and oppress the subject with impunity: but, thank heaven, I live under the protection of laws that will not suffer such insults to pass unpunished, and I know very well how to procure redress.' Mr Vulture (for that was the bailiff's name), finding he had to deal with one who would not be imposed upon, began to look very sullen and perplexed, and, leaning his forehead on his hand, entered into a deliberation with himself, which lasted a few minutes, and then broke out in a volley of dreadful curses against the old b—— our landlady, (as he called her), for having misinformed him. After much wrangling and swearing, the matter was referred to the decision of the turnkey, who, calling for the other bottle, mulcted the bailiff in all the liquor that had been drank,

coach-hire, and a couple of guineas for the use of the plaintiff. The money was immediately deposited; Miss Williams gratified the two evidences with one half, and putting, the other in her pocket, drove home with me, leaving the catchpole grumbling over his loss, yet pleased in the main, for having so cheaply got clear of a business that might have cost him ten times the sum, and his place to boot. This guinea was a very seasonable relief to us, who were reduced to great necessity, six of my shirts, and almost all my clothes, except those on my back, having been either pawned or sold for our maintenance before this happened. As we resented the behaviour of our landlady, our first care was to provide ourselves with another lodging, whither we removed next day, with an intention to keep ourselves as retired as possible, until our cure should be completed. When we were fixed in our new habitation, I entreated her to finish the story of her life, which she pursued in this manner.—

The success of our experiment on the judge, encouraged us to practise the same deceit on others, and my virginity was five times sold to good purpose: but this harvest lasted not long, my character taking air, and my directress deserting me for some new game. Then I took lodgings near Charing cross, at two guineas per week, and began to entertain company in a public manner: but my income being too small to defray my expense, I was obliged to retrench, and enter into articles with the porters of certain taverns, who undertook to find employment enough for me, provided I would share my profits with them. Accordingly, I was almost every night engaged with company, among whom I was exposed to every mortification, danger, and abuse, that flow from drunkenness, brutality, and disease. How miserable is the condition of a courtezan, whose business it is to soothe, suffer, and obey, the dictates of rage, insolence, and lust! As my spirit was not sufficiently humbled to the will, nor my temper calculated for the conversation of my gallants, it was impossible for me to overcome an aversion I felt for my profession, which manifested itself in a settled gloom on my countenance, and disgusted those sons of mirth and

riot so much, that I was frequently used in a shocking manner, and kicked down stairs with disgrace. The messengers seeing me disagreeable to their benefactors and employers, seldom troubled me with a call, and I began to find myself almost totally neglected. To contribute towards my support I was fain to sell my watch, rings, trinkets, with the best part of my clothes; and I was one evening musing by myself on the misery before me, when I received a message from a bagnio, whither I repaired in a chair, and was introduced to a gentleman dressed like an officer, with whom I supped in a sumptuous manner, and, after drinking a hearty glass of champaign, went to bed. In the morning when I awoke, I found my gallant had got up, and, drawing aside the curtain, could not perceive him in the room. This circumstance gave me some uneasiness; but as he might have retired on some necessary occasion, I waited a full hour for his return, and then, in the greatest perplexity, rose up, and rung the bell. When the waiter came to the door, he found it locked, and desired admittance, which I granted, after observing, with great surprise, that the key remained on the inside, as when we went to bed. I no sooner inquired for the captain, than the fellow, staring with a distracted look, cried,—'how, madam! is he not a-bed?' And when he was satisfied as to that particular, ran into a closet adjoining to the chamber, the window of which he found open. Through this the adventurer had got upon a wall, from whence he dropped down into a court, and escaped, leaving me to be answerable, not only for the reckoning, but also for a large silver tankard and posset bowl, which he had carried off with him. It is impossible to describe the consternation I was under, when I saw myself detained as a thief's accomplice: for I was looked upon in that light, and carried before a justice, who, mistaking my confusion for a sign of guilt, committed me, after a short examination, to Bridewell, having advised me, as the only means to save my life, to turn evidence, and impeach my confederate. I now concluded the vengeance of heaven had overtaken me, and that I must soon finish my career by an ignominious death. This

reflection sunk so deep into my soul that I was for some days deprived of my reason, and actually believed myself in hell, tormented by fiends: indeed there needs not a very extravagant imagination to form that idea; for, of all the scenes on earth, that of Bridewell approaches nearest the notion I had always entertained of the infernal regions. Here I saw nothing but rage, anguish, and impiety; and heard nothing but groans, curses, and blasphemy. In the midst of this hellish crew, I was subjected to the tyranny of a barbarian, who imposed upon me tasks that I could not possibly perform, and then punished my incapacity with the utmost rigour and inhumanity. I was often whipped into a swoon, and lashed out of it, during which miserable intervals I was robbed by my fellow-prisoners of every thing about me, even to my cap, shoes, and stockings: I was not only destitute of necessaries, but even of food; so that my wretchedness was extreme. Not one of my acquaintance, to whom I imparted my situation, would grant me the least succour or regard, on pretence of my being committed for theft; and my landlord refused to part with some of my own clothes, which I sent for, because I was indebted to him for a week's lodging. Overwhelmed with calamity, I grew desperate, and resolved to put an end to my grievances and life together: for this purpose I got up in the middle of the night, when I thought every body round me asleep; and, fixing one end of my handkerchief to a large hook in the ceiling, that supported the scales on which the hemp is weighed, I stood upon a chair, and, making a noose on the other end, put my neck into it, with an intention to hang myself; but before I could adjust the knot, I was surprised and prevented by two women who had been awake all the while, and suspected my design. In the morning my attempt was published among the prisoners, and punished with thirty stripes; the pain of which co-operating with my disappointment and disgrace, bereft me of my senses, and threw me into an ecstacy of madness, during which I tore the flesh from my bones with my teeth, and dashed my head against the pavement; so that they were

obliged to set a watch over me, to restrain me from doing farther mischief to myself and others. This fit of frenzy continued three days, at the end of which I grew calm and sullen; but as the desire of making away with myself still remained, I came to a determination of starving myself to death, and with that view refused all sustenance. Whether it was owing to the want of opposition, or to the weakness of nature, I know not, but on the second day of my fast, I found my resolution considerably impaired, and the calls of hunger almost insupportable. At this critical juncture, a lady was brought into the prison, with whom I had contracted an acquaintance while I lived with Horatio: she was then on the same footing as I was, but afterwards quarrelling with her gallant, and not finding another to her mind, altered her scheme of life, and set up a coffee-house among the hundreds of Drury, where she entertained gentlemen with claret, arrack, and the choice of half a dozen of damsels, who lived in her house. This serviceable matron having neglected to gratify a certain justice for the connivance she enjoyed, was indicted at the quarter sessions, in consequence of which her bevy was dispersed, and herself committed to bridewell. She had not been long there before she learned my disaster, and, coming up to me, after a compliment of condolence, inquired into the particulars of my fate. While we were engaged in discourse together, the master came and told me, that the fellow on whose account I had suffered, was taken; that he had confessed the theft, and cleared me of any concern in the affair; for which reason, he, the master, had orders to discharge me; and that I was from that moment free. This piece of news soon banished all thoughts of death, and had such an instantaneous effect on my countenance, that Mrs Coupler, (the lady then present), hoping to find her account in me, very generously offered to furnish me with what necessaries I wanted, and take me into her own house, as soon as she could compromise matters with the justices. The conditions of her offer were, that I should pay three guineas weekly for my board, and a reasonable consideration besides, for the use of such clothes and ornaments as she

should supply me with, to be deducted from the first profits of my embraces. These were hard terms; but not to be rejected by one who was turned out helpless and naked into the wide world, without a friend to pity or assist her. I therefore embraced her proposal; and she, being bailed in a few hours, took me home with her in a coach. As I was by this time conscious of having formerly disgusted my admirers by my reserved and haughty behaviour, I now endeavoured to conquer that disposition; and the sudden change of my fortune giving me a flow of spirits, I appeared in the most winning and gay manner I could assume. Having the advantage of a good voice and education, I exerted my talents to the uttermost, and soon became the favourite with all company. This success alarmed the pride and jealousy of Mrs Coupler, who could not bear the thoughts of being eclipsed: she therefore made a merit of her envy, and whispered among the customers that I was unsound. There needed no more to ruin my reputation, and blast my prosperity; every body shunned me with marks of aversion and disdain; and, in a very short time, I was as solitary as ever. Want of gallants was attended with want of money to satisfy my malicious landlady, who having purposely given me credit to the amount of eleven pounds, took out a writ against me, and I was arrested in her own house. Though the room was crowded with people, when the bailiff entered, not one of them had compassion enough to mollify my prosecutrix, far less to pay the debt. They even laughed at my tears; and one of them bade me be of good cheer, for I should not want admirers in Newgate. At that instant, a sea lieutenant came in, and seeing my plight, began to inquire into the circumstances of my misfortune; when this wit advised him to keep clear of me, for I was a fire-ship. 'A fire-ship!' replied the sailor, 'more like a poor galley in distress, that has been boarded by such a fire-ship as you; if so be as that is the case, she stands in more need of assistance. Hark'e, my girl, how far have you over-run the constable?' I told him, that the debt amounted to eleven pounds, besides the expense of

the writ. 'An' that be all,' said he, 'you shan't go to the bilboes this bout.' And taking out his purse, paid the money, discharged the bailiff, and telling me I had got into the wrong port, advised me to seek out a more convenient harbour, where I could be safely hove down, for which purpose he made me a present of five guineas more. I was so touched with this singular piece of generosity, that, for some time, I had not power to thank him. However, as soon as I had recollected myself, I begged the favour of him to go with me to the next tavern, where I explained the nature of my disaster, and convinced him of the falsehood of what was reported to my prejudice so effectually, that he from that moment attached himself to me; and we lived in great harmony together, until he was obliged to go to sea, where he perished in a storm.

Having lost my benefactor, and almost consumed the remains of his bounty, I saw myself in danger of relapsing into my former necessity, and began to be very uneasy at the prospect of bailiffs and jails; when one of the sisterhood, a little stale, advised me to take lodgings in a part of the town where I was unknown, and pass for an heiress, by which artifice I might entrap somebody to be my husband, who would possibly be able to allow me an handsome maintenance, or at worst screen me from the dread and danger of a prison, by becoming liable for whatever debts I should contract. I approved of this scheme, towards the execution of which my companion clubbed her wardrobe, and undertook to live with me in quality of my maid; with the proviso, that she should be reimbursed, and handsomely considered out of the profits of my success. She was immediately detached to look out for a convenient place, and that very day hired a genteel apartment in Park street, whither I moved in a coach loaded with her baggage and my own. I made my first appearance in a blue riding-habit, trimmed with silver; and my maid acted her part so artfully, that, in a day or two, my fame was spread all over the neighbourhood, and I was said to be a rich heiress just arrived from the country. This report brought a swarm of gay young

fellows about me; but I soon found them out to be all indigent adventurers like myself, who crowded to me like crows to a carrion, with a view of preying upon my fortune. I maintained, however, the appearance of wealth as long as possible, in hopes of gaining some admirer more for my purpose; and at length attracted the regard of one who would have satisfied my wishes; and managed matters so well, that a day was actually fixed for our nuptials: in the interim he begged leave to introduce an intimate friend to me; which request, as I could not refuse, I had the extreme mortification and surprise to see next night, in that friend, my old keeper, Horatio; who no sooner beheld me, than he changed colour; but had presence of mind to advance, and salute me, bidding me (with a low voice) be under no apprehension, for he would not expose me. In spite of this assurance, I could not recover myself so far as to entertain them, but withdrew to my chamber, on pretence of a severe headach, to the no small cōncern of my adorer, who took his leave in the tenderest manner, and went off with his friend.

Having imparted my situation to my companion, she found it high time for us to decamp, and that without any noise, because we were not only indebted to our landlady, but also to several tradesmen in the neighbourhood. Our retreat, therefore, was concerted and executed in this manner: having packed up all our clothes and moveables in small parcels, she, (on pretence of fetching cordials for me) carried them, at several times, to the house of an acquaintance, where she likewise procured a lodging, to which we retired in the middle of the night, when every other body in the house was asleep. I was now obliged to aim at lower game, and accordingly spread my nets among trades-people; but found them all too phlegmatic or cautious for my art and attractions; till at last I became acquainted with you, on whom I practised all my dexterity; not that I believed you had any fortune, or expectation of one but that I might transfer the burden of such debts as I had incurred, or should contract, from myself to another; and at the same

time avenge myself of your sex, by rendering miserable one who bore such resemblance to the wretch who ruined me; but heaven preserved you from my snares, by the discovery you made, which was owing to the negligence of my maid in leaving the chamber door unlocked, when she went to buy sugar for breakfast. The person in bed with me was a gentleman whom I had allured the night before, as he walked homeward, pretty much elevated with liquor; for by this time my condition was so low, that I was forced to turn out in the twilight to the streets, in hopes of prey. When I found myself detected and forsaken by you, I was fain to move my lodging, and dwell two pair of stairs higher than before. My companion being disappointed in her expectations, left me, to trade upon her own bottom, and I had no other resource than to venture forth, like the owls in the dark, to pick up a precarious and uncomfortable subsistence. I have often sauntered between Ludgate hill and Charing cross a whole winter night, exposed not only to the inclemency of the weather, but likewise to the rage of hunger and thirst, without being so happy as to meet with one cully; then creep up to my garret in a deplorable draggled condition, sneak to bed, and try to bury my appetite and sorrows in sleep. When I lighted on some rake or tradesman reeling home drunk, I frequently suffered the most brutal treatment, in spite of which I was obliged to affect gaiety and good humour, though my soul was stung with resentment and disdain, and my heart loaded with grief and affliction. In the course of these nocturnal adventures, I was infected with the disease, that, in a short time, rendered me the object of my own abhorrence, and drove me to the retreat, where your benevolence rescued me from the jaws of death."

So much candour and good sense appeared in this lady's narration, that I made no scruple of believing every syllable of what she said; and expressed my astonishment at the variety of miseries she had undergone in so little time; for all her misfortunes had happened within the compass of two years. I compared her situation with my own, and found

it a thousand times more wretched. I had endured hardships, 'tis true; my whole life had been a series of such; and when I looked forward, the prospect was not much bettered; but then they were become habitual to me, and consequently I could bear them with less difficulty. If one scheme of life should not succeed, I could have recourse to another, and so to a third, veering about to a thousand different shifts, according to the emergencies of my fate, without forfeiting the dignity of my character beyond a power of retrieving it, or subjecting myself wholly to the caprice and barbarity of the world. On the other hand, she had known and relished the sweets of prosperity; she had been brought up under the wings of an indulgent parent, in all the delicacies to which her sex and rank entitled her; and, without any extravagance of hope, entertained herself with the view of uninterrupted happiness through the whole scene of life. How fatal then, how tormenting, how intolerable, must her reverse of fortune be! a reverse that not only robs her of those external comforts, and plunges her into all the miseries of want, but also murders her peace of mind, and entails upon her the curse of eternal infamy! Of all professions, I pronounce that of a courtezan the most deplorable, and her of all courtezans the most unhappy. She allowed my observation to be just in the main, but at the same time affirmed, that, notwithstanding the disgraces which had fallen to her share, she had not been so unlucky in the condition of a prostitute, as many others of the same community. 'I have often seen,' said she, 'while I strolled about the streets at midnight, a number of naked wretches reduced to rags and filth, huddled together like swine, in the corner of a dark alley; some of whom, but eighteen months before, I had known the favourites of the town, rolling in affluence, and glittering in all the pomp of equipage and dress. And indeed the gradation is easily conceived: the most fashionable woman of the town is as liable to a contagion as one in a much humbler sphere; she infects her admirers, her situation is public; she is avoided, neglected, unable to support her usual appearance, which, however,

she strives to maintain as long as possible; her credit fails; she is obliged to retrench, and become a night-walker; her malady gains ground; she tampers with her constitution, and ruins it; her complexion fades; she grows nauseous to every body; finds herself reduced to a starving condition; is tempted to pick pockets; is detected; committed to Newgate, where she remains in a miserable condition till she is discharged, because the plaintiff will not appear to prosecute her. Nobody will afford her lodging; the symptoms of her distemper are grown outrageous; she sues to be admitted into an hospital, where she is cured at the expense of her nose; she is turned out naked into the streets, depends upon the addresses of the lowest class, is fain to allay the rage of hunger and cold with gin; degenerates into a brutal insensibility, rots and dies upon a dunghill. Miserable wretch that I am! perhaps the same horrors are decreed for me! No,' (cried she, after some pause), 'I shall never live to such extremity of distress! my own hand shall open a way for my deliverance, before I arrive at that forlorn period!' Her condition filled me with sympathy and compassion; I revered her qualifications, looked upon her as unfortunate, not criminal, and attended her with such care and success, that, in less than two months, her health, as well as my own, was perfectly re-established. As we often conferred upon our mutual affairs, and interchanged advice, a thousand different projects were formed, which, upon further canvassing, appeared impracticable. We would have gladly gone to service; but who would take us in without recommendation? At length an expedient occurred to her, of which she intended to lay hold; and this was to procure with the first money she could earn, the homely garb of a country wench, go to some village at a good distance from town, and come up in a waggon, as a fresh girl for service; by which means she might be provided for in a manner much more suitable to her inclination than her present way of life.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I am reduced to great misery—assaulted on Tower hill by a press-gang, who put me on board a tender—my usage there—my arrival on board of the Thunder man of war, where I am put in irons, and afterwards released by the good offices of Mr Thomson, who recommends me as assistant to the surgeon—he relates his own story, and makes me acquainted with the characters of the captain, surgeon, and first mate.

I APPLAUDED the resolution of Miss Williams, who, a few days after, was hired in quality of bar-keeper, by one of the ladies who had witnessed in her behalf at the Marshalsea, and who, since that time, had got credit with a wine-merchant, whose favourite she was, to set up a convenient house of her own. Thither my fellow-lodger repaired, after having taken leave of me with a torrent of tears, and a thousand protestations of eternal gratitude; assuring me, she would remain in this situation no longer than she should pick up money sufficient to put her other design in execution.

As for my own part, I saw no resource but the army or navy, between which I hesitated so long, that I found myself reduced to a starving condition. My spirit began to accommodate itself to my beggarly fate, and I became so mean as to go down towards Wapping, with an intention to inquire for an old school-fellow, who, I understood, had got the command of a small coasting vessel, then in the river, and implore his assistance. But my destiny prevented this abject piece of behaviour; for, as I crossed Tower-wharf, a squat tawny fellow, with a hanger by his side, and a cudgel in his hand, came up to me, calling,—'yo, ho! brother, you must come along with me.' As I did not like his appearance, instead of answering his salutation, I quickened my pace, in hope of ridding myself of his company; upon which he whistled aloud, and immediately another sailor appeared before me, who laid hold of me by the collar, and began to drag me along. Not being of a humour to relish such treatment, I disengaged myself of the assailant, and, with one blow of my cudgel, laid him motionless on the ground; and

perceiving myself surrounded in a trice, by ten or a dozen more, exerted myself with such dexterity and success, that some of my opponents were fain to attack me with drawn cutlasses; and, after an obstinate engagement, in which I received a large wound on my head, and another on my left cheek, I was disarmed, taken prisoner, and carried on board a pressing tender, where, after being pinioned like a malefactor, I was thrust down into the hold among a parcel of miserable wretches, the sight of whom well nigh distracted me. As the commanding officer had not humanity enough to order my wounds to be dressed, and I could not use my own hands, I desired one of my fellow-captives, who was unfettered, to take a handkerchief out of my pocket, and tie it round my head to stop the bleeding. He pulled out my handkerchief, 'tis true, but, instead of applying it to the use for which I designed it, went to the grating of the hatchway, and, with astonishing composure, sold it before my face to a bum-boat woman* then on board, for a quart of gin, with which he treated my companions, regardless of my circumstances and entreaties.

I complained bitterly of this robbery to the midshipman on deck, telling him, at the same time, that, unless my hurts were dressed, I should bleed to death. But compassion was a weakness of which no man could justly accuse this person, who, squirting a mouthful of dissolved tobacco upon me through the gratings, told me,—'I was a mutinous dog, and that I might die and be damned.' Finding there was no other remedy, I appealed to patience, and laid up this usage in my memory, to be recalled at a fitter season. In the meantime, loss of blood, vexation, and want of food, contributed, with the noisome stench of the place, to throw me into a swoon; out of which I was recovered by a tweak of the nose, administered by the tar who stood centinel over us, who at the same time regaled me with a draught of flip, and comforted me with the hopes of being put on board the Thunder next day, where I should be freed of my hand-cuffs,

* A bum-boat woman is one who sells bread, cheese, greens, liquor and fresh provisions to the sailors, in a small boat that lies along-side the ship.

and cured of my wounds by the doctor. I no sooner heard him name the Thunder, than I asked if he had belonged to that ship long? and he giving me to understand, he had belonged to her five years, I inquired if he knew Lieutenant Bowling? 'Know Lieutenant Bowling,' said he, 'odds my life! and that I do; and a good seaman he is, as ever stepp'd upon forecastle,——and a brave fellow as ever crack'd bisket; —none of your guinea pigs,—nor your fresh-water, wishy-washy, fair-weather fowls. Many a tough gale of wind has honest Tom Bowling and I weathered together. Here's his health with all my heart, wherever he is, a-loft, or a-low—in heaven or in hell—all's one for that—he needs not be ashamed to shew himself.' I was so much affected with this eulogium, that I could not refrain from telling him that I was Lieutenant Bowling's kinsman; in consequence of which connection he expressed an inclination to serve me, and, when he was relieved, brought some cold boiled beef in a platter, and biscuit, on which we supped plentifully, and afterwards drank another cann of flip together. While we were thus engaged, he recounted a great many exploits of my uncle, who, I found, was very much beloved by the ship's company, and pitied for the misfortune that had happened to him in Hispaniola, which I was very glad to be informed was not so great as I imagined; for Captain Oakum had recovered of his wounds, and actually at that time commanded the ship. Having, by accident, in my pocket, my uncle's letter, written from Port Louis, I gave it to my benefactor (whose name was Jack Rattlin) for his perusal; but honest Jack told me frankly, he could not read, and desired to know the contents: which I immediately communicated. When he heard that part of it in which he says he had writ to his landlord in Deal, he cried,—'body o'me! that was old Ben Block—he was dead before the letter came to hand. Ey, ey, had Ben been alive, Lieutenant Bowling would have had no occasion to sculk so long. Honest Ben was the first man that taught him to hand, reef, and steer.—Well, well, we must all die, that's certain,—we must all come to port sooner or later—at sea, or on shore; we must be fast moored one

day;—death's like the best bower anchor, as the saying is, it will bring us all up.' I could not but signify my approbation of the justness of Jack's reflections; and inquired into the occasion of the quarrel between Captain Oakum and my uncle; which he explained in this manner.—'Captain Oakum, to be sure, is a good man enough,—besides he's my commander;—but what's that to me?—I do my duty, and value no man's anger of a rope's end.—Now the report goes, as how he's a lord, or baron knight's brother, whereby d'ye see me, he carries a strait arm, and keeps aloof from his officers, thof, mayhap, they may be as good men in the main as he. Now we lying at anchor in Tuberoon bay, Lieutenant Bowling had the middle watch, and as he always kept a good look out, he made d'ye see, three lights in the offing, whereby he ran down to the great cabin for orders, and found the captain asleep; whereupon he waked him, which put him in a main high passion, and he swore woundily at the lieutenant, and called him lousy Scots son of a w——; for I being then centinel in the steerage, heard all; and swab, and lubber, whereby the lieutenant returned the salute, and they jawed together, fore and aft, a good spell, till at last the captain turned out, and, laying hold of a rattan, came athwart Mr Bowling's quarter; whereby he told the captain, that, if he was not his commander, he would heave him overboard, and demanded satisfaction ashore; whereby, in the morning watch, the captain went ashore in the pinnace, and afterwards the lieutenant carried the cutter ashore; and so they, leaving the boats' crews on their oars, went away together; and so, d'ye see, in less than a quarter of an hour we heard firing, whereby we made for the place, and found the captain lying wounded on the beach, and so brought him on board to the doctor, who cured him in less than six weeks. But the lieutenant clapp'd on all the sail he could bear, and had got far enough a-head before we knew any thing of the matter; so that we could never after get sight of him, for which we were not sorry, because the captain was mainly wroth, and would certainly have done him a mischief;—for he afterwards caused him to be run on the

ship's books, whereby he lost all his pay, and if he should be taken would be tried as a deserter.'

This account of the captain's behaviour, gave me no advantageous idea of his character; and I could not help lamenting my own fate that had subjected me to such a commander. However, making a virtue of necessity, I put a good face on the matter, and next day was, with the other pressed men, put on board of the Thunder lying at the Nore. When we came along-side, the mate who guarded us thither, ordered my handcuffs to be taken off, that I might get on board the easier. This circumstance being perceived by some of the company who stood upon the gang-boards to see us enter, one of them called to Jack Rattlin, who was busied in doing this friendly office for me,—'hey, Jack, what Newgate galley have you boarded in the river as you came along? have we not thieves enow among us already?' Another observing my wounds, which remained exposed to the air, told me my seams were uncaulked, and that I must be new payed. A third, seeing my hair clotted together with blood, as it were, into distinct cords, took notice, that my bows were manned with the red ropes, instead of my side. A fourth asked me, if I could not keep my yards square without iron braces? And, in short, a thousand witticisms of the same nature were passed upon me before I could get up the ship's side. After we had been all entered upon the ship's books, I inquired of one of my shipmates where the surgeon was, that I might have my wounds dressed, and had actually got as far as the middle deck, for our ship carried eighty guns, in my way to the cock-pit, when I was met by the same midshipman who had used me so barbarously in the tender: he, seeing me free from my chains, asked, with an insolent air, who had released me? To this question I foolishly answered, with a countenance that too plainly declared the state of my thoughts,—'whoever did it, I am persuaded, did not consult you in the affair.' I had no sooner uttered these words, than he cried,—'damn you, you saucy son of a b——, I'll teach you to talk so to your officer.' So saying, he bestowed on me several severe stripes with a supple jack he had

his hand; and, going to the commanding officer, made such a report of me, that I was immediately put in irons, by the master at arms, and a centinel placed over me. Honest Rattlin, as soon as he heard of my condition, came to me, and administered all the consolation he could, and then went to the surgeon in my behalf, who sent one of his mates to dress my wounds. This mate was no other than my old friend Thomson, with whom I became acquainted at the navy office, as before mentioned. If I knew him at first sight, it was not easy for him to recognise me, disfigured with blood and dirt, and altered by the misery I had undergone. Unknown as I was to him, he surveyed me with looks of compassion, and handled my sores with great tenderness. When he had applied what he thought proper, and was about to leave me, I asked him, if my misfortunes had disguised me so much that he could not recollect my face? Upon this address, he observed me with great earnestness for some time, and at length protested he could not recollect one feature of my countenance. To keep him no longer in suspense, I told him my name; which, when he heard, he embraced me with affection, and professed his sorrow in seeing me in such a disagreeable situation. I made him acquainted with my story; and, when he heard how inhumanly I had been used in the tender, he left me abruptly, assuring me I should see him again soon. I had scarce time to wonder at his sudden departure, when the master at arms came to the place of my confinement, and bade me follow him to the quarter-deck, where I was examined by the first lieutenant, who commanded the ship in the absence of the captain, touching the treatment I had received in the tender from my friend the midshipman, who was present to confront me. I recounted the particulars of his behaviour to me, not only in the tender, but since my being on board the ship, part of which being proved by the evidence of Jack Rattlin and others, who had no great devotion for my oppressor, I was discharged from confinement, to make way for him, who was delivered to the master at arms to take his turn in the bilboes. And this was not the only satisfaction I enjoyed; for I was, at the re-

quest of the surgeon, exempted from all other duty than that of assisting his mates in making and administering medicines to the sick. This good office I owed to the friendship of Mr Thomson, who had represented me in such a favourable light to the surgeon, that he demanded me of the lieutenant to supply the place of his third mate who was lately dead. When I had obtained this favour, my friend Thomson carried me down to the cockpit, which is the place allotted for the habitation of the surgeon's mates: and when he had shewn me their birth (as he called it), I was filled with astonishment and horror. We descended by divers ladders to a space as dark as a dungeon, which I understood was immersed several feet under water, being immediately above the hold. I had no sooner approached this dismal gulf, than my nose was saluted with an intolerable stench of putrified cheese and rancid butter, that issued from an apartment at the foot of the ladder, resembling a chandler's shop, where, by the faint glimmering of a candle, I could perceive a man with a pale meagre countenance, sitting behind a kind of desk, having spectacles on his nose, and a pen in his hand. This (I learned of Mr Thomson) was the ship's steward, who sat there to distribute provisions to the several messes, and to mark what each received. He therefore presented my name to him, and desired I might be entered in his mess; then, taking a light in his hand, conducted me to the place of his residence, which was a square of about six feet, surrounded with the medicine chest, that of the first mate, his own, and a board by way of table fastened to the after powder room; it was also inclosed with canvass nailed round to the beams of the ship, to screen us from the cold, as well as from the view of the midshipmen and quarter-masters, who lodged within the cable tiers on each side of us. In this gloomy mansion, he entertained me with some cold salt pork, which he brought from a sort of locker, fixed above the table; and, calling for the boy of the mess, sent for a cann of beer, of which he made excellent flip to crown the banquet. By this time I began to recover my spirits, which had been exceedingly depressed by the appearance of every thing about me, and

could no longer refrain from asking the particulars of Mr Thomson's fortune, since I had seen him in London. He told me, that, being disappointed in his expectations of borrowing money to gratify the rapacious secretary at the navy office, he found himself utterly unable to subsist any longer in town, and had actually offered his service in quality of mate to the surgeon of a merchant's ship bound to Guinea on the slaving trade; when one morning a young fellow of whom he had some acquaintance, came to his lodgings, and informed him, that he had seen a warrant made out in his name at the navy office, for surgeon's second mate of a third rate. This unexpected piece of good news he could scarcely believe to be true, more especially as he had been found qualified at surgeons' hall for third mate only; but, that he might not be wanting to himself, he went thither to be assured, and actually found it so: whereupon demanding his warrant, it was delivered to him, and the oaths administered immediately. That very afternoon, he went to Gravesend in the tilt-boat, from whence he took a place in the tide-coach for Rochester; next morning got on board the Thunder, for which he was appointed, then lying in the harbour at Chatham; and the same day was mustered by the clerk of the cheque. And well it was for him, that such expedition was used; for, in less than twelve hours after his arrival, another William Thomson came on board, affirming that he was the person for whom the warrant was expedited, and that the other was an impostor. My friend was grievously alarmed at this accident, the more so as his namesake had very much the advantage over him both in assurance and dress. However, to acquit himself of the suspicion of imposture, he produced several letters written from Scotland to him in that name, and recollecting that his indentures were in a box on board, he brought them up, and convinced all present that he had not assumed a name which did not belong to him. His competitor, enraged that they should hesitate in doing him justice (for, to be sure, the warrant had been designed for him), behaved with so much indecent heat, that the commanding officer (who was the same gentleman

I had seen), and the surgeon, were offended at his presumption, and, making a point of it, with their friends in town, in less than a week got the first confirmed in his station. 'I have been on board,' said he, 'ever since, and, as this way of life is become familiar to me, have no cause to complain of my situation: the surgeon is a good-natured indolent man; the first mate, who is now on shore on duty, is indeed a little proud and choleric, as all Welshmen are, but in the main a friendly honest fellow: the lieutenants I have no concern with; and as for the captain, he is too much of a gentleman to know a surgeon's mate even by sight.

CHAPTER XXV.

The behaviour of Mr Morgan—his pride, displeasure, and generosity—the economy of our mess described—Thomson's further friendship—the nature of my duty explained—the situation of the sick.

WHLE he was thus discoursing to me, we heard a voice on the cock-pit ladder, pronounce with great vehemence, in a strange dialect,—'the devil and his dam blow me from the top of Mounchdenny, if I go to him before there is something in my pelly; let his nose be as yellow as saffron, or as plue as a pell (look you), or green as a leek, 'tis all one.' To this declaration somebody answered,—'so it seems my poor mess-mate must part his cable for want of a little assistance. His fore-top-sail is loose already; and besides the doctor ordered you to overhaul him; but I see you don't mind what your master says.' Here he was interrupted with,—'splunter and oons! you lousy tog, who do you call my master? get you gone to the doctor, and tell him my birth, and education, and my abilities, and moreover my behaviour, is as good as his, or any shentleman's (no disparagement to him) in the whole world. Got pless my soul! does he think, or conceive, or imagine, that I am a horse, or an ass, or a goat, to trudge backwards and forwards, and upwards, and downwards, and by sea and by land, at his will and

pleasure? go your ways, you rapscallion, and tell Dr Atkins, that I desire and request that he will give a look upon the tying man, and order something for him if he be dead or alive, and I will see him take it by and by, when my craving stomach is satisfied, look you.' At this the other went away, saying, that if they would serve him so when he was dying, by G—d he would be foul of them in the other world. Here Mr Thomson let me know that the person we heard was Mr Morgan, the first mate, who was just come on board from the hospital, whither he had attended some of the sick in the morning. At the same time I saw him come into the birth. He was a short thick man, with a face garnished with pimples, a snub nose turned up at the end, an excessive wide mouth, and little fiery eyes, surrounded with skin puckered up in innumerable wrinkles. My friend immediately made him acquainted with my case; when he regarded me with a very lofty look, but without speaking, set down a bundle he had in his hand, and approached the cupboard, which when he had opened, he exclaimed in a great passion, —'Cot is my life! all the pork is gone, as I am a christian!' Thomson then gave him to understand, that as I had been brought on board half famished, he could do no less than entertain me with what was in the locker, and the rather as he had bid the steward enter me in the mess. Whether this disappointment made Mr Morgan more peevish than usual, or he really thought himself too little regarded by his fellow-mate, I know not, but after some pause, he went on in this manner.—'Mr Thomson, perhaps you do not use me with all the godd manners, and complaisance, and respect, look you, that becomes you, because you have not vouchsafed to advise with me in this affair. I have in my time, look you, been a man of some weight and substance, and consideration, and have kept house and home, and paid scot and lot, and the king's taxes; ay, and maintained a family to boot. And moreover, also, I am your senior, and your elder, and your petter, Mr Thomson.' 'My elder I'll allow you to be, but not my better,' cried Thomson, with some heat. 'Cot is my saviour, and witness too,' said Morgan, with great vehe-

mence, 'that I am more elder, and therefore more petter by many years than you.' Fearing this dispute might be attended with some bad consequence, I interposed, and told Mr Morgan, I was very sory for having been the occasion of any difference between him and the second mate; and that rather than cause the least breach in their good understanding, I would eat my allowance by myself, or seek admission into some other company. But Thomson, with more spirit than discretion (as I thought), insisted upon my remaining where he had appointed me; and observed, that no man possessed of generosity and compassion would have any objection to it, considering my birth and talents, and the misfortunes I had of late so unjustly undergone. This was touching Mr Morgan on the right key, who protested, with great earnestness, that he had no objection to my being received into the mess; but only complained, that the ceremony of asking his consent was not observed. 'As for a shentleman in distress,' said he, shaking me by the hand, 'I lofe him as I lofe my own powels: for, Cot help me! I have had vexations enough upon my own pack.' And as I afterwards learned, in so saying he spoke no more than what was true; for he had been once settled in a very good situation in Clamorganshire, and was ruined by being security for an acquaintance. All differences being composed, he untied his bundle, which consisted of three bunches of onions, and a great lump of Cheshire cheese wrapt up in a handkerchief; and taking some biscuit from the cupboard, fell to with a keen appetite, inviting us to a share of the repast. When he had fed heartily on his homely fare, he filled a large cup, made of a cocoa-nut shell, with brandy, and drinking it off, told us, 'prandy was the best menstruum for onion and cheese.' His hunger being appeased, he began to be in better humour; and being inquisitive about my birth, no sooner understood that I was descended of a good family, than he discovered a particular good will to me on that account, deducing his own pedigree in a direct line from the famous Caractacus king of the Britons, who was first the prisoner, and afterwards the friend, of Claudius Cæsar. Per-

ceiving how much I was reduced in point of linen, he made me a present of two good ruffled shirts, which, with two more of check which I received from Mr Thomson, enabled me to appear with decency. Meanwhile the sailor whom Mr Morgan had sent to the doctor, brought a prescription for his mess-mate, which, when the Welshman had read, he got up to prepare it, and asked if the man was 'tead or alive.' Dead! (replied Jack) if he was dead, he would have no occasion for doctor's stuff. No, thank God, death ha'nt as yet boarded him, but they have been yard-arm and yard-arm these three glasses. 'Are his eyes open?' (continued the mate) 'His starboard eye,' said the sailor, 'is open, but fast jammed in his head; and the haulyards of his under-jaw have given way.' 'Passion of my heart!' cried Morgan, 'the man is as pad as one would desire to be! did you feel his pulse?' To this the other replied with, 'anan?' Upon which this Cambro-Briton, with great earnestness and humanity, ordered the tar to run to his mess-mate, and keep him alive till he should come with the medicine, 'and then,' said he, 'you shall peradventure pehold what you shall see.' The poor fellow with great simplicity ran to the place where the sick man lay, but, in less than a minute, returned with a woeful countenance, and told us his comrade had struck. Morgan hearing this, exclaimed,—'mercy upon my salvation! why did you not stop him till I came?' 'Stop him!' said the other, 'I hailed him several times, but he was too far on his way, and the enemy had got possession of his close quarters; so that he did not mind me.' 'Well, well,' said he, 'we all owe Heaven a teath. Go your ways, you raggamuffin, and take an example, and a warning, look you, and repent of your misteets.' So saying, he pushed the seaman out of the birth.

While he entertained us with reflections suitable to this event we heard the boatswain pipe to dinner; and immediately the boy belonging to our mess ran to the locker, from whence he carried off a large wooden platter, and in a few minutes returned with it full of boiled pease, crying, 'scaldings,' all the way as he came. The cloth, consisting of a

piece of an old sail, was instantly laid, covered with three plates, which by the colour I could with difficulty discern to be metal, and as many spoons of the same composition, two of which were curtailed in the handles, and the other abridged in the lip. Mr Morgan himself enriched this mess with a lump of salt butter, scooped from an old gallipot, and a handful of onions shorn, with some pounded pepper. I was not very much tempted with the appearance of this dish, of which, nevertheless, my mess-mates eat heartily, advising me to follow their example, as it was banyan-day, and we could have no meat till next noon. But I had already laid in sufficient for the occasion; and therefore desired to be excused, expressing a curiosity to know the meaning of banyan-day. They told me, that on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the ship's company had no allowance of meat, and that these meagre days were called banyan-days, the reason of which they did not know; but I have since learned they take their denomination from a sect of devotees in some parts of the East Indies, who never taste flesh.

After dinner, Thomson led me round the ship, shewed me the different parts, described their uses, and, as far as he could, made me acquainted with the particulars of the discipline and economy practised on board. He then demanded of the boatswain an hammock for me, which was slung in a very neat manner by my friend Jack Rattlin; and as I had no bed-clothes, procured credit for me with the purser, for a mattress and two blankets. At seven o'clock in the evening, Morgan visited the sick, and having ordered what was proper for each, I assisted Thomson in making up his prescriptions: but when I followed him with the medicines into the sick birth or hospital, and observed the situations of the patients, I was much less surprised that people should die on board, than that any sick person should recover. Here I saw about fifty miserable distempered wretches, suspended in rows, so huddled one upon another, that not more than fourteen inches space was allotted for each with his bed and bedding; and deprived of the light of the day, as well

as of fresh air; breathing nothing but a noisome atmosphere of the morbid steams exhaling from their own excrements and diseased bodies, devoured with vermine hatched in the filth that surrounded them, and destitute of every convenience necessary for people in that helpless condition.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A disagreeable accident happens to me in the discharge of my office—Morgan's nose is offended—a dialogue between him and the ship's steward—upon examination I find more causes of complaint than one—my hair is cut off—Morgan's cookery—the manner of sleeping on board—I am waked in the night by a dreadful noise.

I COULD not comprehend how it was possible for the attendants to come near those who hung on the inside towards the sides of the ship, in order to assist them, as they seemed barricadoed by those who lay on the outside, and entirely out of the reach of all visitation. Much less could I conceive how my friend Thomson would be able to administer clysters, that were ordered for some in that situation; when I saw him thrust his wig in his pocket, and strip himself to his waistcoat in a moment, then creep on all fours under the hammocks of the sick, and, forcing up his bare pate between two, keep them asunder with one shoulder, until he had done his duty. Eager to learn the service, I desired he would give me leave to perform the next operation of that kind; and he consenting, I undressed myself after his example, and crawling along, the ship happened to roll; this motion alarming me, I laid hold of the first thing that came within my grasp, with such violence, that I overturned it, and soon found by the smell that issued upon me, I had not unlocked a box of the most delicious perfume: it was well for me that my nose was none of the most delicate, else I know not how I might have been affected by this vapour, which diffused itself all over the ship, to the utter discomposure of every body who tarried on the same deck: neither was the conse-

quence of this disgrace confined to my sense of smelling only; for I felt my misfortune more ways than one. That I might not however, appear altogether disconcerted in this my first essay, I got up, and pushing my head with great force between two hammocks, towards the middle, where the greatest resistance was, I made an opening indeed, but, not understanding the knack of dexterously turning my shoulder to maintain my advantage, had the mortification to find myself stuck up as it were in a pillory, and the weight of three or four people bearing on each side of my neck, so that I was in danger of strangulation. While I remained in this defenceless posture, one of the sick men, rendered peevish by his distemper, was so enraged at the smell I had occasioned, and the rude shock he had received from me in my elevation, that, with many bitter reproaches, he seized me by the nose, which he tweaked so unmercifully, that I roared with anguish. Thomson, perceiving my condition, ordered one of the waiters to my assistance, who with much difficulty disengaged me from this situation, and hindered me from taking vengeance of the sick man, whose indisposition would not have screened him from the effects of my indignation.

After having made an end of our ministry for that time, we descended to the cockpit, my friend comforting me for what had happened with a homely proverb, which I do not choose to repeat. When we had descended half way down the ladder, Mr Morgan, before he saw us, having intelligence by his nose of the approach of something extraordinary, cried,—'Cot have mercy upon my senses! I believe the enemy has porded us in a stink-pot!' then directing his discourse to the steward, from whom he imagined the odour proceeded, he reprimanded him severely for the freedoms he took among gentlemen of pirth, and threatened to smoke him like a padger with sulphur, if he ever should presume to offend his neighbours with such smells for the future. The steward, conscious of his own innocence, replied, with some warmth,—'I know of no smells but those of your own making.' This repartee introduced a smart dialogue, in which

the Welshman undertook to prove, that though the stench he complained of did not flow from the steward's own body, he was, nevertheless, the author of it, by serving out damaged provisions to the ship's company; and in particular, putrified cheese, from the use of which only, he affirmed such unsavoury steams could arise. Then he launched out into the praise of good cheese, of which he gave the analysis: he explained the different kinds of that commodity, with the methods practised to make and preserve it; and concluded with observing, that, in yielding good cheese, the county of Glamorgan might vie with Cheshire itself, and was much superior to it in the produce of goats and putter. I gathered from this conversation, that, if I entered in my present pickle, I should be no welcome guest; and therefore desired Mr Thomson to go before, and represent my calamity; at which the first mate expressing some concern, went upon deck immediately, taking his way through the cable tier, and by the main hatchway, to avoid encountering me, desired me to clean myself as soon as possible, for he intended to regale himself with a dish of salmagundy and a pipe. Accordingly I set about this disagreeable business, and soon found I had more causes of complaint than I at first imagined; for I perceived some guests had honoured me with their company, whose visit I did not at all think seasonable; neither did they seem inclined to leave me in a hurry, for they were in possession of my chief quarters, where they fed without reserve at the expense of my blood. But considering it would be much easier to extirpate this ferocious colony in the infancy of their settlement, than after they should be multiplied and naturalized to the soil, I took the advice of my friend, who, to prevent such misfortunes, went always close shaved, and made the boy of our mess cut off my hair, which had been growing since I left the service of Lavement; and the second mate lent me an old bob wig, to supply the loss of that covering. This affair being ended, and every thing adjusted in the best manner my circumstances would permit, the descendent of Caractacus returned, and ordering the boy to bring a piece of salt beef from the brine, cut off

a slice, and mixed is with an equal quantity of onions, which seasoning with a moderate proportion of pepper and salt, he brought it into a consistence with oil and vinegar. Then tasting the dish, assured us, it was the best salmagundy that ever he made, and recommended it to our palate with such heartiness, that I could not help doing honour to his preparation. But I had no sooner swallowed a mouthful, than I thought my entrails were scorched, and endeavoured, with a deluge of small beer, to allay the heat it occasioned. Supper being over, Mr Morgan having smoked a couple of pipes, and supplied the moisture he had expended with as many cans of flip, of which we all partook, a certain yawning began to admonish me, that it was high time to repair by sleep the injury I had suffered from want of rest the preceding night; which being perceived by my companions, whose time of repose was now arrived, they proposed we should turn in, or, in other words, go to bed. Our hammocks, which hung parallel to one another, on the outside of the birth, were immediately unlashed, and I beheld my messmates spring with great agility into their respective nests, where they seemed to lie concealed, very much at their ease. But it was some time before I could prevail upon myself to trust my carcass at such a distance from the ground, in a narrow bag, out of which I imagined I should be apt, on the least motion in my sleep, to tumble down at the hazard of breaking my bones. I suffered myself, however, to be persuaded, and, taking a leap to get in, threw myself quite over, with such violence, that, had I not luckily got hold of Thomson's hammock, I should have pitched upon my head on the other side, and in all likelihood fractured my skull. After some fruitless efforts, I succeeded at last; but the apprehension of the jeopardy in which I believed myself, withstood all the attacks of sleep, till towards the morning watch, when, in spite of my fears, I was overpowered with slumber, though I did not long enjoy this comfortable situation; being aroused with a noise so loud and shrill, that I thought the drums of my ears were burst by it; this was followed by a dreadful summons pronounced by a hoarse voice, which

I could not understand. While I was debating with myself whether or not I should wake my companion, and inquire into the occasion of this disturbance, I was informed by one of the quarter-masters, who passed by me with a lanthorn in his hand, that the noise which alarmed me was occasioned by the boatswain's mates, who called up the larboard watch, and that I must lay my account with such interruption every morning at the same hour. Being now more assured of my safety, I addressed myself again to rest, and slept till eight o'clock, when rising, and breakfasting with my comrades on biscuit and brandy, the sick were visited and assisted as before; after which visitation, my good friend Thomson explained and performed another piece of duty, to which I was a stranger. At a certain hour in the morning, the boy of the mess went round all the decks, ringing a small hand-bell, and, in rhymes composed for the occasion, invited all those who had sores to repair before the mast, where one of the doctor's mates attended, with applications to dress them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I acquire the friendship of the surgeon, who procures a warrant for me, and makes me a present of clothes—a battle between a midshipman and me—the surgeon leaves the ship—the captain comes on board with another surgeon—a dialogue between the captain and Morgan—the sick are ordered to be brought upon the quarter deck and examined—the consequences of that order—a madman accuses Morgan, and is set at liberty by command of the captain, whom he instantly attacks and pummels without mercy.

WHILE I was busied with my friend in this practice, the doctor chanced to pass by the place where we were, and, stopping to observe me, appeared very well satisfied with my method of application; and afterwards sent for me to his cabin, where, having examined me touching my skill in surgery, and the particulars of my fortune, he interested himself so far in my behalf, as to promise his assistance in

procuring a warrant for me, seeing I had been already found qualified at surgeons' hall for the station I filled on board; and in this good office he the more cordially engaged, when he understood I was nephew to Lieutenant Bowling, for whom he expressed a particular regard. In the meantime, I could learn from his discourse, that he did not intend to go to sea again with Captain Oakum, having, as he thought, been indifferently used by him during the last voyage.

While I lived tolerably easy, in expectation of preferment, I was not altogether without mortifications, which I not only suffered from the rude insults of the sailors and petty officers, among whom I was known by the name of *lob-lolly boy*, but also from the disposition of Morgan, who, though friendly in the main, was often very troublesome with his pride, which expected a good deal of submission from me, and delighted in recapitulating the favours I had received at his hands.

About six weeks after my arrival on board, the surgeon, biding me follow him into his cabin, presented a warrant to me, by which I was appointed surgeon's third mate on board the Thunder. This he had procured by his interest at the navy office; as also another for himself, by virtue of which he was removed into a second rate. I acknowledged his kindness in the strongest terms my gratitude could suggest, and professed my sorrow at the prospect of losing so valuable a friend, to whom I hoped to have recommended myself still further by my respectful and diligent behaviour. But his generosity rested not here; for, before he left the ship, he made me a present of a chest and some clothes, that enabled me to support the rank to which he had raised me. I found my spirits revive with my good fortune; and, now I was an officer, resolved to maintain the dignity of my station, against all opposition or affronts. Nor was it long before I had occasion to exert my resolution: my old enemy, the midshipman, (whose name was Crampley), entertaining an implacable animosity against me for the disgrace he had suffered on my account, had since that time taken all oppor-

tunities of reviling and ridiculing me, when I was not entitled to retort this bad usage. And even after I had been rated on the books, and mustered as surgeon's mate, did not think fit to restrain his insolence. In particular, being one day present while I dressed a wound in a sailor's leg, he began to sing a song, which I thought highly injurious to the honour of my country, and therefore signified my resentment, by observing, that the Scots always laid their account with finding enemies among the ignorant, insignificant, and malicious. This unexpected piece of assurance enraged him to such a degree, that he lent me a blow on the face, which I verily thought had demolished my cheek-bone: I was not slow in returning the obligation, and the affair began to be very serious, when by accident Mr Morgan, and one of the master's mates, coming that way, interposed, and inquiring into the cause, endeavoured to promote a reconciliation; but finding us both exasperated to the uttermost, and bent against accommodation, they advised us either to leave our difference undecided till we should have an opportunity of terminating it on shore, like gentlemen, or else choose a proper place on board, and bring it to an issue by boxing. This last expedient was greedily embraced by us both; and being forthwith conducted to the ground proposed, we stripped in a moment, and began a very furious contest, in which I soon found myself inferior to my antagonist, not so much in strength and agility, as in skill, which he had acquired in the school of Hockley-in-the hole and Tottenham-court. Many cross buttocks did I sustain, and pegs on the stomach without number, till at last my breath being quite gone, as well as my vigour wasted, I grew desperate, and collecting all my strength in one effort, threw in at once, head, hands, and feet, with such violence, that I drove my antagonist three paces backward into the main hatchway, down which he fell, and pitching upon his head and right shoulder, remained without sense and motion. Morgan looking down, and seeing him lie in that condition, cried,—'upon my conscience, as I am a christian sinner, look ye, I believe his pattles are all ofer; but I

take you all to witness that there was no treachery in the case, and that he has suffered by the chance of war.' So saying, he descended to the deck below, to examine into the situation of my adversary; and left me very little pleased with my victory, as I found myself not only terribly bruised, but likewise in danger of being called to account for the death of Crampley. But this fear vanished, when my fellow-mate, having, by bleeding him in the jugular, brought him to himself, and inquired into the state of his body, called up to me to be under no concern, for the midshipman had received no other damage than as pretty a luxation of the *os humeri* as one would desire to see on a summer's day. Upon this information, I crawled down to the cockpit, and acquainted Thomson with the affair, who, providing himself with bandages, &c. necessary for the occasion, went up to assist Mr Morgan in the reduction of the dislocation. When this was successfully performed, they wished me joy on the event of the combat; and the Welshman, after observing, that, in all likelihood, the ancient Scots and Britons were the same people, bade me—'praise God for putting mettle in my pelly, and strength in my limbs to support it.' I acquired such reputation by this rencounter (which lasted twenty minutes), that every body became more cautious in behaviour towards me: though Crampley, with his arm in a sling, talked very high, and threatened to seize the first opportunity of retrieving on shore, the honour he had lost by an accident, from which I could justly claim no merit.

About this time, Captain Oakum having received sailing orders, came on board, and brought along with him a surgeon of his own country, who soon made us sensible of the loss we suffered in the departure of Dr Atkins; for he was grossly ignorant, and intolerably assuming, false, vindictive, and unforgiving; a merciless tyrant to his inferiors, an abject sycophant to those above him. In the morning after the captain came on board, our first mate, according to custom, went to wait on him with a sick list, which when this grim commander had perused, he cried, with a stern

countenance,—'blood and oons! sixty-one sick people on board of my ship! Hark'e, you sir, I'll have no sick in my ship, by G—d.' The Welshman replied, he should be very glad to find no sick people on board; but while it was otherwise, he did no more than his duty in presenting him with a list. 'You and your list may be damned,' (said the captain, throwing it at him), 'I say there shall be no sick in this ship while I have the command of her.' Mr Morgan being nettled at this treatment, told him, his indignation ought to be directed to God Almighty, who visited his people with distempers, and not to him, who contributed all in his power towards their cure. The bashaw not being used to such behaviour in any of his officers, was enraged to fury at this satirical insinuation, and stamping with his foot, called him insolent scoundrel, threatening to have him pinioned to the deck, if he should presume to utter another syllable. But the blood of Caractacus being thoroughly heated, disdained to be restricted by such a command, and began to manifest itself in,—'Captain Oagum, I am a shentleman of birth and parentage, look you, and peradventure I am moreover'—Here his harangue was broke off by the captain's steward, who, being Morgan's countryman, hurried him out of the cabin before he had time to exasperate his master to a greater degree: and this would certainly have been the case; for the indignant Welshman could hardly be hindered, by his friend's arguments and intreaties, from re-entering the presence-chamber, and defying Captain Oakum to his teeth. He was, however, appeased at length, and came down to the birth, where, finding Thomson and me at work preparing medicines, he bade us leave off our labour and go to play, for the captain, by his sole word, and power, and command, had driven sickness a pegging to the tevil, and there was no more malady on board. So saying, he drank off a gill of brandy, sighed grievously three times, poured forth an ejaculation of—'Cot pless my heart, liver and lungs!' and then began to sing a Welsh song with great earnestness of visage, voice, and gesture. I could not conceive the meaning of this singular phenomenon, and saw by the looks of

Thomson, who at the same time shook his head, that he suspected poor Cadwallader's brains were unsettled. He, perceiving our amazement, told us he would explain the mystery; but, at the same time, bade us take notice, that he had lived poy, patchelor, married man, and widower, almost forty years, and, in all that time, there was no man nor mother's son in the whole world who durst use him so ill as Captain Oagum had done. Then he acquainted us with the dialogue that passed between them, as I have already related; and had no sooner finished this narration, than he received a message from the surgeon, to bring the sick list to the quarter-deck, for the captain had ordered all the patients thither to be reviewed. This inhuman order shocked us extremely, as we knew it would be impossible to carry some of them on the deck, without imminent danger of their lives; but as we likewise knew it would be to no purpose for us to remonstrate against it, we repaired to the quarter-deck in a body, to see this extraordinary muster; Morgan observing by the way, that the captain was going to send to the other world a great many evidences to testify against himself. When we appeared upon the deck, the captain bade the doctor, who stood bowing at his right hand, look at these lazy lubberly sons of b——s, who were good for nothing on board but to eat the king's provision, and encourage idleness in the skulkers. The surgeon grinned approbation, and taking the list, began to examine the complaints of each, as they could crawl to the place appointed. The first who came under his cognizance was a poor fellow just freed of a fever, which had weakened him so much, that he could hardly stand. Mr Mackshane (for that was the doctor's name) having felt his pulse, protested he was as well as any man in the world; and the captain delivered him over to the boatswain's mate, with orders that he should receive a round dozen at the gang-way immediately, for counterfeiting himself sick: but before the discipline could be executed, the man dropt down on the deck, and had well nigh perished under the hands of the executioner. The next patient to be considered laboured under a quartan ague,

and being then in his interval of health, discovered no other symptoms of distemper than a pale meagre countenance, and emaciated body; upon which he was declared fit for duty, and turned over to the boatswain: but being resolved to disgrace the doctor, died upon the forecastle next day, during his cold fit. The third complained of a pleuritic stitch, and spitting of blood; for which Doctor Mackshane prescribed exercise at the pump, to promote expectoration; but, whether this was improper for one in his situation, or that it was used to excess, I know not; for in less than half an hour he was suffocated with a deluge of blood that issued from his lungs. A fourth, with much difficulty, climbed to the quarter-deck, being loaded with a monstrous ascites or dropsy, that invaded his chest so much, he could scarce fetch his breath; but his disease being interpreted into fat, occasioned by idleness and excess of eating, he was ordered, with a view to promote perspiration, and enlarge his chest, to go aloft immediately: it was in vain for this unwieldy wretch to allege his utter incapacity, the boatswain's driver was commanded to whip him up with the cat-o'-nine-tails: the smart of this application made him exert himself so much, that he actually arrived at the puttoc shrouds; but when the enormous weight of his body had nothing else to support it than his weakened arms, either out of spite or necessity, he quitted his hold, and plumped into the sea, where he must have been drowned, had not a sailor, who was in a boat along-side, saved his life, by keeping him afloat till he was hoisted on board by a tackle. It would be tedious and and disagreeable to describe the fate of every miserable object that suffered by the inhumanity and ignorance of the captain and surgeon, who so wantonly sacrificed the lives of their fellow-creatures. Many were brought up in the height of fevers, and rendered delirious by the injuries they received in the way. Some gave up the ghost in the presence of their inspectors; and others, who were ordered to their duty, languished a few days at work among their fellows, and then departed without any ceremony. On the whole, the number of the sick was reduced to less than a dozen; and

the authors of this reduction were applauding themselves for the services they had done to their king and country, when the boatswain's mate informed his honour, that there was a man below lashed to his hammock by the direction of the doctor's mate, and that he begged hard to be released, affirming, he had been so maltreated only for a grudge Mr Morgan bore him, and that he was as much in his senses as any man aboard. The captain hearing this, darted a severe look at the Welshman, and ordered the man to be brought up immediately: upon which, Morgan protested with great fervency, that the person in question was as mad as a March-hare; and begged, for the love of Cot, they would at least keep his arms pinioned during his examination, to prevent him from doing mischief. This request the commander granted for his own sake, and the patient was produced, who insisted upon his being in his right wits with such calmness and strength of argument, that every body present was inclined to believe him, except Morgan, who affirmed there was no trusting to appearances; for he himself had been so much imposed upon by his behaviour two days before, that he had actually unbound him with his own hands, and had well nigh been murdered for his pains; this was confirmed by the evidence of one of the waiters, who declared he had pulled this patient from the doctor's mate, whom he had gotten down and almost strangled. To this the man answered, that the witness was a creature of Morgan's and was suborned to give his testimony against him by the malice of the mate, whom the defendant had affronted, by discovering to the people on board that Mr Morgan's wife kept a gin shop in Rag-fair. This anecdote produced a laugh at the expense of the Welshman, who, shaking his head with some emotion, said,—'ay ay, 'tis no matter. Cot knows, it is an arrant falsehood.' Captain Oakum, without any further hesitation, ordered the fellow to be unfettered; at the same time, threatening to make Morgan exchange situations with him for his spite. But the Briton no sooner heard the decision in favour of the madman, than he got up the mizen shrouds, crying to Thomson and me to get

out of his reach, for we would see him play the devil with a vengeance. We did not think fit to disregard his caution, and accordingly got up on the poop, whence we beheld the maniac (as soon as he was released) fly at the captain like a fury, crying,—'I'll let you know, you scoundrel, that I am commander of this vessel,' and pummel him without mercy. The surgeon, who went to the assistance of his patron, shared the same fate; and it was with the utmost difficulty that he was mastered at last, after having done great execution among those who opposed him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The captain enraged, threatens to put the madman to death with his own hands—is diverted from that resolution by the arguments and persuasions of the first lieutenant and surgeon—we set sail for St Helen's, join the fleet under the command of Sir C—n—r O—le, and proceed for the West Indies—are overtaken by a terrible tempest—my friend Jack Rattlin has his leg broke by a fall from the main-yard—the behaviour of Doctor Mackshane—Jack opposes the amputation of his limb, in which he is seconded by Morgan and me, who undertake the cure, and perform it successfully.

The captain was carried into his cabin, so enraged with the treatment he had received, that he ordered the fellow to be brought before him, that he might have the pleasure of pistoling him with his own hand; and would certainly have satisfied his revenge in this manner, had not the first lieutenant remonstrated against it, by observing, that, in all appearance, the fellow was not mad but desperate; that he had been hired by some enemy of the captain to assassinate him, and therefore ought to be kept in irons till he could be brought to a court-martial, which no doubt, would sift the affair to the bottom (by which means important discoveries might be made), and then sentence the criminal to a death adequate to his demerits. This suggestion, improbable as it was, had the desired effect upon the captain, being exactly calculated for the meridian of his intellects; more especially as Doctor Mackshane espoused this opinion, in consequence

of his previous declaration that the man was not mad. Morgan finding there was no more damage done, could not help discovering, by his countenance, the pleasure he enjoyed on this occasion; and while he bathed the doctor's face with an embrocation, ventured to ask him, whether he thought there were more fools or madmen on board? but he would have been wiser in containing this sally, which his patient carefully laid up in his memory, to be taken notice of at a more fit season. Meanwhile, we weighed anchor, and on our way to the Downs, the madman, who was treated as prisoner, took an opportunity, while the centinel attended him at the head, to leap over-board, and frustrate the revenge of the captain. We staid not long at the Downs, but took the benefit of the first easterly wind to go round to Spithead; where, having received on board provisions for six months, we sailed from St. Helen's in the grand fleet bound for the West-Indies, on the ever-memorable expedition of Carthagena.

It was not without great mortification I saw myself on the point of being transported to such a distant and unhealthy climate, destitute of every convenience that could render such a voyage supportable, and under the dominion of an arbitrary tyrant, whose command was almost intolerable; however, as these complaints were common to a great many on board, I resolved to submit patiently to my fate, and contrive to make myself as easy as the nature of the case would allow. We got out of the channel with a prosperous breeze, which died away, leaving us becalmed about fifty leagues to the westward of the Lizard: but this state of inaction did not last long; for next night our main-top-sail was split by the wind, which in the morning increased to a hurricane. I was wakened by a most horrible din, occasioned by the play of the gun carriages upon the deck above, the cracking of the cabins, the howling of the wind through the shrouds, the confused noise of the ship's crew, the pipes of the boatswain and his mates, the trumpets of the lieutenants, and the clanking of the chain pumps. Morgan, who had never been at sea before, turned out in a great

hurry, crying,—'Cot have mercy and compassion upon us! I believe we have got upon the confines of Lucifer and the d—d!' while poor Thomson lay quaking in his hammock, putting up petitions to heaven for our safety. I rose and joined the Welshman, with whom (after having fortified ourselves with brandy) I went above; but, if my sense of hearing was startled before, how must my sight have been appaled in beholding the effects of the storm! The sea was swelled into billows mountain-high, on the top of which, our ship sometimes hung as if it was about to be precipitated to the abyss below! Sometimes we sunk between two waves that rose on each side higher than our topmast-head, and threatened by dashing together to overwhelm us in a moment! Of all our fleet, consisting of a hundred and fifty sail, scarce twelve appeared, and these driving under their bare poles, at the mercy of the tempest. At length the mast of one of them gave way, and tumbled over-board with a hideous crash! Nor was the prospect in our own ship much more agreeable; a number of officers and sailors ran backward and forward with distraction in their looks, hallooing to one another, and undetermined what they should attend to first. Some clung to the yards, endeavouring to unbend the sails that were split into a thousand pieces, flapping in the wind; others tried to furl those which were yet whole, while the masts, at every pitch, bent and quivered like twigs, as if they would have shivered into innumerable splinters! While I considered this scene with equal terror and astonishment, one of the main braces broke, by the shock whereof two sailors were flung from the yard's arm into the sea, where they perished, and poor Jack Rattlin was thrown down upon the deck, at the expense of a broken leg. Morgan and I ran immediately to his assistance, and found a splinter of the shin-bone thrust by the violence of the fall through the skin. As this was a case of too great consequence to be treated without the authority of the doctor, I went down to his cabin to inform him of the accident, as well as to bring up dressings, which we always kept ready prepared. I entered his apartment without any ceremony,

and, by the glimmering of a lamp, perceived him on his knees, before something that very much resembled a crucifix; but this I will not insist upon, that I may not seem too much a slave to common report, which indeed, assisted my conjecture on this occasion, by representing Doctor Mackshane as a member of the church of Rome. Be this as it will, he got up in a sort of confusion, occasioned (I suppose) by his being disturbed in his devotion, and, in a trice, snatched the subject of my suspicion from my sight. After making an apology for my intrusion, I acquainted him with the situation of Rattlin, but could by no means prevail upon him to visit him on deck, where he lay; he bade me desire the boatswain to order some of the men to carry him down to the cockpit, and in the meantime (said he) I will direct Thomson to get ready the dressings. When I signified to the boatswain the doctor's desire, he swore a terrible oath, that he could not spare one man from the deck, because he expected the mast would go by the board every minute. This piece of information did not at all contribute to my peace of mind; however, as my friend Rattlin complained very much, with the assistance of Morgan, I supported him to the lower deck, whither Mr Mackshane, after much entreaty, ventured to come, attended by Thomson with a box full of dressings, and his own servant, who carried a whole set of capital instruments. He examined the fracture and the wound, and concluding, from a livid colour extending itself upon the limb, that a mortification would ensue, resolved to amputate the leg immediately. This was a dreadful sentence to the patient, who recruiting himself with a quid of tobacco, pronounced, with a woeful countenance, —'what! is there no remedy, doctor? must I be dock'd? can't you splice it?' 'Assuredly, Doctor Mackshane,' said the first mate, 'with submission, and deference, and veneration to your superior abilities, and opportunities, and stations, look ye, I do apprehend, and conjecture, and aver, that there is no occasion nor necessity to smite off this poor man's leg.' 'God Almighty bless you, dear Welshman!' cried Rattlin, 'may you have fair wind and weather where-

soever you're bound, and come to an anchor in the road of Heaven at last.' Mackshane, very much incensed at his mate's differing in opinion from him so openly, answered, that he was not bound to give an account of his practice to him; and, in a peremptory tone, ordered him to apply the tourniquet. At the sight of which, Jack starting up, cried, —'avast, avast! d—n my heart, if you clap your nippers on me, till I know wherefore! Mr Random, won't you lend a hand towards saving my precious limb? Odds heart, if Lieutenant Bowling was here, he would not suffer Jack Ratlin's leg to be chopped off like a piece of old junk.' This pathetic address to me, joined to my inclination to serve my honest friend, and the reasons I had to believe there was no danger in delaying the amputation, induced me to declare myself of the first mate's opinion, and affirm, that the preternatural colour of the skin was owing to an inflammation occasioned by a contusion, and common in all such cases, without any indication of an approaching gangrene. Morgan, who had a great opinion of my skill, manifestly exulted in my fellowship, and asked Thomson's sentiments of the matter, in hopes of strengthening our association with him too, but he, being of a meek disposition, and either dreading the enmity of the surgeon, or speaking the dictates of his own judgment, in a modest manner, espoused the opinion of Mackshane, who, by this time, having consulted with himself, determined to act in such a manner, as to screen himself from censure, and at the same time revenge himself on us, for our arrogance in contradicting him. With this view, he asked, if we would undertake to cure the leg at our peril; that is, be answerable for the consequence. To this question Morgan replied, that the lives of his creatures are in the hands of God alone; and it would be great presumption in him to undertake for an event that was in the power of his Maker, no more than the doctor could promise to cure all the sick to whom he administered his assistance; but if the patient would put himself under our direction, we would do our endeavour to bring his distemper to a favourable issue, to which, at present, we saw no obstruction. I

signified my concurrence; and Rattlin was so overjoyed, that, shaking us both by the hands, he swore nobody else should touch him, and if he died, his blood should be upon his own head. Mr Mackshane, flattering himself with the prospect of our miscarriage, went away, and left us to manage it as we should think proper; accordingly, having sawed off part of the splinter that stuck through the skin, we reduced the fracture, dressed the wound, applied the eighteen-tailed bandage, and put the leg in a box, *secundum artem*. Every thing succeeded according to our wish, and we had the satisfaction of not only preserving the poor fellow's leg, but likewise of rendering the doctor contemptible among the ship's company, who had all their eyes on us during the course of this cure, which was completed in six weeks.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mackshane's malice—I am taken up and imprisoned for a spy—Morgan meets with the same fate—Thomson is tampered with to turn evidence against us—disdains the proposal, and is maltreated for his integrity—Morgan is released to assist the surgeon during an engagement with some French ships of war—I remain fettered on the poop, exposed to the enemy's shot, and grow delirious with fear—am comforted after the battle by Morgan, who speaks freely of the captain—is overheard by the sentinel, who informs against him, and again imprisoned—Thomson grows desperate, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Morgan and me, goes over-board in the night.

In the meantime, the storm subsided into a brisk gale, that carried us into the warm latitudes, where the weather became intolerable, and the crew very sickly. The doctor left nothing unattempted towards the completion of his vengeance against the Welshman and me. He went among the sick, under pretence of inquiring into their grievances, with a view of picking up complaints to our prejudice, but finding himself frustrated in that expectation, by the good will we had procured from the patients by our diligence and humanity, he took the resolution of listening to our conversation, by

hiding himself behind the canvas that surrounded our birth; here too he was detected by the boy of our mess, who acquainted us with this piece of behaviour; and one night while we were picking a large bone of salt beef, Morgan discerned something stir on the outside of our hangings, which immediately interpreting to be the doctor, he tipt me the wink, and pointed to the place, where I could perceive somebody standing; upon which I snatched up the bone, and levelled it with all my force at him, saying,—'whoever you are, take that for your curiosity.' It had the desired effect, for we heard the listener tumble down, and afterwards crawl to his own cabin. I applauded myself much for this feat, which turned out one of the most unlucky exploits of my life, Mackshane from that time marking me out for destruction. About a week after this exploit, as I was going my rounds among the sick, I was taken prisoner, and carried to the poop by the master at arms, where I was loaded with irons, and stapled to the deck, on pretence that I was a spy on board, and had conspired against the captain's life. How ridiculous soever this imputation was, I did not fail to suffer by it all the rigour that could be shewn to the worst of criminals, being exposed in this miserable condition to the scorching heat of the sun by day, and the unwholesome damps by night, during the space of twelve days, in which I was neither brought to trial, nor examined touching the probability of the charge. I had no sooner recovered the use of my reflection, which had been quite overthrown by this accident, than I sent for Thomson, who, after condoling me on the occasion, hinted, that I owed this misfortune to the hatred of the doctor, who had given an information against me to the captain, in consequence of which I was arrested, and all my papers seized. While I was cursing my capricious fate, I saw Morgan ascend the poop, guarded by two corporals, who made him sit down by me, that he might be pinioned in the same machine. Notwithstanding my situation, I could scarce refrain from laughing at the countenance of my fellow-prisoner, who, without speaking one word, allowed his feet to be inclosed in the rings pro-

vided for that purpose; but when they pretended to fasten him on his back, he grew outrageous, and drawing a large couteau from his side pocket, threatened to rip up the belly of the first man that should approach him, in order to treat him in such an unworthy manner. They were preparing to use him very roughly, when the lieutenant on the quarter-deck called up to them to let him remain as he was. He then crept towards me, and taking me by the hand, bade me —'put my trust in Cot.' And looking at Thomson, who sat by us trembling, with a pale visage, told him, there were two more rings for his feet, and he should be glad to find him in such good company. But it was not the intention of our adversary to include the second mate in our fate: him he excepted, to be his drudge in attending the sick, and, if possible, his evidence against us: with this view, he sounded him afar off, but finding his integrity incorruptible, harassed him so much out of spite, that, in a short time, this mild creature grew weary of his life.

While I and my fellow-prisoner comforted each other in our tribulation, the admiral discovered four sail to leeward, and made signal for our ship and four more to chase: hereupon every thing was cleared for an engagement; and Mackshane, forseeing he should have occasion for more assistants than one, obtained Morgan's liberty; while I was left in this deplorable posture to the chance of battle. It was almost dark when we came up with the sternmost chase, which we hailed, and inquired who they were: they gave us to understand they were French men of war; upon which Captain Oakum commanded them to send their boat on board of him; but they refused, telling him, if he had any business with them, to come on board of their ship: he then threatened to pour in a broadside upon them, which they promised to return. Both sides were as good as their word; and the engagement began with great fury. The reader may guess how I passed my time, lying in this helpless situation, amidst the terrors of a sea-fight; expecting every moment to be cut asunder, or dashed in pieces by the enemy's shot! I endeavoured to compose myself as much as

possible, by reflecting that I was not a whit more exposed than those who were stationed about me; but when I beheld them employed without intermission in annoying the foe, and encouraged by the society and behaviour of one another, I could easily perceive a wide difference between their condition and mine: however, I concealed my agitation as well as I could, till the head of the officer of marines, who stood near me, being shot off, bounced from the deck athwart my face, leaving me well nigh blinded with brains. I could contain myself no longer, but began to bellow with all the strength of my lungs: when a drummer coming towards me, asked if I was wounded? and before I could answer, received a great shot in his belly, which tore out his entrails, and he fell flat on my breast. This accident entirely bereft me of all discretion: I redoubled my cries, which were drowned in the noise of the battle; and finding myself disregarded, lost all patience, and became frantic: I vented my rage in oaths and execrations, till my spirits being quite exhausted, I remained quiet and insensible of the load that oppressed me. The engagement lasted till broad day, when Captain Oakum, finding that he was like to gain neither honour nor advantage by the affair, pretended to be undeceived by seeing their colours; and, hailing the ship with whom he had fought all night, protested he believed them Spaniards, and the guns being silenced on each side, ordered the barge to be hoisted out, and went on board of the French commodore. Our loss amounted to ten killed, and eighteen wounded, most part of whom afterwards died. My fellow-mates had no sooner dispatched their business in the cockpit, than, full of friendly concern, they came to visit me. Morgan ascending first, and seeing my face almost covered with brains and blood, concluded I was no longer a man for this world; and calling to Thomson with great emotion, bade him come up, and take his last farewell of his comrade and countryman, who was posting to a petter place, where there were no Mackshanes nor Oakums to asperse and torment him.—'No,' said he, taking me by the hand, 'you are going to a country where there is more respect shewn to unfortunate shentle-

men, and where you will have the satisfaction of peholding your adversaries tossing upon pillows of purning primstone.' Thomson, alarmed at this apostrophe, made haste to the place where I lay, and sitting down by me, with tears in his eyes, inquired into the nature of my calamity. By this time I had recollected myself so far, as to be able to converse rationally with my friends, whom, to their great satisfaction, I immediately undeceived with regard to their apprehension of my being mortally wounded. After I had got myself disengaged from the carnage in which I wallowed, and partaken of a refreshment which my friends brought along with them, we entered into discourse upon the hardships we sustained, and spoke very freely of the authors of our misery: but our discourse being overheard by the centinel who guarded me, he was no sooner relieved, than he reported to the captain every syllable of our conversation, according to the orders he had received. The effect of this information soon appeared in the arrival of the master at arms, who replaced Morgan in his former station; and gave the second mate a caution to keep a strict guard over his tongue, if he did not choose to accompany us in our confinement. Thomson, foreseeing that the whole slavery of attending the sick and wounded, as well as the cruelty of Mackshane, must now fall upon his shoulders, grew desperate at the prospect, and, though I never heard him swear before, imprecated dreadful curses on the heads of his oppressors, declaring that he would rather quit life altogether, than be much longer under the power of such barbarians. I was not a little startled at his vivacity, and endeavoured to alleviate his complaints, by representing the subject of my own, with as much aggravation as it would bear, by which comparison he might see the balance of misfortune lay on my side, and take an example from me of fortitude and submission, till such time as we could procure redress, which, I hoped, was not far off, considering, that we should probably be in a harbour in less than three days, where we should have an opportunity of preferring our complaints to the admiral. The Welshman joined in my remonstrance,

and was at great pains to demonstrate, that it was every man's duty, as well as interest, to resign himself to the divine will, and look upon himself as a centinel upon duty, who is by no means at liberty to leave his post before he is relieved. Thomson listened attentively to what we said, and at last, shedding a flood of tears, shook his head, and left us, without making any reply. About eleven at night, he came to see us again, with a settled gloom on his countenance, and gave us to understand, that he had undergone excessive toil since he saw us, and in recompense had been grossly abused by the doctor, who taxed him with being confederate with us, in a design of taking away his life, and that of the captain. After some time spent in mutual exhortation, he got up, and squeezing me by the hand with an uncommon fervour, cried—'God bless you both;' and left us to wonder at his singular manner of parting with us, which did not fail to make a deep impression on us.

Next morning, when the hour of visitation came round, this unhappy young man was missing, and, after strict search, supposed to have gone over-board in the night; and this was certainly the case.

CHAPTER XXX.

We lament the fate of our companion—The captain offers Morgan his liberty, which he refuses to accept—We are brought before him, and examined—Morgan is sent back into custody, whether also I am remanded, after a curious trial.

THE news of this event affected my fellow-prisoner and me extremely, as our unfortunate companion had justly acquired, by his amiable disposition, the love and esteem of us both; and the more we regretted his untimely fate, the greater horror we conceived for the villain who was undoubtedly the occasion of it. This abandoned miscreant did not discover the least symptom of concern for Thomson's death, although he must have been conscious to himself of

having driven him by ill usage to that fatal resolution; but desired the captain to set Morgan at liberty again, to look after the patients. Accordingly, one of the corporals was sent up to unfetter him; but he protested he would not be released until he should know for what he was confined; nor would he be a tennis-ball, nor a shuttle-cock, nor a trudge, nor a scullion, to any captain under the sun. Oakum finding him obstinate, and fearing it would not be in his power to exercise his tyranny much longer with impunity, was willing to shew some appearance of justice, and therefore ordered us both to be brought before him on the quarter-deck, where he sat in state, with his clerk on one side, and his counsellor Mackshane on the other. When we approached, he honoured us with this salutation:—'So, gentlemen, damn my blood! many a captain in the navy would have ordered you both to be tuck'd up to the yard's-arm, without either judge or jury, for the crimes you have been guilty of; but, damn my blood, I have too much good-nature, in allowing such dogs as you to make your defence.' 'Captain Oakum,' said my fellow-sufferer, 'certainly it is in your power (Cot help the while) to tuck us all up at your will, and desire, and pleasures. And perhaps it would be petter for some of us to be tucked up, than undergo the miseries to which we have been exposed. So may the farmer hang his kids for his diversion, and amusement, and mirth; but there is such a thing as justice, if not upon earth, surely in heaven, that will punish with fire and primstone all those who take away the lives of innocent people out of wantonness and parparity (look you). In the meantime, I shall be glad to know the crimes laid to my charge, and see the person who accuses me.' 'That you shall,' said the captain; 'here, doctor, what have you to say?' Mackshane stepping forward, hemmed a good while, in order to clear his throat, and before he began, Morgan accosted him thus:—'Doctor Mackshane, look in my face—look in the face of an honest man, who abhors a false witness as he abhors the tevil, and Cot be judge between you and me.' The doctor, not minding this

conjuration, made the following speech, as near as I can remember:—'I'll tell you what, Mr Morgan, to be sure, what you say is just, in regard to an honest man; and if so be it appears as how you are an honest man, then it is my opinion, that you deserve to be acquitted, in relation to that there affair; for I tell you what, Captain Oakum is resolved for to do every body justice. As for my own part, all that I have to allege is, that I have been informed you have spoken disrespectful words against your captain, who, to be sure, is the most honourable and generous commander in the king's service, without asparagement or acception of man, woman, or child.' Having uttered this elegant harangue, on which he seemed to plume himself, Morgan replied,—'I do partly guess, and conceive, and understand your meaning, which I wish could be more explicit: but, however, I do suppose I am not to be condemned upon bare hearsay, or if I am convicted of speaking disrespectfully of Captain Oakum, I hope there is no treason in my words.' 'But there's mutiny, by God, and that's death by the articles of war,' cried Oakum;—'In the meantime, let the witnesses be called.' Hereupon Mackshane's servant appeared, and the boy of our mess, whom they had seduced and tutored for the purpose. The first declared, that Morgan, as he descended the cockpit ladder one day, cursed the captain, and called him a savage beast, saying, he ought to be hunted down as an enemy to mankind. 'This,' said the clerk, 'is a strong presumption of a design formed against the captain's life. For why? It presupposes malice aforethought, and a criminal intention *a priori*.' 'Right,' said the captain to this miserable grub, who had been an attorney's boy; 'you shall have law enough; here's Cook and Littlejohn for it.' This evidence was confirmed by the boy, who affirmed, he heard the first mate say, that the captain had no more bowels than a bear, and the surgeon had no more brains than an ass. Then the centinel who heard our discourse on the poop was examined, and informed the court that the Welshman assured me, Captain Oakum and Dr Mackshane would toss upon billows of burning

brimstone in hell for their barbarity. The clerk observed, that there was an evident prejudication, which confirmed the former suspicion of a conspiracy against the life of Captain Oakum; for, because, how could Morgan so positively pronounce that the captain and surgeon would be damned, unless he had an intention to make away with them before they could have time to repent? This sage explanation had great weight with our noble commander, who exclaimed,—'What have you to say to this, Taffy? you seem to be taken all a-back, brother, ha'!' Morgan was too much of a gentleman to disown the text, although he absolutely denied the truth of the comment: upon which the captain strutting up to him, with a ferocious countenance, said,—'So, Mr Son of a b——, you confess you honoured me with the names of bear and beast, and pronounced my damnation? Damn my heart! I have a good mind to have you brought to a court-martial, and hanged, you dog.' Here Mackshane, having occasion for an assistant, interposed, and begged the captain to pardon Mr Morgan, with his wonted goodness, upon condition that he, the delinquent, should make such submission as the nature of his misdemeanour demanded. Upon which the Cambro-Briton, who on this occasion would have made no submission to the great mogul, surrounded with his guards, thanked the doctor for his mediation, and acknowledged himself in the wrong for calling the image of God a peast;—'but,' said he, 'I spoke by metaphor, and parable, and comparison, and types; as we signify meekness by a lamb, lechery by a goat, and craftiness by a fox; so we liken ignorance to an ass, and brutality to a bear, and fury to a tiger; therefore I made use of these similes to express my sentiments (look you), and what I said before Cot, I will not unsay before man or peast neither.' Oakum was so provoked at this insolence (as he termed it), that he ordered him forthwith to be carried to the place of his confinement, and his clerk to proceed on the examination of me. The first question put to me, was touching the place of my nativity, which I declared to be the north of Scotland. 'The

north of Ireland, more like,' cried the captain, but we shall bring you up presently.' He then asked what religion I professed; and when I answered,—'The protestant,' swore I was as arrant a Roman as ever went to mass. 'Come come, clerk,' continued he, 'catechise him a little on this subject.' But before I relate the particulars of the clerk's inquiries, it will not be amiss to inform the reader, that our commander himself was an Hibernian, and, if not shrewdly belied, a Roman catholic to boot. 'You say you are a protestant,' said the clerk; 'make the sign of the cross with your fingers, so, and swear upon it to that affirmation.' When I was about to perform this ceremony, the captain cried, with some emotion,—'No, no, damme! I'll have no profanation neither. But go on with your interrogations.' 'Well then,' proceeded my examiner, 'how many sacraments are there?' To which I replied,—'Two.' 'What are they?' said he. I answered,—'Baptism and the Lord's supper.' 'And so you would explode confirmation and marriage altogether?' said Oakum, 'I thought this fellow was a rank Roman.' The clerk, though he was bred under an attorney, could not refrain from blushing at this blunder, which he endeavoured to conceal, by observing, that these decoys would not do with me, who seemed to be an old offender. He went on with asking, if I believed in transubstantiation: but I treated the notion of a real presence with such disrespect, that his patron was scandalized at my impiety, and commanded him to proceed to the plot. Whereupon this miserable pettifogger told me, there was great reason to suspect me of being a spy on board; and that I had entered into a conspiracy with Thomson, and others not yet detected, against the life of Captain Oakum: which accusation they pretended to support by the evidence of our boy, who declared, he had often heard the deceased Thomson and me whispering together, and could distinguish the words—'Oakum, rascal, poison, pistol.' By which expressions it appeared, we did intend to use sinister means to accomplish his destruction. That the death of Thomson seemed to confirm this conjecture; who, either

feeling the stings of remorse, for being engaged in such a horrid confederacy, or fearing a discovery, by which he must have infallibly suffered an ignominious death, had put a fatal period to his own existence. But what established the truth of the whole, was a book in cyphers, found among my papers, which exactly tallied with one found in his chest, after his disappearance. This he observed, was a presumption very near proof positive, and would determine any jury in Christendom to find me guilty. In my own defence, I alleged that I had been dragged on board at first very much against my inclination, as I could prove by the evidence of some people now in the ship, consequently could have no design of becoming spy at that time; and ever since had been entirely out of the reach of any correspondence that could justly entail that suspicion upon me. As for conspiring against my captain's life, it could not be supposed that any man in his right wits would harbour the least thought of such an undertaking, which he could not possibly perform without certain infamy and ruin to himself, even if he had all the inclination in the world. That, allowing the boy's evidence to be true (which I affirmed was false and malicious), nothing conclusive could be gathered from a few incoherent words: neither was the fate of Mr Thomson a circumstance more favourable for the charge; for I had in my pocket a letter which too well explained that mystery, in a very different manner from that which was supposed. With these words, I produced the following letter, which Jack Rattlin brought to me the very day after Thomson disappeared; and told me it was committed to his care by the deceased, who made him promise not to deliver it sooner. The clerk taking it out of my hand, read aloud the contents, which were these.—

'DEAR FRIEND,—I am so much oppressed with the fatigue I daily and nightly undergo, and the barbarous usage of Doctor Mackshane, who is bent on your destruction, as well as mine, that I am resolved to free myself from this miserable life, and, before you receive this, shall be no more. I could have wished to die in your good opinion, which I am afraid I shall forfeit by the last act of my life; but if you cannot acquit me, I know you

will at least preserve some regard for the memory of an unfortunate young man who loved you. I recommend it to you to beware of Mackshane, whose revenge is implacable. I wish all prosperity to you and Mr Morgan, to whom pray offer my last respects, and beg to be remembered as your unhappy friend and countryman, WILLIAM THOMSON.'

This letter was no sooner read, than Mackshane, in a transport of rage, snatched it out of the clerk's hands, and tore it into a thousand pieces, saying, it was a villanous forgery, contrived and executed by myself. The captain and clerk declared themselves of the same opinion, although I insisted on having the remains of it compared with other writings of Thomson, which they had in their possession; and I was ordered to answer the last article of my accusation, namely, the book of cyphers found among my papers. 'That is easily done,' said I. 'What you are pleased to call cyphers, are no other than the Greek characters, in which, for my amusement, I kept a diary of every thing remarkable that has occurred to my observation, since the beginning of the voyage till the day on which I was put in irons; and the same method was practised by Mr Thomson, who copied mine.' 'A very likely story!' cried Mackshane, 'what occasion was there for using Greek characters, if you were not afraid of discovering what you had wrote? But what d'ye talk of Greek characters? D'ye think I am so ignorant of the Greek language, as not to distinguish its letters from these, which are no more Greek than Chinese? No, no, I will not give up my knowledge of the Greek for you, nor none that ever came from your country.' So saying, with an unparalleled effrontery, he repeated some gibberish, which, by the sound, seemed to be Irish, and made it pass for Greek with the captain, who, looking at me with a contemptuous sneer, exclaimed,—'Ah! ah! have you caught a tartar?' I could not help smiling at the consummate assurance of this Hibernian, and offered to refer the dispute to any body on board who understood the Greek alphabet: upon which Morgan was brought back, and being made acquainted with the affair, took the book and read a whole page in English without hesitation,

deciding the controversy in my favour. The doctor was so far from being out of countenance at this detection, that he affirmed Morgan was in the secret, and repeated from his own invention. Oakum said,—'Ay, ay, I see they are both in a story;' and dismissed my fellow-mate to his cock-loft, although I proposed that he and I should read and translate separately, any chapter or verse in the Greek Testament in his possession, by which it would appear whether we or the surgeon spoke truth. Not being endued with eloquence enough to convince the captain that there could be no juggle nor confederacy in this expedient, I begged to be examined by some unconcerned person on board, who understood Greek: accordingly, the whole ship's company, officers and all, were called upon deck, among whom it was proclaimed, that if any of them could speak Greek, he or they so qualified should ascend the quarter-deck immediately. After some pause, two fore-mast men came up, and professed their skill in that language, which (they said) they acquired during several voyages to the Levant, among the Greeks of the Morea. The captain exulted much in this declaration, and put my journal-book into the hands of one of them, who candidly owned he could neither read nor write: the other acknowledged the same degree of ignorance, but pretended to speak the Greek lingo with any man on board; and addressing himself to me, pronounced some sentences of a barbarous corrupted language which I did not understand. I asserted, that the modern Greek was as different from that spoke and written by the ancients, as the English used now from the old Saxon spoke in the time of Hengist; and as I had only learned the true original tongue, in which Homer, Pindar, the evangelists, and other great men of antiquity wrote, it could not be supposed that I should know any thing of an imperfect Gothic dialect that rose on the ruins of the former, and scarce retained any traces of the old expression. But if Doctor Mackshane, who pretended to be master of the Greek language, could maintain a conversation with these seamen, I would retract what I had said, and be content to suffer any punish-

ment he should think proper to inflict. I had no sooner uttered these words, than the surgeon, knowing one of these fellows to be his countryman, accosted him in Irish, and was answered in the same brogue; when a dialogue ensued between them, which they affirmed to be in Greek, after having secured the secrecy of the other tar, who had his cue in the language of the Morea from his companion, before they could venture to assert such an intrepid falsehood. 'I thought,' said Oakum, 'we should discover the imposture at last. Let the rascal be carried back to his confinement. I find he must dangle.' Having nothing further to urge in my own behalf, before a court so prejudiced with spite, and fortified with ignorance against truth, I suffered myself to be re-conducted peaceably to my fellow-prisoner, who hearing the particulars of my trial, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and uttered a dreadful groan; and not daring to disburden his thoughts to me by speech, lest he might be overheard by the sentinel, burst forth into a Welsh song, which he accompanied with a thousand contortions of face, and violent gestures of body.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I discover a subordination against me, by means of a quarrel between two of the evidences; in consequence of which I am set at liberty, and prevail upon Morgan to accept of his freedom on the same terms—Mackshane's malice—We arrive at Jamaica, from whence, in a short time, we beat up to Hispaniola, in conjunction with the West India squadron—We take in water, sail again, and arrive at Carthagena—Reflections on our conduct there.

MEANWHILE, a quarrel happening between the two modern Greeks, the one, to be revenged on the other, came and discovered to us the mystery of Mackshane's dialogue, as I have explained it above. This detection coming to the ears of the doctor, who was sensible, that (now we were in sight of Jamaica) we should have an opportunity of clearing our-

selves before a court-martial, and, at the same time, of making his malice and ignorance conspicuous, he interceded for us with the captain so effectually, that, in a few hours, we were set at liberty, and ordered to return to our duty. This was a happy event for me, my whole body being blistered by the sun, and my limbs benumbed by want of motion: but I could scarce persuade the Welshman to accept of this indulgence, he persisting in his obstinacy to remain in irons until he should be discharged by a court-martial, which he believed would also do him justice on his enemies: at length I represented to him the precarious issue of a trial, the power and interest of his adversaries, and flattered his revenge with the hope of wreaking his resentment with his own hands upon Mackshane after our return to England. This last argument had more weight with him than all the rest, and prevailed upon him to repair with me to the cock-pit, which I no sooner entered than the idea of my departed friend presented itself to my remembrance, and filled my eyes with tears. We discharged from our mess the boy who had acted so perfidiously, notwithstanding his tears, intreaties, and professions of penitence for what he had done; but not before he had confessed that the surgeon had bribed him to give evidence against us, with a pair of stockings, and a couple of old check shirts, of which his servant had since plundered him.

The keys of our chests and lockers being sent to us by the doctor, we detained the messenger until we had examined the contents; and my fellow-mate finding all his Cheshire cheese consumed to a crust, his brandy exhausted, and his onions gone, was seized with a fit of choler, which he discharged on Mackshane's man in oaths and execrations, threatening to prosecute him as a thief. The fellow swore in his turn, that he never had the keys in his possession till that time, when he received them from his master, with orders to deliver them to us. 'As Cot is my judge,' cried Morgan, 'and my salfation, and my witness, whosover has pilfered my provisions, is a lousy, peggarly, rascally knave! and by the soul of my gransire! I will impeach, and accuse, and indict

him of a roppery, if I did but know who he is.' Had this misfortune happened at sea, where we could not repair the loss, in all probability this descendant of Caractacus would have lost his wits entirely; but, when I observed how easy it would be to remedy this paltry mischance, he became more calm, and reconciled himself to the occasion. A little while after this transport, the surgeon came into the birth, under pretence of taking something out of the medicine chest, and, with a smiling aspect, wished us joy of our deliverance, which he said he had been at great pains to obtain of the captain, who was very justly incensed at our behaviour; but he (the doctor) had passed his word for our future conduct, and he hoped we should give him no cause to repent of his kindness. He expected, no doubt, an acknowledgment from us for this pretended piece of service, as well as a general amnesty of what was past; but he had to do with people who were not quite so apt to forgive injuries as he imagined, or to forget, that, if our deliverance was owing to his mediation, our calamity was occasioned by his malice. I therefore sat silent, while my companion answered,—'Ay, ay, 'tis no matter. Cot knows the heart—there is a time for all things, as the wise man saith, there is a time for throwing away stones, and a time to gather them up again.' He seemed to be disconcerted at this reply, and went away in a pet, muttering something about 'ingratitude' and 'fellows,' of which we did not think fit to take any notice.

Our fleet having joined another that waited for us, lay at anchor about a month in the harbour at Port Royal in Jamaica, during which time something of consequence was certainly transacted, notwithstanding the insinuations of some who affirmed we had no business at all in that place; that, in order to take the advantage of the season proper for our enterprise, the West-India squadron, which had previous notice of our coming, ought to have joined us at the west end of Hispaniola, with necessary stores and refreshments, from whence we could have sailed directly for Carthagena, before the enemy could put themselves in a good posture of defence, or indeed have an inkling of our design. Be this

as it will, we sailed from Jamaica, and, in ten days or a fortnight, beat up against the wind as far as the isle of Vache, with an intention, as was said, to attack the French fleet, then supposed to be lying near that place; but, before we arrived, they had sailed for Europe, having first dispatched an advice-boat to Carthagena, with an account of our being in those seas, as also of our strength and destination. We loitered here some days longer, taking in wood and brackish water, in the use whereof, however, our admiral seemed to consult the health of the men, by restricting each to a quart a-day. At length we set sail, and arrived in a bay to the windward of Carthagena, where we came to an anchor, and lay at our ease ten days longer. Here again certain malicious people took occasion to blame the conduct of their superiors, by saying, that, in so doing, they not only unprofitably wasted time, which was very precious, considering the approach of the rainy season, but also allowed the Spaniards to recollect themselves from the terror occasioned by the approach of an English fleet, at least three times as numerous as ever appeared in that part of the world before. But, if I might be allowed to give my opinion of the matter, I would ascribe this delay to the generosity of our chiefs, who scorned to take any advantage that fortune might give them, even over an enemy. At last, however, we weighed, and anchored again somewhat nearer the harbour's mouth, where we made shift to land our marines, who encamped on the beach in despite of the enemy's shot, which knocked a good many of them on the head. This piece of conduct, in choosing a camp under the walls of an enemy's fortification, which I believe never happened before, was practised, I presume, with a view of accustoming the soldiers to stand fire, who were not as yet much used to discipline, most of them having been taken from the plough-tail a few months before. This expedient again has furnished matters for censures against the ministry, for sending a few raw recruits on such an important enterprise, while so many veteran regiments lay inactive at home: but surely our governors had their reasons for so doing, which possibly may be disclosed with other se-

crets of the deep. Perhaps they were loath to risk their best troops on such desperate service; or the colonels and field officers of the old corps, who, generally speaking, enjoyed their commissions as sinecures or pensions for some domestic services tendered to the court, refused to embark in such a dangerous and precarious undertaking; for which refusal, no doubt, they are much to be commended.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Our land forces being disembarked, erect a fascine battery—Our ship is ordered, with four more, to batter the fort of Boca Chica—Mackshane's cowardice—the chaplain's frenzy—honest Rattlin loses one hand—his heroism, and reflections on the battle—Crampley's behaviour to me during the heat of the fight.

Our forces being landed and stationed as I have already mentioned, set about erecting a fascine battery to cannonade the principal fort of the enemy; and in something more than three weeks it was ready to open. That we might do the Spaniards as much honour as possible, it was determined, in a council of war, that five of our largest ships should attack the fort on one side, while the battery, strengthened by two mortars and twenty-four cohorns, should ply it on the other.

Accordingly the signal for our ship to engage, among others, was hoisted, we being advertised the night before to make every thing clear for that purpose; and in so doing, a difference happened between Captain Oakum and his well-beloved cousin and counsellor Mackshane, which had well nigh terminated in an open rupture. The doctor, who had imagined there was no more danger of being hurt by the enemy's shot in the cockpit than in the centre of the earth, was lately informed that a surgeon's mate had been killed in that part of the ship by a cannon-ball from two small redoubts that were destroyed before the disembarkation of our soldiers, and therefore insisted upon having a platform raised for the convenience of the sick and wounded in the after-hold, where he deemed himself more secure than on the deck above. The

captain, offended at this extraordinary proposal, accused him of pusillanimity, and told him there was no room in the hold for such an occasion; or, if there was, he could not expect to be indulged more than the rest of the surgeons of the navy, who used the cockpit for that purpose. Fear rendering Mackshane obstinate, he persisted in his demand, and shewed his instructions, by which it was authorized. The captain swore these instructions were dictated by a parcel of lazy poltroons who were never at sea; nevertheless, he was obliged to comply, and sent for the carpenter to give him orders about it; but, before any such measure could be taken, our signal was thrown out, and the doctor compelled to trust his carcase in the cockpit, where Morgan and I were busy in putting our instruments and dressings in order.

Our ship, with others destined for this service, immediately weighed, and, in less than half an hour, came to an anchor before the castle of Boca Chica, with a spring upon our cable; and the cannonading (which indeed was terrible!) began. The surgeon, after having crossed himself, fell flat on the deck; and the chaplain and purser, who were stationed with us in quality of assistants, followed his example, while the Welshman and I sat upon a chest looking at one another with great discomposure, scarce able to refrain from the like prostration. And that the reader may know it was not a common occasion that alarmed us thus, I must inform him of the particulars of this dreadful din that astonished us. The fire of the Spaniards proceeded from eighty-four great guns, besides a mortar and small arms, in Boca Chica, thirty-six in Fort St. Joseph, twenty in two fascine batteries, and four men of war, mounting sixty-four guns each. This was answered by our land battery, mounted with twenty-one cannon, two mortars, and twenty-four cohorns, and five great ships of eighty or seventy guns, that fired without intermission. We had not been many minutes engaged, when one of the sailors brought another on his back to the cockpit, where he tossed him down like a bag of oats, and pulling out his pouch, put a large chew of tobacco in his mouth, without speaking a word. Morgan immediately examined

the condition of the wounded man, and cried out,—'As I shall answer now, the man is as tead as my great grandfather.' 'Dead!' said his comrade, 'he may be dead now, for aught I know, but I'll be damn'd if he was not alive when I took him up.' So saying, he was about to return to his quarters, when I bade him carry the body along with him and throw it overboard. 'D—n the body!' said he, 'I think 'tis fair enough if I take care of my own.' My fellow-mate snatching up the amputation knife, pursued him half way up the cockpit ladder, crying,—'You lousy rascal, is this the church-yard, or the charnel-house, or the sepulchre, or the golgotha of the ship?' but was stopped in his career by one calling,—'Yo ho, avast there—scaldings.' 'Scaldings!' answered Morgan, 'Cot knows, 'tis hot enough indeed: who are you?' 'Here's one,' replied the voice; and I immediately knew it to be that of my honest friend Jack Rattlin, who, coming towards me, told me, with great deliberation, he was come to be docked at last, and discovered the remains of one hand which had been shattered to pieces with a grape shot. I lamented with unfeigned sorrow his misfortune, which he bore with heroic courage, observing, that every shot had its commission: it was well it did not take him in the head, or, if it had, what then? he should have died bravely, fighting for his king and country. Death was a debt which every man owed, and must pay; and that now was as well as another time. I was much pleased and edified with the maxims of this sea-philosopher, who endured the amputation of his left hand without shrinking; the operation being performed, at his request, by me, after Mackshane, who was with difficulty prevailed to lift his head from the deck, had declared there was a necessity for his losing the limb. While I was employed in dressing the stump, I asked Jack's opinion of the battle, who, shaking his head, frankly told me, he believed we should do no good; 'for why, because instead of dropping anchor close under shore, where we should have had to deal with one corner of Boca Chica only, we had opened the harbour, and exposed ourselves to the whole fire of the enemy from their shipping and

Fort St. Joseph, as well as from the castle we intended to cannonade; that, besides, we lay at too great a distance to damage the walls, and three parts in four of our shot did not take place; for there was scarce any body on board who understood the pointing of a gun. Ah! God help us!' continued he, 'if your kinsman Lieutenant Bowling had been here, we should have had other guess-work.' By this time our patients had increased to such a number, that we did not know which to begin with; and the first mate plainly told the surgeon, that if he did not get up immediately, and perform his duty, he would complain of his behaviour to the admiral, and make application for his warrant. This remonstrance effectually roused Mackshane, who was never deaf to an argument in which he thought his interest was concerned; he therefore rose up, and, in order to strengthen his resolution, had recourse more than once to a case-bottle of rum, which he freely communicated to the chaplain and purser, who had as much need of such extraordinary inspiration as himself. Being thus supported, he went to work, and arms and legs were hewed down without mercy. The fumes of the liquor mounting into the parson's brain, conspired, with his former agitation of spirits, to make him quite delirious: he stripped himself to the skin, and, besmearing his body with blood, could scarce be withheld from running upon deck in that condition. Jack Rattlin, scandalized at this deportment, endeavoured to allay his transports with reason; but finding all he said ineffectual, and great confusion occasioned by his frolics, he knocked him down with his right hand, and by threats kept him quiet in that state of humiliation. But it was not in the power of rum to elevate the purser, who sat on the floor wringing his hands, and cursing the hour in which he left his peaceable profession of a brewer in Rochester, to engage in such a life of terror and disquiet. While we diverted ourselves at the expense of this poor devil, a shot happened to take us between wind and water, and (its course being through the purser's store-room) made a terrible havock and noise among the jars and bottles in its way, and disconcerted Mackshane so much, that he

dropt his scalpel, and, falling down on his knees, pronounced his *paternoster* aloud; the purser fell backward, and lay without sense or motion; and the chaplain grew so outrageous, that Rattlin with one hand could not keep him under; so that we were obliged to confine him in the surgeon's cabin, where he was no doubt guilty of a thousand extravagancies. Much about this time, my old antagonist Crampley came down, with express orders, as he said, to bring me up to the quarter-deck, to dress a slight wound the captain had received by a splinter; his reason for honouring me in particular with this piece of service being, that, in case I should be killed or disabled by the way, my death or mutilation would be of less consequence to the ship's company than that of the doctor or his first mate. At another time perhaps I might have disputed this order, to which I was not bound to pay the least regard; but as I thought my reputation depended upon my compliance, I was resolved to convince my rival that I was no more afraid than he of exposing myself to danger. With this view I provided myself with dressings, and followed him immediately to the quarter-deck, through a most infernal scene of slaughter, fire, smoke, and uproar! Captain Oakum, who leaned against the mizen-mast, no sooner saw me approach in my shirt, with the sleeves tucked up to my arm-pits, and my hands dyed with blood, than he signified his displeasure by a frown, and asked why the doctor himself did not come? I told him Crampley had singled me out, as if by express command; at which reply he seemed surprised, and threatened to punish the midshipman for his presumption after the engagement: in the meantime I was sent back to my station, and ordered to tell Mackshane that the captain expected him immediately. I got safe back, and delivered my commission to the doctor, who flatly refused to quit the post assigned to him by his instructions; whereupon Morgan, who, I believe, was jealous of my reputation for courage, undertook the affair, and ascended with great intrepidity. The captain finding the surgeon obstinate, suffered himself to be dressed, and swore he would confine Mackshane as soon as the service should be over.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A breach being made in the walls, our soldiers give the assault, and take the place without opposition—our sailors at the same time become masters of all the other strengths near Boca Chica, and take possession of the harbour—the good consequence of this success—we move nearer the town—find two forts deserted, and the channel blocked up with sunk vessels, which, however, we find means to clear—land our soldiers at La Quinta—repulse a body of militia—attack the castle of St Lazar, and are forced to retreat with great loss—the remains of our army are re-embarked—an effort of the admiral to take the town—the economy of our expedition described.

HAVING cannonaded the fort during the space of four hours, we were all ordered to slip our cables and sheer off; but next day the engagement was renewed, and continued from the morning till the afternoon, when the enemy's fire from Boca Chica slackened, and towards evening was quite silenced. A breach being made on the other side by our land battery, large enough to admit a middle-sized baboon, provided he could find means to climb up to it, our general proposed to give the assault that very night, and actually ordered a detachment on that duty. Providence stood our friend upon this occasion, and put it into the hearts of the Spaniards to abandon the fort, which might have been maintained by resolute men till the day of judgment, against all the force we could exert in the attack: and while our soldiers took possession of the enemy's ramparts without resistance, the same good luck attended a body of sailors, who made themselves masters of Fort St Joseph, the fascine batteries, and one Spanish man of war; the other three being burnt or sunk by the foe, that they might not fall into our hands. The taking of these forts, in the strength of which the Spaniards chiefly confided, made us masters of the outward harbour, and occasioned great joy among us, as we laid our accounts with finding little or no opposition from the town: and indeed, if a few great ships had sailed up immediately, before they had recovered from the confusion and despair

that our unexpected success had produced among them, it is not impossible that we might have finished the affair to our satisfaction without any more bloodshed; but this step our heroes disdained, as a barbarous insult over the enemy's distress, and gave them all the respite they could desire, in order to recollect themselves. In the meantime Mackshane, taking the advantage of this general exultation, waited on our captain, and pleaded his own cause so effectually, that he was re-established in his good graces; and as for Crampley, there was no more notice taken of his behaviour towards me during the action. But of all the consequences of the victory, none was more grateful than plenty of fresh water, after we had languished five weeks on the allowance of a purser's quart *per diem* for each man in the torrid zone, where the sun was vertical, and the expense of bodily fluid so great, that a gallon of liquor could scarce supply the waste of twenty-four hours; especially as our provision consisted of putrid salt beef, to which the sailors gave the name of Irish horse; salt pork of New England, which, though neither fish nor flesh, savoured of both; bread from the same country, every biscuit whereof, like a piece of clock-work, moved by its own internal impulse, occasioned by the myriads of insects that dwelt within it; and butter served out by the gill, that tasted like train oil thickened with salt. Instead of small beer, each man was allowed three half quartens of brandy or rum, which were distributed every morning, diluted with a certain quantity of his water, without either sugar or fruit to render it palatable; for which reason, this composition was, by the sailors, not unaptly, styled *necessity*. Nor was this limitation of simple element owing to a scarcity of it on board, for there was at this time water enough in the ship for a voyage of six months, at the rate of half a gallon per day to each man; but this fast must (I suppose) have been enjoined by way of penance on the ship's company for their sins, or rather with a view to mortify them into a contempt of life, that they might thereby become more resolute and regardless of danger. How simple, then, do those people argue, who ascribe the great mortality

among us to our bad provision and want of water; and affirm, that a great many valuable lives might have been saved, if the useless transports had been employed in fetching fresh stock, turtle, fruit, and other refreshments, from Jamaica, and other adjacent islands, for the use of the army and fleet; seeing it is to be hoped, that those who died went to a better place, and those who survived were the more easily maintained. After all, a sufficient number remained to fall before the walls of S^{t}. Lazar, where they behaved like their own country mastiffs, which shut their eyes, run into the jaws of a bear, and have their heads crushed for their valour.

But to return to my narration:—After having put garrisons into the forts we had taken, and re-embarked our soldiers and artillery, a piece of service that detained us more than a week, we ventured up to the mouth of the inner harbour, guarded by a large fortification on one side, and a small redoubt on the other, both of which were deserted before our approach, and the entrance of the harbour blocked up by several old galleons, and two men of war that the enemy had sunk in the channel. We made shift, however, to open a passage for some ships, that favoured a second landing of our troops, at a place called La Quinta, not far from the town, where, after a faint resistance from a body of Spaniards, who opposed their disembarkation, they encamped, with a design of besieging the castle of S^{t}. Lazar, which overlooked and commanded the city. Whether our renowned general had nobody in his army who knew how to approach it in form, or that he trusted entirely to the fame of his arms, I shall not determine; but certain it is, a resolution was taken in a council of war to attack the place with musketry only. This was put in execution, and succeeded accordingly; the enemy giving them such a hearty reception, that the greatest part of the detachment took up their everlasting residence on the spot. Our chief not relishing this kind of complaisance in the Spaniards, was wise enough to retreat on board with the remains of his army, which, from eight thousand able men landed on the beach near Boca

Chica, was now reduced to fifteen hundred fit for service. The sick and wounded were squeezed into certain vessels, which thence obtained the name of hospital ships, though methinks they scarce deserved such a creditable title, seeing few of them could boast of their surgeon, nurse, or cook: and the space between decks was so confined, that the miserable patients had not room to sit upright in their beds. Their wounds and stumps being neglected, contracted filth and putrefaction, and millions of maggots were hatched amidst the corruption of their sores. This inhuman disregard was imputed to the scarcity of surgeons, though it is well known that every great ship in the fleet could have spared one at least for this duty; an expedient which would have been more than sufficient to remove this shocking inconvenience. But perhaps the general was too much of a gentleman to ask a favour of this kind from his fellow-chief, who, on the other hand, would not derogate so much from his own dignity as to offer such assistance unasked; for I may venture to affirm, that by this time the demon of discord, with her sooty wings, had breathed her influence upon our counsels; and it might be said of these great men (I hope they will pardon the comparison), as of Cæsar and Pompey, the one could not brook a superior, and the other was impatient of an equal: so that, between the pride of one, and insolence of another, the enterprise miscarried, according to the proverb,—'between two stools the backside falls to the ground.' Not that I would be thought to liken any public concern to that opprobrious part of the human body, though I might with truth assert, if I durst use such a vulgar idiom, that the nation did hang an a—se at its disappointment on this occasion; neither would I presume to compare the capacity of our heroic leaders to any such wooden convenience as a joint-stool, or a close-stool; but only to signify by this simile, the mistake the people committed in trusting to the union of two instruments that were never joined.

A day or two after the attempt on St. Lazar, the admiral ordered one of the Spanish men of war we had taken to be mounted with sixteen guns, and manned with detachments

from our great ships, in order to batter the town. Accordingly she was towed into the inner harbour in the night, and moored within half a mile of the walls, against which she began to fire at day-break, and continued about six hours exposed to the opposition of at least thirty pieces of cannon which at length obliged our men to set her on fire, and get off as well as they could in their boats. This piece of conduct afforded matter of speculation to all the wits either in the army or navy, who were at last fain to acknowledge it was a stroke of policy above their comprehension. Some entertained such an irreverent opinion of the admiral's understanding, as to think he expected the town would surrender to his floating battery of sixteen guns. Others imagined his sole intention was to try the enemy's strength, by which he should be able to compute the number of great ships that would be necessary to force the town to a capitulation: but this last conjecture soon appeared groundless, inasmuch as no ships of any kind whatever were afterwards employed on that service. A third sort swore, that no other cause could be assigned for this undertaking, than that which induced Don Quixote to attack the windmill. A fourth class (and that the most numerous, though, without doubt, composed of the sanguine and malicious) plainly taxed this commander with want of honesty, as well as sense; and alleged that he ought to have sacrificed private pique to the interest of his country; that, where the lives of so many brave fellow-citizens were concerned, he ought to have concurred with the general, without being solicited, or even desired, towards their preservation and advantage; that, if his arguments could not dissuade him from a desperate enterprise, it was his duty to have rendered it as practicable as possible, without running extreme hazard; that this could have been done, with a good prospect of success, by ordering five or six large ships to batter the town, while the land forces stormed the castle; by these means a considerable diversion would have been made in favour of those troops, who, in their march to the assault, and in the retreat, suffered much more from the town than

from the castle; that the inhabitants, seeing themselves vigorously attacked on all hands, would have been divided, distracted, and confused, and, in all probability, unable to resist the assailants. But all these suggestions surely proceeded from ignorance and malevolence, or else the admiral would not have found it such an easy matter, at his return to England, to justify his conduct to a ministry at once so upright and discerning. True it is, that those who undertook to vindicate him on the spot, asserted that there was not water enough for our great ships near the town; though this was a little unfortunately urged, because there happened to be pilots in the fleet perfectly well acquainted with the soundings of the harbour, who affirmed there was water enough for five eighty gun ships to lie a-breast, almost up at the very walls. The disappointments we suffered occasioned an universal dejection; which was not at all alleviated by the objects that daily and hourly entertained our eyes, nor by the prospect of what must have inevitably happened, had we remained much longer in this place. Such was the economy in some ships, that, rather than be at the trouble of interring the dead, the commanders ordered their men to throw their bodies overboard, many without either ballast or winding-sheet; so that numbers of human carcases floated in the harbour, until they were devoured by sharks and carrion crows, which afforded no agreeable spectacle to those who survived. At the same time the wet season began, during which a deluge of rain falls from the rising to the setting of the sun without intermission; and that no sooner ceases than it begins to thunder and lighten with such continual flashing, that one can see to read a very small print by the illumination.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

An epidemic fever rages among us—we abandon our conquests—I am seized with the distemper; write a petition to the captain, which is rejected—I am in danger of suffocation through the malice of Crampley; and relieved by a sergeant—my fever increases—the chaplain wants to confess me—I obtain a favourable crisis—Morgan's affection for me proved—the behaviour of Mackshane and Crampley towards me—Captain Oakum is removed into another ship, with his beloved doctor—our new captain described—an adventure of Morgan.

THE change of the atmosphere, occasioned by this phenomenon, conspired, with the stench that surrounded us, the heat of the climate, our own constitutions impoverished by bad provisions, and our despair, to introduce the bilious fever among us, which raged with such violence, that three fourths of those whom it invaded died in a deplorable manner; the colour of their skin being, by the extreme putrefaction, of the juices, changed into that of soot.

Our conductors, finding things in this situation, perceived it was high time to relinquish our conquests: and this we did, after having rendered their artillery useless, and blown up their walls with gunpowder. Just as we sailed from Boca Chica on our return to Jamaica, I found myself threatened with the symptoms of this terrible distemper; and knowing very well that I stood no chance for my life, if I should be obliged to lie in the cockpit, which by this time was grown intolerable even to people in health, by reason of the heat and unwholesome smell of decayed provision, I wrote a petition to the captain, representing my case, and humbly imploring his permission to lie among the soldiers in the middle deck, for the benefit of the air: but I might have spared myself the trouble; for this humane commander refused my request, and ordered me to continue in the place allotted for the surgeon's mates, or else to be contented to lie in the hospital, which, by the by, was three degrees more offensive and more suffocating than our own birth below. Another in my condition, perhaps, would have submitted to his fate, and

died in a pet; but I could not brook the thoughts of perishing so pitifully, after I had weathered so many gales of hard fortune: I therefore, without minding Oakum's injunction, prevailed upon the soldiers (whose good will I had acquired) to admit my hammock among them, and actually congratulated myself upon my comfortable situation; which Crampley no sooner understood, than he signified to the captain my contempt to his orders, and was invested with the power to turn me down again into my proper habitation. This barbarous piece of revenge incensed me so much against the author, that I vowed, with bitter imprecations, to call him to a severe account, if ever it should be in my power; and the agitation of my spirits increased my fever to a violent degree. While I lay gasping for breath in this infernal abode I was visited by a serjeant, the bones of whose nose I had reduced and set to rights, after they had been demolished by a splinter during our last engagement. He being informed of my condition, offered me the use of his birth in the middle deck, which was inclosed with canvas, and well aired by a port-hole that remained open within it. I embraced this proposal with joy, and was immediately conducted to the place, where I was treated, while my illness lasted with the utmost tenderness and care by this grateful halberdier, who had no other bed for himself than a hencoop during the whole passage. Here I lay, and enjoyed the breeze; notwithstanding which, my malady gained ground, and at length my life was despaired of, though I never lost hopes of recovery, even when I had the mortification to see from my cabin window, six or seven thrown overboard every day, who died of the same distemper. This confidence I am persuaded, conduced a great deal to the preservation of my life, especially when joined to another resolution I took at the beginning, namely to refuse all medicine, which I could not help thinking co-operated with the disease, and, instead of resisting putrefaction, promoted a total degeneracy of the vital fluid. When my friend Morgan, therefore, brought his diaphoretic boluses, I put them in my mouth, 'tis true, but without any intention of swallowing them; and

when he went away, spit them out, and washed my mouth with water-gruel. I seemingly complied in this manner, that I might not affront the blood of Caractacus, by a refusal which might have intimated a diffidence of his physical capacity; for he acted as my physician, Doctor Macshane never once inquiring about me, or even knowing where I was. When my distemper was at the height, Morgan thought my case desperate; and after having applied a blister to the nape of my neck, squeezed my hand, bidding me, with a woeful countenance, recommend myself to Cot and my Reteemer; then taking his leave, desired the chaplain to come and administer some spiritual consolation to me; but before he arrived, I made shift to rid myself of the troublesome application the Welshman had bestowed on my back. The parson having felt my pulse, inquired into the nature of my complaints, hemmed a little, and began thus:—'Mr Random, God out of his infinite mercy hath been pleased to visit you with a dreadful distemper, the issue of which no man knows. You may be permitted to recover and live many days on the face of the earth; and, which is more probable, you may be taken away and cut off in the flower of your youth: it is incumbent on you, therefore, to prepare for the great change, by repenting sincerely of your sins; of this there cannot be a greater sign, than an ingenuous confession, which I conjure you to make, without hesitation, or mental reservation; and when I am convinced of your sincerity, I will then give you such comfort as the situation of your soul will admit of. Without doubt, you have been guilty of numberless transgressions to which youth is subject, as swearing, drunkenness, whoredom, and adultery; tell me, therefore, without reserve, the particulars of each, especially the last, that I may be acquainted with the true state of your conscience; for no physician will prescribe for his patient until he knows the circumstances of his disease.' As I was not under any apprehensions of death, I could not help smiling at the chaplain's inquisitive remonstrance, which I told him savoured more of the Roman than of the protestant church, in recommending auricular confession; a thing, in

my opinion, not at all necessary to salvation, and which, for that reason I declined. This reply disconcerted him a little; however, he explained away his meaning, in making learned distinctions between what was absolutely necessary, and what was only convenient; then proceeded to ask what religion I professed. I answered, that I had not as yet considered the difference of religions, consequently had not fixed on any one in particular, but that I was bred a presbyterian. At this word the chaplain expressed great astonishment, and said he could not comprehend how a presbyterian was entitled to any post under the English government. Then he asked if I had ever received the sacrament, or taken the oaths; to which questions I replying in the negative, he held up his hands assured me he could do me no service, wished I might not be in a state of reprobation, and returned to his messmates, who were making merry in the ward-room, round a table well stored with bumbo* and wine. This insinuation, terrible as it was, had not such an effect upon me as the fever, which, soon after he had left me, grew outrageous: I began to see strange chimeras, and concluded myself on the point of becoming delirious: in the meantime, being in great danger of suffocation, I started up in a kind of frantic fit, with an intention to plunge myself into the sea; and as my friend the sergeant was not present, would certainly have cooled myself to some purpose, had I not perceived a moisture upon my thigh, as I endeavoured to get out of my hammock: the appearance of this revived my hopes, and I had reflection and resolution enough to take the advantage of this favourable symptom, by tearing the shirt from my body, and sheets from my bed, and wrapping myself in a thick blanket, in which inclosure, for about a quarter of an hour, I felt the pains of hell; but it was not long before I was recompensed for my suffering by a profuse sweat, that, bursting from the whole surface of my skin, in less than two hours relieved me from all my complaints, except that of weakness, and left me as hungry as a kite. I enjoyed a very comfortable nap, after which I was regaling myself with the agree-

* Bumbo is a liquor composed of rum, sugar, water, and nutmeg.

able reverie of my future happiness, when I heard Morgan, on the outside of the curtain, ask the sergeant if I was alive still? 'Alive,' cried the other, 'God forbid he should be otherwise! he has lain quite these five hours, and I do not choose to disturb him, for sleep will do him great service.' 'Aye,' said my fellow-mate, 'he sleeps so sound, look you, that he will never waken till the great trump blows. Cot be merciful to his soul! he has paid his debt like an honest man. Aye, and moreover he is at rest from all persecutions, and troubles, and afflictions, of which, Cot knows, and I know, he had his own share. Ochree! ochree! he was a promising youth indeed.' So saying, he groaned grievously, and began to whine in such a manner as persuaded me, he had a real friendship for me. The sergeant, alarmed at his words, came into the birth, and, while he looked upon me I smiled, and tipped him the wink: he immediately guessed my meaning, and remaining silent, Morgan was confirmed in his opinion of my being dead; whereupon he approached with tears in his eyes, in order to indulge his grief with the sight of the object; and I counterfeited death so well, by fixing my eyes, and dropping my under jaw, that he said,—'There he lies, no petter than a lump of clay, Cot help me;' and observed by the distortion of my face, that I must have had a strong struggle. I should not have been able to contain myself much longer, when he began to perform the last duty of a friend, in closing my eyes and my mouth; upon which I suddenly snapped at his fingers, and discomposed him so much, that he started back, turned pale as ashes, and stared like the picture of horror. Although I could not help laughing at his appearance, I was concerned for his situation, and stretched out my hand, telling him, I hoped to live and eat some salmagundy of his making in England. It was some time before he could recollect himself so far as to feel my pulse, and inquire into the particulars of my disease: but when he found I had enjoyed a favourable crisis, he congratulated me upon my good fortune, not failing to ascribe it, under God, to the blister he had applied to my back at his last visit, which by the by, said he,

must now be removed and dressed. He was actually going to fetch dressings, when I, feigning astonishment, said,—'Bless me! sure you never applied a blister to me; there is nothing on my back, I assure you.' But he could not be convinced till he had examined it, and then endeavoured to conceal his confusion, by expressing his surprise in finding the skin untouched, and the plaster missing. In order to excuse myself for paying so little regard to his prescription, I pretended to have been insensible when it was put on, and to have pulled it off afterwards in a fit of delirium. This apology satisfied my friend, who, on this occasion, abated a good deal of his stiffness in regard to punctilio; and as we were now safely arrived at Jamaica, where I had the benefit of fresh provisions and other refreshments, I recovered strength every day, and, in a short time, my health and vigour were perfectly re-established. When I got up at first, and was just able to crawl about the deck with a staff in my hand, I met Doctor Mackshane, who passed by me with a disdainful look, and did not vouchsafe to honour me with one word. After him came Crampley, who, strutting up to me, with a fierce countenance, pronounced,—'Here's fine discipline on board, when such lasy skulking sons of b——s as you are allowed, on pretence of sickness, to lollop at your ease, while your betters are kept to hard duty!' The sight and behaviour of this malicious scoundrel incensed me so much that I could scarce refrain from laying my cudgel across his pate; but when I considered my present feebleness, and the enemies I had in the ship, who wanted only a pretence to ruin me, I restrained my passion, and contented myself with telling him, I had not forgot his insolence and malice, and that I hoped we should meet one day on shore. At this declaration he grinned, shook his fist, and swore he longed for nothing more than such an opportunity.

Meanwhile our ship was ordered to be heaved down, victualled, and watered, for her return to England; and our captain, for some reason or other, not thinking it convenient for him to revisit his native country at this time, exchanged with a gentleman, who, on the other hand, wished

for nothing so much as to be safe without the tropic; all his care and tenderness of himself being insufficient to preserve his complexion from the injuries of the sun and weather.

Our tyrant having left the ship, and carried his favourite Mackshane along with him, to my inexpressible satisfaction, our new commander came on board in a ten-oared barge, overshadowed with a vast umbrella, and appeared in every thing the reverse of Oakum, being a tall, thin, young man, dressed in this manner:—A white hat, garnished with a red feather, adorned his head, from whence his hair flowed upon his shoulders, in ringlets, tied behind with a ribbon. His coat, consisting of pink-coloured silk lined with white, by the elegance of the cut retired backward, as it were to discover a white satin waistcoat embroidered with gold, unbuttoned at the upper part to display a broach set with garnets, that glittered in the breast of his shirt, which was of the finest cambric, edged with right Mechlin. The knees of his crimson velvet breeches scarcely descended so low as to meet his silk stockings, which rose without spot or wrinkle on his meagre legs, from shoes of blue Meroquin, studded with diamond buckles, that flamed forth rivals to the sun! A steel-hilted sword, inlaid with gold, and decked with a knot of ribbon which fell down in a rich tassel, equipped his side; and an amber-headed cane hung dangling from his wrist. But the most remarkable parts of his furniture were, a mask on his face, and white gloves on his hands, which did not seem to be put on with an intention to be pulled off occasionally, but were fixed with a curious ring on the little finger of each hand. In this garb Captain Whiffle (for that was his name) took possession of the ship, surrounded with a crowd of attendants, all of whom, in their different degrees, seemed to be of their patron's disposition; and the air was so impregnated with perfumes, that one may venture to affirm the clime of Arabia Felix was not half so sweet-scented. My fellow-mate, observing no surgeon among his train, thought he had found an occasion too favourable for himself to be neglected; and re-

membering the old proverb,—'Spare to speak, and spare to speed,' resolved to solicit the new captain's interest immediately, before any other surgeon could be appointed for the ship. With this view, he repaired to the cabin in his ordinary dress, consisting of a check shirt and trowsers, a brown linen waistcoat, and a nightcap of the same (neither of them very clean), which, for his future misfortune, happened to smell strong of tobacco. Entering without any ceremony into this sacred place, he found Captain Whiffle reposing on a couch, with a wrapper of fine chints about his body, and a muslin cap bordered with lace about his head; and after several low conges, began in this manner:—'Sir, I hope you will forgive, and excuse, and pardon, the presumption of one who has not the honour of being known unto you, but who is, nevertheless, a shentleman porn and pred, and moreover has had misfortunes, Cot help me, in the world.' Here he was interrupted by the captain, who, on seeing him, had started up with great amazement at the novelty of the apparition; and having recollected himself, pronounced, with a look and tone signifying disdain, curiosity, and surprise,—'Zauns! who art thou?' 'I am surgeon's first mate on board of this ship,' replied Morgan, 'and I most vehemently desire and beseech you, with all submission, to be pleased to condescend and vouchsafe to inquire into my character, and my behaviour, and my deserts, which, under Cot, I hope, will entitle me to the vacancy of surgeon.' As he proceeded in his speech he continued advancing toward the captain, whose nostrils were no sooner saluted with the aromatic flavour that exhaled from him, than he cried with great emotion,—'Heaven preserve me! I am suffocated! Fellow, fellow, away with thee. Curse thee, fellow! get thee gone. I shall be stunk to death!' At the noise of his outcries, his servants ran into his apartment, and he accosted them thus:—'Villains! cut-throats! traitors! I am betrayed! I am sacrificed!—Will you not carry that monster away? or must I be stifled with the stench of him! Oh! oh!' With these interjections he sunk down upon his settee in a fit; his valet-de-chambre

plid him with a smelling bottle, one footman chafed his temples with Hungary water, another sprinkled the floor with spirits of lavender, a third pushed Morgan out of the cabin; who, coming to the place where I was, sat down, with a demure countenance, and, according to his custom, when he received any indignity which he durst not revenge, began to sing a Welsh ditty. I guessed he was under some agitation of spirits, and desired to know the cause; but, instead of answering me directly, he asked, with great emotion, if I thought him a monster and a stinkard! 'A monster and a stinkard!' said I, with some surprise, 'did any body call you so?' 'Cot is my judge,' replied he, 'Captain Fifle did call me both; aye, and all the water in the Tawy will not wash it out of my remembrance. I do affirm, and avouch, and maintain, with my soul, and my pody, and my plood, look you, that I have no smells about me, but such as a christian ought to have, except the effluvia of tobacco, which is a cephalic, odoriferous, aromatic herb, and he is a son of a mountain-goat who says otherwise. As for my being a monster, let that be as it is: I am as Cot was pleased to create me, which, peradventure, is more than I shall aver of him who gave me that title; for I will proclaim it before the world, that he is disguised, and transfigured, and transmographied with affectation and whimsies, and that he is more like a papoon than one of the human race.'

CHAPTER XXXV.

Captain Whiffle sends for me—his situation described—his surgeon arrives, prescribes for him, and puts him to bed—a bed is put up for Mr Simper contiguous to the state-room, which, with other parts of the captain's behaviour, gives the ship's company a very unfavourable idea of their commander—I am detained in the West Indies by the admiral, and go on board of the Lizard sloop of war in quality of surgeon's mate, where I make myself known to the surgeon, who treats me very kindly—I go on shore, sell my ticket, purchase necessaries, and, at my return on board, am surprised at the sight of Crampley, who is appointed lieutenant of the sloop—we sail on a cruise—take a prize, in which I arrive at Port Morant, under the command of my messmate, with whom I live in great harmony.

He was going on with an eulogium upon the captain, when I received a message to clean myself, and go up to the great cabin; and with this command I instantly complied, sweetening myself with rose water from the medicine chest. When I entered the room, I was ordered to stand by the door, until Captain Whiffle had reconnoitred me at a distance with a spy-glass. He, having consulted one sense in this manner, bade me advance gradually, that his nose might have intelligence, before it could be much offended. I therefore approached with great caution and success: and he was pleased to say,—'Aye, this creature is tolerable.' I found him lolling on his couch, with a languishing air, his head supported by his valet-de-chambre, who from time to time, applied a smelling bottle to his nose. 'Vergette,' said he, in a squeaking tone, 'dost thou think this wretch (meaning me) will do me no injury? may I venture to submit my arm to him?' 'Pon my vord,' replied the valet, 'I do tink dat dere be great occasion for your honour losing one small quantite of blodt; and the young man ave quelque chose of de bonne mien.' 'Well then,' said his master, 'I think I must venture.' Then addressing himself to me,—'hast thou ever blooded any body but brutes? But I need not ask thee, for thou wilt tell me a most dam-

nable lie. 'Brutes, sir,' answered I, pulling down his glove, in order to feel his pulse, 'I never meddle with brutes.' 'What the devil art thou about?' cried he, 'dost thou intend to twist off my hand? God's curse! my arm is benumbed up to the very shoulder! Heaven have mercy on me! must I perish under the hands of savages? What an unfortunate dog was I, to come on board without my own surgeon, Mr Simper!' I craved pardon for having handled him so roughly, and, with the utmost care and tenderness, tied up his arm with a fillet of silk. While I was feeling for the vein, he desired to know how much blood I intended to take from him; and when I answered,—'not above twelve ounces,' started up with a look full of horror, and bade me begone, swearing I had a design upon his life. Vergette appeased him with difficulty, and opening a bureau, took out a pair of scales, in one of which was placed a small cup; and putting them into my hand, told me, the captain never lost above an ounce and three drachms at one time. While I prepared for this important evacuation, there came into the cabin a young man gaily dressed, of a very delicate complexion, with a kind of languid smile on his face, which seemed to have been rendered habitual by a long course of affectation. The captain no sooner perceived him, than, rising hastily, he flew into his arms, crying,—'O! my dear Simper! I am excessively disordered! I have been betrayed, frighted, murdered, by the negligence of my servants, who suffered a beast, a mule, a bear, to surprise me, and stink me into convulsions with the fumes of tobacco.' Simper, who by this time, I found, was obliged to art for the clearness of his complexion, assumed an air of softness and sympathy, and lamented, with many tender expressions of sorrow, the sad accident that had thrown him into that condition; then feeling his patient's pulse on the outside of his glove, gave it as his opinion, that his disorder was entirely nervous, and that some drops of tincture of castor and liquid laudanum would be of more service to him than bleeding, by bridling the inordinate sallies of his spirits, and composing the fermentation of his bile. I was therefore sent

to prepare this prescription, which was administered in a glass of sack posset, after the captain had been put to bed, and orders sent to the officers on the quarter-deck, to let nobody walk on that side under which he lay.

While the captain enjoyed his repose, the doctor watched over him, and indeed became so necessary, that a cabin was made for him contiguous to the state-room, where Whiffle slept, that he might be at hand in case of accidents in the night. Next day our commander being happily recovered, gave orders, that none of the lieutenants should appear upon deck without a wig, sword, and ruffles; nor any midshipman, or other petty officer, be seen with a check shirt, or dirty linen. He also prohibited any person whatever, except Simper, and his own servants, from coming into the great cabin, without first sending in to obtain leave. These singular regulations did not prepossess the ship's company in his favour; but, on the contrary, gave scandal an opportunity to be very busy with his character, and accuse him of maintaining a correspondence with the surgeon not fit to be named.

In a few weeks, our ship being under sailing orders, I was in hopes of revisiting my native country in a very short time, when the admiral's surgeon came on board, and sending for Morgan and me to the quarter-deck, gave us to understand, there was a great scarcity of surgeons in the West Indies; that he was commanded to detain one mate out of every great ship that was bound for England; and desired us to agree between ourselves, before the next day at that hour, which of us should stay behind. We were thunderstruck at this proposal, and stared at one another some time without speaking: at length the Welshman broke silence, and offered to remain in the West Indies, provided the admiral would give him a surgeon's warrant immediately; but he was told there was no want of chief surgeons, and that he must be contented with the station of mate, till he should be further provided for in due course: whereupon Morgan flatly refused to quit the ship for which the commissioners of the navy had appointed him: and the other told him as

plainly, that if we could not determine the affair by ourselves before to-morrow morning, he must cast lots, and abide by his chance. When I recalled to my remembrance the miseries I had undergone in England, where I had not one friend to promote my interest, or favour my advancement in the navy, and, at the same time, reflected on the present dearth of surgeons in the West Indies, and the unhealthiness of the climate, which every day almost reduced the number, I could not help thinking my success would be much more certain and expeditious, by my staying where I was, than by returning to Europe. I therefore resolved to comply with a good grace, and next day, when we were ordered to throw dice, told Morgan, he need not trouble himself, for I would voluntarily submit to the admiral's pleasure. This frank declaration was commended by the gentleman, who assured me, it should not fare the worse with me for my resignation. Indeed, he was as good as his word, and that very afternoon procured a warrant, appointing me a surgeon's mate of the Lizard sloop of war, which put me on a footing with every first mate in the service.

My ticket being made out, I put my chest and bedding on board a canoe that lay along-side, and having shook hands with my trusty friend the sergeant, and honest Jack Rattlin, who was bound for Greenwich hospital, I took my leave of Morgan with many tears, after we had exchanged our sleeve-buttons as remembrancers of each other. Having presented my new warrant to the captain of the Lizard, I inquired for the doctor, whom I no sooner saw, than I recollected him to be one of those young fellows with whom I had been committed to the round-house, during our frolic with Jackson, as I have related before. He received me with a good deal of courtesy, and when I put him in mind of our former acquaintance, expressed great joy at seeing me again, and recommended me to an exceeding good mess, composed of the gunner and master's mate. As there was not one sick person in the ship, I got leave to go ashore next day with the gunner, who recommended me to a Jew that bought my ticket at the rate of 40 per cent. discount;

and having furnished myself with what necessaries I wanted, returned on board in the evening, and, to my surprise, found my old antagonist Crampley walking upon deck. Though I did not fear his enmity, I was shocked at his appearance, and communicated my sentiments on that subject to Mr Tomlins the surgeon, who told me that Crampley, by dint of some friends about the admiral, had procured a commission, constituting him lieutenant on board the Lizard; and advised me, now he was my superior officer, to behave with some respect towards him, or else he would find a thousand opportunities of using me ill. This advice was a bitter potion to me, whom pride and resentment had rendered utterly incapable of the least submission to, or even of a reconciliation with, the wretch who had on many occasions treated me so inhumanly; however, I resolved to have as little connection as possible with him, and to ingratiate myself as much as I could with the rest of the officers, whose friendship might be a bulwark to defend me from the attempts of his malice.

In less than a week we sailed on a cruise, and, having weathered the east end of the island, had the good fortune to take a Spanish barcolongo, with her prize, which was an English ship bound for Bristol, that sailed from Jamaica a fortnight before, without convoy. All the prisoners who were well we put on shore on the north side of the island; the prizes were manned with Englishmen, and the command of the barcolongo given to my friend the master's mate, with orders to carry them into Port Morant, and there to remain until the Lizard's cruise should be ended, at which time she would touch at the same place in her way to Port Royal. With him I was sent to attend the wounded Spaniards as well as Englishmen, who amounted to sixteen, and to take care of them on shore, in a house that was to be hired as an hospital. This destination gave me a great deal of pleasure, as I should for some time be freed from the arrogance of Crampley, whose inveteracy against me had already broke out on two or three occasions since he was become a lieutenant. My messmate, who very much resembled

my uncle, both in figure and disposition, treated me on board of the prize with the utmost civility and confidence; and, among other favours, made me a present of a silver-hilted hanger, and a pair of pistols mounted with the same metal, which fell to his share in plundering the enemy. We arrived safely at Morant, and, going on shore, pitched upon an empty store-house, which we hired for the reception of the wounded, who were brought to it next day, with beds and other necessaries; and four of the ship's company appointed to attend them and obey me.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A strange adventure—in consequence of which I am extremely happy—Crampley does me ill offices with the captain; but his malice is defeated by the good nature and friendship of the surgeon—we return to Port Royal—our captain gets the command of a larger ship, and is succeeded by an old man—Brayl is provided for—we receive orders to sail for England.

WHEN my patients were all in a fair way, my companion and commander, whose name was Brayl, carried me up the country to the house of a rich planter, with whom he was acquainted; where we were sumptuously entertained, and, in the evening, set out on our return to the ship. When we had walked about a mile by moon-light, we perceived a horseman behind us, who, coming up, wished us *good even*, and asked, which way we went? His voice, which was quite familiar to me, no sooner struck my ear, than, in spite of all my resolution and reflection, my hair bristled up, and I was seized with a violent fit of trembling, which Brayl misinterpreting, bade me be under no concern. I told him he was mistaken in the cause of my disorder; and, addressing myself to the person on horseback, said,—'I could have sworn by your voice, that you was a dear friend of mine, if I had not been certain of his death.' To this address, after some pause, he replied,—'There are many voices as

well as faces that resemble one another; but pray, what was your friend's name?' I satisfied him in that particular, and gave a short detail of the melancholy fate of Thomson, not without many sighs and some tears. A silence ensued, which lasted some minutes, and then the conversation turned on different subjects, till we arrived at a house on the road, where the horseman alighted, and begged with so much earnestness, that we would go in and drink a bowl of punch with him, that we could not resist. But if I was alarmed at his voice, what must my amazement be, when I discovered by the light the very person of my lamented friend! Perceiving my confusion, which was extreme, he clasped me in his arms, and bedewed my face with tears. It was sometime ere I recovered the use of my reason, overpowered with this event, and longer still before I could speak; so that all I was capable of was to return his embraces, and to mingle the overflowings of my joy with his; whilst honest Brayl, affected with the scene, wept as fast as either of us, and signified his participation of our happiness, by hugging us both, and capering about the room like a madman. At length I retrieved the use of my tongue, and cried,—'Is it possible, can you be my friend Thomson? No, certainly; alas! he was drowned! and I am now under the deception of a dream!' He was at great pains to convince me of his being the individual person whom I regretted, and, bidding me sit down and compose myself, promised to explain his sudden disappearance from the Thunder, and to account for his being at present in the land of the living. This task he acquitted himself of, after I had drank a glass of punch, and recollected my spirits, by informing us, that, with a determination to rid himself of a miserable existence, he had gone in the night-time to the head, while the ship was on her way, from whence he slipped down as softly as he could by the bows into the sea, where, after he was heartily ducked, he began to repent of his precipitation, and, as he could swim very well, kept himself above water, in hopes of being taken up by some of the ships astern: that, in this situation, he hailed a large vessel, and begged to be

taken in, but was answered that she was a heavy sailer, and therefore they did not choose to lose time by bringing to: however, they threw an old chest overboard for his convenience, and told him, that some of the ships astern would certainly save him: that no other vessel came within sight or cry of him for the space of three hours, during which time he had the mortification to find himself in the middle of the ocean alone, without other support or resting place but what a few crazy boards afforded; till at last he discerned a small sloop steering towards him, upon which he set up his throat, and had the good fortune to be heard and rescued from the dreary waste by their boat, which was hoisted out on purpose. 'I was no sooner brought on board,' continued he, 'than I fainted; and when I recovered my senses, found myself in bed, regaled with a most noisome smell of onions and cheese, which made me think at first, that I was in my own hammock, alongside of honest Morgan, and that all which had passed was no more than a dream. Upon inquiry I understood that I was on board of a schooner belonging to Rhode Island, bound for Jamaica, with a cargo of geese, pigs, onions, and cheese; and that the master's name was Robertson, by birth a North-Briton, whom I knew at first sight to be an old school-fellow of mine. When I discovered myself to him, he was transported with surprise and joy, and begged to know the occasion of my misfortune, which I did not think fit to disclose, because I knew his notions with regard to religion were very severe and confined; therefore contented myself with telling him, I fell overboard by accident; but made no scruple of explaining the nature of my disagreeable station, and of acquainting him with my determined purpose never to return to the Thunder man of war. Although he was not of my opinion in that particular, knowing that I must lose my clothes, and what pay was due to me, unless I went back to my duty; yet, when I described the circumstances of the hellish life I led, under the tyrannic sway of Oakum and Mackshane; and, among other grievances, hinted a dissatisfaction at the irreligious deportment of my shipmates, and

the want of the true presbyterian gospel doctrine; he changed his sentiments, and conjured me, with great vehemence and zeal, to lay aside all thoughts of rising in the navy; and, that he might show how much he had my interest at heart, undertook to provide for me, in some shape or other, before he should leave Jamaica. This promise he performed to my heart's desire, by recommending me to a gentleman of fortune, with whom I have lived ever since, in quality of surgeon and overseer to his plantations. He and his lady are now at Kingston, so that I am, for the present master of this house, to which from my soul, I bid you welcome, and hope you will favour me with your company during the remaining part of the night.' I needed not a second invitation; but Mr Brayl, who was a diligent and excellent officer, could not be persuaded to sleep out of the ship: however, he supped with us, and, after having drank a cheerful glass, set out for the vessel, which was not above three miles from the place, escorted by a couple of stout negroes, whom Mr Thomson ordered to conduct him. Never were two friends more happy in the conversation of each other than we, for the time it lasted: I related to him the particulars of our attempt upon Carthagena, of which he had heard but an imperfect account: and he gratified me with a narration of every little incident of his life since we parted. He assured me, it was with the utmost difficulty he could resist his inclination of coming down to Port Royal to see Morgan and me, of whom he had heard no tidings since the day of our separation; but that he was restrained by the fear of being detained as a deserter. He told me, that, when he heard my voice in the dark, he was almost as much surprised as I was at seeing him afterwards; and, in the confidence of friendship, disclosed a passion he entertained for the only daughter of the gentleman with whom he lived, who by his description, was a very amiable young lady, and did not disdain his addresses: that he was very much favoured by her parents, and did not despair of obtaining their consent to the match, which would at once render him independent of the world. I congratulated him on his good

fortune, which he protested should never make him forget his friends; and towards morning we betook ourselves to rest.

Next day he accompanied me to the ship, where Mr Brayl entertained him at dinner; and we having spent the afternoon together, he took his leave of us in the evening, after he had forced upon me ten pistoles, as a small token of his affection. In short, while we staid here, we saw one another every day, and generally ate at the same table, which was plentifully supplied by him with all kinds of poultry, butchers' meat, oranges, limes, lemons, pine apples, Madeira wine, and excellent rum; so that this small interval of ten days was by far the most agreeable period of my life.

At length the Lizard arrived; and my patients being all fit for duty, they and I were ordered on board of her, where I understood from Mr Tomlins, that there was a shyness between the lieutenant and him on my account; that rancorous villain having taken the opportunity of my absence to fill the captain's ears with a thousand scandalous stories to my prejudice; among other things, affirming, that I had been once transported for theft, and that, when I was in the Thunder man of war, I had been whipt for the same crime. The surgeon, on the other hand, having heard my whole story from my own mouth, defended me strenuously; and, in the course of that good-natured office, recounted all the instances of Crampley's malice against me while I remained on board of that ship: which declaration, while it satisfied the captain of my innocence, made the lieutenant as much my defender's enemy as mine. This infernal behaviour of Crampley, with regard to me, added such fuel to my former resentment, that at certain times, I was quite beside myself with the desire of revenge, and was even tempted to pistol him on the quarter-deck, though an infamous death must inevitably have been my reward. But the surgeon, who was my confidant, argued against such a desperate action so effectually, that I stifled the flame which consumed me for the present, and resolved to wait for a more convenient opportunity. In the meantime, that Mr

Tomlins might be the more convinced of the wrongs I suffered by this fellow's slander, I begged he would go and visit Mr Thomson, whose wonderful escape I had made him acquainted with, and inquire of him into the particulars of my conduct, while he was my fellow-mate. This request the surgeon complied with, more from curiosity to see a person whose fate had been so extraordinary, than to confirm his good opinion of me, which, he assured me, was already firmly established. He therefore set out for the dwelling-place of my friend, with a letter of introduction from me; and, being received with all the civility and kindness I expected, returned to the ship, not only satisfied with my character beyond the power of doubt or insinuation, but also charmed with the affability and conversation of Thomson, who loaded him and me with presents of fresh stock, liquors, and fruit. As he would not venture to come and see us on board, lest Crampley should know and detain him, when the time of our departure approached, I obtained leave to go and bid him farewell. After we had vowed an everlasting friendship, he pressed upon me a purse with four doubloons, which I refused as long as I could without giving umbrage; and, having cordially embraced each other, I returned on board, where I found a small box, with a letter directed to me, to the care of Mr Tomlins. Knowing the superscription to be of Thomson's hand-writing, I opened it with some surprise, and learned that this generous friend, not contented with loading me with the presents already mentioned, had sent, for my use and acceptance, half a dozen fine shirts, and as many linen waistcoats and caps, with twelve pair of new thread stockings. Being thus provided with money, and all necessaries for the comfort of life, I began to look upon myself as a gentleman of some consequence, and felt my pride dilate apace.

Next day we sailed for Port Royal, where we arrived safely with our prizes; and as there was nothing to do on board, I went ashore, and having purchased a laced waistcoat, with some other clothes, at a sale, made a swaggering figure for some days among the taverns, where I ventured

to play a little at hazard, and came off with fifty pistoles in my pocket. Meanwhile, our captain was promoted to a ship of twenty guns, and the command of the Lizard given to a man turned of fourscore, who had been lieutenant since the reign of King William, and, notwithstanding his long service, would have probably died in that station, had he not applied some prize-money he had lately received, to make interest with his superiors. My friend Brayl was also made an officer about the same time, after he had served in quality of a midshipman and mate five-and-twenty years. Soon after these alterations, the admiral pitched upon our ship to carry home dispatches for the ministry; and we set sail for England, having first scrubbed her bottom, and taken in provision and water for the occasion.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

We depart for Europe—a misunderstanding arises between the captain and surgeon, through the scandalous aspersions of Crampley—the captain dies—Crampley tyrannizes over the surgeon, who falls a victim to his cruelty—I am also ill used—the ship strikes—the behaviour of Crampley and the seamen on that occasion—I get on shore, challenge the captain to single combat—am treacherously knocked down, wounded, and robbed.

Now that I could return to my native country in a creditable way, I felt excessive pleasure in finding myself out of sight of that fatal island, which has been the grave of so many Europeans; and as I was accommodated with every thing to render the passage agreeable, I resolved to enjoy myself as much as the insolence of Crampley would permit. This insidious slanderer had found means already to cause a misunderstanding between the surgeon and captain, who, by his age and infirmities, was rendered intolerably peevish, his disposition having also been soured by a long course of disappointments. He had a particular aversion to all young men, especially to surgeons, whom he considered as unnecessary animals on board of a ship; and, in consequence of

these sentiments, never consulted the doctor, notwithstanding his being seized with a violent fit of the gout and gravel; but applied to a cask of Holland gin, which was his sovereign prescription against all distempers. Whether he was at this time too sparing, or took an overdose of his cordial, certain it is, he departed in the night, without any ceremony, which indeed was a thing he always despised, and was found stiff next morning, to the no small satisfaction of Crampley, who succeeded to the command of the vessel. For that very reason, Mr Tomlins and I had no cause to rejoice at this event, fearing that the tyranny of our new commander would now be as unlimited as his power. The first day of his command justified our apprehension; for, on pretence that the decks were too much crowded, he ordered the surgeon's hen-coops, with all his fowls, to be thrown overboard; and at the same time prohibited him and me from appearing on the quarter-deck. Mr Tomlins could not help complaining of these injuries, and, in the course of his expostulation, dropped some hasty words, of which Crampley taking hold, confined him to his cabin, where, in a few days, for want of air, he was attacked by a fever, which soon put an end to his life, after he had made his will, by which he bequeathed all his estate, personal and real, to his sister, and left to me his watch and instruments, as memorials of his friendship. I was penetrated with grief on this melancholy occasion; the more because there was nobody on board to whom I could communicate my sorrows, or of whom I could receive the least consolation or advice. Crampley was so far from discovering the least remorse for his barbarity, at the news of the surgeon's death, that he insulted his memory in the most abusive manner, and affirmed he had poisoned himself out of pure fear, dreading to be brought to a court-martial for mutiny; for which reason he would not suffer the service of the dead to be read over his body before it was thrown overboard.

Nothing but a speedy deliverance could have supported me under the brutal sway of this bashaw, who, to render my life the more irksome, signified to my messmates a desire that

I should be expelled from their society. This was no sooner hinted, than they granted his request; and I was fain to eat, in a solitary manner, by myself, during the rest of the passage, which however soon drew to a period.

We had been seven weeks at sea, when the gunner told the captain, that, by his reckoning, we must be in soundings, and desired he would order the lead to be heaved. Crampley swore, he did not know how to keep the ship's way, for we were not within a hundred leagues of soundings, and therefore he would not give himself the trouble to cast the lead. Accordingly, we continued our course all that afternoon and night, without shortening sail, although the gunner pretended to discover Scilly light, and next morning protested in form against the captain's conduct, for which he was put in confinement. We discover no land all that day, and Crampley was still so infatuated as to neglect sounding; but at three o'clock in the morning, the ship struck, and remained fast on a sand-bank. This accident alarmed the whole crew; the boat was immediately hoisted out; but, as we could not discern which way the shore lay, we were obliged to wait for day-light. In the meantime, the wind increased, and the waves beat against the sloop, with such violence, that we expected she would have gone to pieces. The gunner was released, and consulted: he advised the captain to cut away the mast, in order to lighten her; this expedient was performed without success: the sailors seeing things in a desperate situation, according to custom, broke up the chests belonging to the officers, dressed themselves in their clothes, drank their liquors without ceremony; and drunkenness, tumult, and confusion ensued. In the midst of this uproar, I went below to secure my own effects; and found the carpenter's mate hewing down the purser's cabin with his hatchet, whistling all the while with great composure. When I asked his intention in so doing, he replied very calmly,—'I only want to taste the purser's rum, that's all, master.' At that instant the purser coming down, and seeing his effects going to wreck, complained bitterly of the injustice done to him, and asked the fellow what occasion he

had for liquor, when, in all likelihood, he should be in eternity in a few minutes. 'All's one for that,' said the plunderer, 'let us live while we can.' 'Miserable wretch that thou art,' cried the purser, 'what must be thy lot in the other world, if thou diest in the commission of robbery?' 'Why, hell, I suppose,' replied the other, with great deliberation, while the purser fell on his knees, and begged of heaven, that we might not all perish for the sake of one Jonas. During this dialogue, I clothed myself in my best apparel, girded on my hanger, stuck my pistols loaded in my belt, disposed of all my valuable moveables about my person, and came upon deck with a resolution of taking the first opportunity to get on shore, which, when the day broke, appeared at the distance of three miles a-head. Crampley finding his efforts to get the ship off ineffectual, determined to consult his own safety, by going into the boat, which he had no sooner done, than the ship's company followed so fast, that she would have sunk along-side, had not some one wiser than the rest cut the rope and put off. But before this happened, I had made several attempts to get in, and was always baulked by the captain, who was so eager in excluding me, that he did not mind the endeavours of any other body. Enraged at this inhuman partiality, and seeing the rope cut, I pulled one of my pistols from my belt, and cocking it, swore I would shoot any man who would presume to obstruct my entrance. So saying, I leaped with my full exertion, and got on board of the boat with the loss of the skin of my shins. I chanced in my descent to overturn Crampley, who no sooner got up than he struck me several times with a cutlass, and ordered the men to throw me overboard; but they were too anxious about their own safety to mind what he said. Though the boat was very deeply loaded, and the sea terribly high, we made shift to get upon dry land in less than an hour after we parted from the sloop. As soon as I set foot on *terra firma*, my indignation, which had boiled so long within me, broke out against Crampley, whom I immediately challenged to singal combat, presenting my pistols, that he might take his choice: he took one without hesitation, and,

before I could cock the other, fired in my face, throwing the pistol after the shot. I felt myself stunned, and imagining the bullet had entered my brain, discharged mine as quick as possible, that I might not die unrevenged; then flying upon my antagonest, knocked out several of his foreteeth, with the but-end of the piece, and would certainly have made an end of him with that instrument, had he not disengaged himself and seized his cutlass, which he had given to his servant when he received the pistol. Seeing him armed in this manner, I drew my hanger, and having flung my pistol at his head, closed with him in a transport of fury, and thrust my weapon into his mouth, which enlarged it on one side to his ear. Whether the smart of this wound disconcerted him, or the unevenness of the ground made him reel, I know not, but he staggered some paces back: I followed close, and with one stroke cut the tendons of the back of his hand, upon which his cutlass dropt, and he remained defenceless. I know not with what cruelty my rage might have inspired me, if I had not at that instant been felled to the ground by a blow on the back part of my head, which deprived me of all sensation. In this deplorable situation, exposed to the rage of an incensed barbarian, and the rapine of an inhuman crew, I remained for some time; and whether any disputes arose among them during the state of my annihilation, I cannot pretend to determine; but in one particular they seem to have been unanimous, and acted with equal dexterity and dispatch; for when I recovered the use of understanding, I found myself alone in a desolate place, stripped of my clothes, money, watch, buckles, and every thing but my shoes, stockings, breeches, and shirt. What a discovery must this have been to me, who but an hour before was worth sixty guineas in cash! I cursed the hour of my birth, the parents that gave me being, the sea that did not swallow me up, the poniard of the enemy, which could not find the way to my heart, the villany of those who had left me in that miserable condition; and, in the ecstacy of despair, resolved to lie still where I was, and perish.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I get up, and crawl into a barn, where I am in danger of perishing through the fear of the country people—their inhumanity—I am succoured by a reputed witch—Her story—her advice—she recommends me as a valet to a single lady, whose character she explains.

But as I lay ruminating, my passion insensibly abated; I considered my situation in quite another light from that in which it appeared to me at first, and the result of my deliberation was to rise, if I could, and crawl to the next inhabited place for assistance. With some difficulty I got upon my legs, and having examined my body, found I had received no other injury than two large contused wounds, one on the fore, and another on the hinder part of my head; which seemed to be occasioned by the same weapon, namely the but-end of a pistol. I looked towards the sea, but could discern no remains of the ship; so that I concluded she was gone to pieces, and that those who remained in her had perished: but as I afterwards learned, the gunner, who had more sagacity than Crampley, observing that it was flood when he left her, and that she would possibly float at high water, made no noise about getting on shore, but continued on deck, in hopes of bringing her safe into some harbour, after the commander should have deserted her; for which piece of service he expected, no doubt, to be handsomely rewarded. This scheme he accordingly executed, and was promised great things by the admiralty for saving his majesty's ship; but I never heard he reaped the fruits of his expectation. As for my own part, I directed my course towards a small cottage I perceived, and, in the road, picked up a seaman's old jacket, which I suppose the thief who dressed himself in my clothes had thrown away: this was a very comfortable acquisition to me, who was almost stiff with cold; I therefore put it on, and as my natural heat revived, my wounds, which had left off bleeding, burst out afresh; so that, finding myself excessively exhausted, I was about to lie down in the

fields, when I discovered a barn on my left hand, within a few yards of me; thither I made shift to stagger, and finding the door open, went in, but saw nobody; however I threw myself upon a truss of straw, hoping to be soon relieved by some person or other. I had not lain here many minutes, when I saw a country-man coming in with a pitch-fork in his hand, which he was upon the point of thrusting into the straw that concealed me, and, in all probability, would have done my business, had I not uttered a dreadful groan, after having essayed in vain to speak. This melancholy note alarmed the clown, who started back, and discovering a body all besmeared with blood, stood trembling with the pitch-fork extended before him, his hair bristling up, his eyes staring, his nostrils dilated, and his mouth wide open. At another time I should have been much diverted by this figure, which preserved the same attitude very near ten minutes, during which time I made many unsuccessful efforts to implore his compassion and assistance; but my tongue failed me, and my language was only a repetition of groans: at length an old man arrived, who, seeing the other in such a posture, cried,—'Mercy upon un! the leaad's bewitched; why, Dick, beest thou besayd thyself!' Dick, without moveing his eyes from the object that terrified him, replied,—'O vather! vather! here be either the devil or a dead mon: I doan't know which o'en, but a groans woundily.' The father, whose eye-sight was none of the best, pulled out his spectacles, and having applied them to his nose, reconnoitered me over his son's shoulder; but no sooner did he behold me, than he was seized with a fit of shaking, even more violent than Dick's, and, with a broken accent, addressed me thus:—'In the name of the Vather, Zun, and Holy Ghost, I charge you, an you been Satan, to be gone to the Red zea; but an you be a moordered man, speak, that you may have christom burial.' As I was not in a condition to satisfy him in this particular, he repeated his conjuration to no purpose; and they continued a good while in the agonies of fear. At length the father proposed that the son should draw nearer, and take a more distinct view of the apparition; but Dick was of opi-

nion, that his father should advance first, as being an old man, past his labour, and if he received any mischief, the loss would be the smaller, whereas he himself might escape, and be useful in his generation. This prudential reason had no effect upon the senior, who still kept Dick between me and him. In the meantime I endeavoured to raise one hand as a signal of distress, but had only strength sufficient to produce a rustling among the straw, which discomposed the young peasant so much, that he sprung out at the door, and overthrew his father in his flight. The old gentleman would not spend time in getting up, but crawled backwards like a crab, with great speed, till he had got over the threshold, mumbling exorcisms all the way. I was exceedingly mortified to find myself in danger of perishing through the ignorance and cowardice of these clowns; and felt my spirits decay apace, when an old woman entered the barn, followed by the two fugitives, and with great intrepidity advanced to the place where I lay, saying,—'if it be the devil I fear en not, and for a dead mon, a can do us no harm.' When she saw my condition, she cried,—'Here be no devil, but in youren fool's head. Here be a poor miserable wretch, bleeding to death, and if a dies, we must be at the charge of burying him; therefore, Dick, go vetch the old wheel-barrow and put en in, and carry en to goodman Hodge's back door; he is more able than we to lay out money upon poor vagrants.' Her advice was taken, and immediately put in execution: I was rolled to the other farmer's door, where I was tumbled out like a heap of dung; and would certainly have fallen a prey to the hogs, if my groans had not disturbed the family, and brought some of them out to view my situation. But Hodge resembled the Jew more than the good Samaritan, and ordered me to be carried to the house of the parson, whose business it was to practise as well as to preach charity: observing that it was sufficient for him to pay his *quota* towards the maintenance of the poor belonging to his own parish. When I was set down at the vicar's gate, he fell into a mighty passion, and threatened to excommunicate

him who sent, as well as those who brought me, unless they would move me immediately to another place. About this time I fainted with the fatigue I had undergone, and afterwards understood that I was bandied from door to door through a whole village, nobody having humanity enough to administer the least relief to me, until an old woman, who was suspected of witchcraft by the neighbourhood, hearing of my distress, received me into her house, and having dressed my wounds, brought me to myself with cordials of her own preparing. I was treated with great care and tenderness by this grave matron, who, after I had recovered some strength desired to know the particulars of my last disaster. This piece of satisfaction I could not refuse to one who had saved my life; therefore related all my adventures without exaggeration or reserve. She seemed surprised at the vicissitudes I had undergone, and drew a happy presage of my future life from my past sufferings; then launched out into the praise of adversity with so much ardour and good sense, that I concluded she was a person who had seen better days, and conceived a longing desire to hear her story. She perceived my drift by some words I dropped, and smiling, told me, there was nothing either entertaining or extraordinary in the course of her fortune; but, however, she would communicate it to me in consideration of the confidence I had reposed in her.—'It is of little consequence,' said she, 'to tell the names of my parents, who are dead many years ago: let it suffice to assure you, they were wealthy, and had no other child than me; so that I was looked upon as heiress to a considerable estate, and teased with addresses on that account. Among the number of my admirers there was a young gentleman of no fortune, whose sole dependence was on his promotion in the army, in which at that time he bore a lieutenant's commission. I conceived an affection for this amiable officer, which, in a short time increased to a violent passion, and, without entering into minute circumstances, married him privately. We had not enjoyed one another long in stolen interviews, when he was ordered with his regiment to Flanders; but, before he set out, it was agreed between us, that he

should declare our marriage to my father by letter, and implore his pardon for the step we had taken without his approbation. This discovery was made while I was abroad visiting, and just as I was about to return home, I received a letter from my father, importing, that since I had acted so undutifully and meanly, as to marry a beggar, without his privity or consent, to the disgrace of his family, as well as the disappointment of his hopes, he renounced me to the miserable fate I had entailed upon myself, and charged me never to set foot within his doors again. The rigid sentence was confirmed by my mother, who, in a postcript, gave me to understand, that her sentiments were exactly conformable to those of my father, and that I might save myself the trouble of making any applications, for her resolutions were unalterable. Thunderstruck with my evil fortune, I called a coach, and drove to my husband's lodgings, where I found him waiting the event of his letter. Though he could easily divine by my looks the issue of his declaration, he read with great steadiness the epistle I had received; and, with a smile full of tenderness, which I shall never forget, embraced me, saying, '*I believe the good lady your mother might have spared herself the trouble of the last part of her postscript. Well, my dear Betty, you must lay aside all thoughts of a coach, till I can procure the command of a regiment.*' This unconcerned behaviour, while it enabled me to support my reverse of fortune, at the same time endeared him to me the more, by convincing me of his disinterested views in espousing me. I was next day boarded in company with the wife of another officer, who had long been the friend and confidant of my husband, at a village not far from London, where they parted with us in the most melting manner, went to Flanders, and were killed in sight of one another at the battle of the Wood. Why should I tire you with a description of our unutterable sorrow at the fatal news of this event, the remembrance of which now fills my aged eyes with tears! When our grief subsided a little, and reflection came to our aid, we found ourselves deserted by the whole world, and in danger of perishing by want: whereupon we made application

for the pension, and were put upon the list. Then vowing eternal friendship, sold our jewels and superfluous clothes, retired to this place (which is in the county of Sussex), bought this little house, where we lived many years in a solitary manner, indulging our mutual sorrow, till it pleased Heaven to call away my companion two years ago, since which time I have lingered out an unhappy being, in hopes of a speedy dissolution, when I promise myself the eternal reward of all my cares. In the meantime,' continued she, 'I must inform you of the character I bear among my neighbours: my conversation being different from that of the inhabitants of the village, my recluse way of life, my skill in curing distempers, which I acquired from books since I settled here, and lastly, my age, have made the common people look upon me as something preternatural, and I am actually at this hour believed to be a witch. The parson of the parish, whose acquaintance I have not been at much pains to cultivate, taking umbrage at my supposed disrespect, has contributed not a little towards the confirmation of this opinion, by dropping certain hints to my prejudice among the vulgar, who are also very much scandalized at my entertaining this poor taby cat with the collar about her neck, which was a favourite of my deceased companion.'

The whole behaviour of this venerable person was so primitive, innocent, sensible, and humane, that I contracted a filial respect for her, and begged her advice with regard to my future conduct, as soon as I was in a condition to act for myself. She dissuaded me from a design I had formed of travelling to London, in hopes of retrieving my clothes and pay, by returning to my ship, which, by this time, I read in the newspaper, was safely arrived in the river Thames; 'because,' said she, 'you run the hazard of being treated not only as a deserter in quitting the sloop, but also as a mutineer in assaulting your commanding officer, to the malice of whose revenge you will moreover be exposed.' She then promised to recommend me as a servant to a single lady of her acquaintance, who lived in the neighbourhood with her nephew, who was a young fox-hunter of great fortune, where

I might be very happy, provided I could bear the disposition and manners of my mistress which were somewhat whimsical and particular. But, above all things, she counselled me to conceal my story, the knowledge of which would effectually poison my entertainment; for it was a maxim among most people of condition, that no gentleman in distress ought to be admitted into a family as a domestic, lest he become proud, lazy, and insolent. I was fain to embrace this humble proposal, because my affairs were desperate, and in a few days was hired by this lady to serve in quality of her footman, having been represented by my hostess as a young man who was bred up to the sea by his relations against his will, and had suffered shipwreck, which had increased his disgust to that way of life so much, that he rather chose to go to service on shore, than enter himself on board of any other ship. Before I took possession of my new place, she gave me a sketch of my mistress's character, that I might know better how to regulate my conduct. 'Your lady,' said she, 'is a maiden of forty years, not so remarkable for her beauty as her learning and taste, which is famous all over the country. Indeed she is a perfect female virtuoso; and so eager after the pursuit of knowledge, that she neglects her person even to a degree of sluttishness. This negligence, together with her contempt of the male part of the creation, gives her nephew no great concern, as by these means he will probably keep her fortune, which is considerable, in the family. He therefore permits her to live in her own way, which is something extraordinary, and gratifies her in all her whimsical desires. Her apartments is at some distance from the other inhabited parts of the house, and consists of a dining-room, bed-room, and study. She keeps a cook-maid, waiting-woman, and footman of her own; and seldom eats or converses with any of the family but her niece, who is a very lovely creature, and humours her aunt often to the prejudice of her own health, by sitting up with her whole nights together; for your mistress is too much of a philosopher to be swayed by the customs of the world, and never sleeps or eats like other people. Among other odd notions, she pro-

fesses the principles of Rosicrucius; and believes the earth, air, and sea, are inhabited by invisible beings, with whom it is possible for the human species to entertain correspondence and intimacy, on the easy condition of living chaste. As she hopes one day to be admitted into an acquaintance of this kind, she no sooner heard of me and my cat, than she paid me a visit, with a view, as she has since owned, to be introduced to my familiar, and was greatly mortified to find herself disappointed in her expectation. Being, by this visionary turn of mind, abstracted, as it were, from the world, she cannot advert to the common occurrences of life, and therefore is frequently so absent as to commit very strange mistakes and extravagancies, which you will do well to rectify and repair as your prudence shall suggest.'

CHAPTER XXXIX.

My reception by that lady—I become enamoured of Narcissa—recount the particulars of my last misfortune—acquire the good opinion of my mistress—an account of the young squire—I am made acquainted with more particulars of Narcissa's situation—conceive a mortal hatred against Sir Timothy—examine my lady's library and performances—her extravagant behaviour.

FRAUGHT with these useful instructions, I repaired to the place of her habitation, and was introduced by the waiting-woman to the presence of my lady, who had not before seen me. She sat in her study, with one foot on the ground, and the other upon a high stool at some distance from her seat; her sandy locks hang down in a disorder I cannot call beautiful, from her head, which was deprived of its coif, for the benefit of scratching with one hand, while she held the stump of a pen in the other. Her forehead was high and wrinkled; her eyes were large, grey, and prominent; her nose was long, sharp, and aquiline; her mouth of vast capacity; her visage meagre and freckled, and her chin peaked like a shoemaker's paring-knife; her upper lip contained a large quantity of

plain Spanish, which, by continual falling, had embroidered her neck, that was not naturally very white; and the breast of her gown, that flowed loose about her with a negligence truly poetic, discovering linen that was very fine, and to all appearance never *washed but in Castalian streams*. Around her lay heaps of books, globes, quadrants, teleacopes, and other learned apparatus: her snuff-box stood at her right hand; at her left hand lay her handkerchief, sufficiently used; and a convenience to spit in appeared on one side of her chair. She being in a reverie when we entered, the maid did not think proper to disturb her; so that we waited some minutes unobserved, during which time she bit the quill several times, altered her position, made many wry faces, and at length, with an air of triumph, repeated aloud,

Nor dare th' immortal gods my rage oppose.

Having committed her success to paper, she turned towards the door, and, perceiving us, cried,—'What's the matter?' 'Here's the young man,' replied my conductress, 'whom Mrs Sagely recommended as a footman to your ladyship.' On this information she stared in my face a considerable time, and then asked my name, which I thought proper to conceal under that of John Brown. After having surveyed me with a curious eye, she broke out into—'O! ay, thou wast shipwrecked, I remember. Whether didst thou come on shore on the back of a whale or a dolphin?' To this I answered, I had swam ashore without any assistance. Then she demanded to know if I had ever been at the Hellespont, and swam from Cestos to Abydos. I replied in the negative; upon which she bade the maid order a suit of new livery for me, and instruct me in the articles of my duty: so saying, she spit in her snuff-box, and wiped her nose with her cap, which lay on the table, instead of an handkerchief. We returned to the kitchen, where I was regaled by the maids, who seemed to vie with each other in expressing their regard for me; and from them I understood that my business consisted in cleaning knives and forks, laying the cloth, waiting at table, carrying messages, and attending my lady when she went abroad. There was a very good suit of livery in the

house, which had belonged to my predecessor, deceased, and it fitted me exactly; so that there was no occasion for employing a tailor on my account. I had not long been equipped in this manner when my lady's bell rung; upon which I ran up stairs, and found her stalking about the room in her shift and under petticoat only. I would have immediately retired as became me, but she bade me come in, and air a clean shift for her; which operation I having performed with some backwardness, she put it on before me without any ceremony, and I verily believe was ignorant of my sex all that time, as being quite absorbed in contemplation. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I was ordered to lay the cloth, and place two covers, which I understood were for my mistress and her niece, whom I had not as yet seen. Though I was not very dexterous at this work, I performed it pretty well for a beginner; and, when dinner was upon the table, saw my mistress approach, accompanied by the young lady, whose name for the present shall be Narcissa. So much sweetness appeared in the countenance and carriage of this amiable apparition, that my heart was captivated at first sight, and, while dinner lasted, I gazed upon her without intermission. Her age seemed to be seventeen, her stature tall, her shape unexceptionable; her hair, that fell down upon her ivory neck in ringlets, black as jet; her arched eyebrows of the same colour: her eyes piercing, yet tender; her lips of the consistence and hue of cherries; her complexion clear, delicate, and healthy; her aspect noble, ingenuous, and humane; and the whole person so ravishingly delightful, that it was impossible for any creature endued with sensibility to see without admiring, and admire without loving her to excess. I began to curse the servile station that placed me so far beneath the regard of this idol of my adoration; and yet I blessed my fate, that enabled me to enjoy daily the sight of so much perfection. When she spoke, I listened with pleasure; but when she spoke to me, my soul was thrilled with an ecstacy of tumultuous joy. I was even so happy as to be the subject of their conversation; for Narcissa having observed me, said to her aunt,—'I see your new footman is

come.' Then addressing herself to me, asked, with ineffable complacency, if I was the person who had been so cruelly used by robbers? When I satisfied her in this, she expressed a desire of knowing the other particulars of my fortune, both before and since my being shipwrecked. Hereupon (as Mrs Sagely had counselled me) I told her that I had been bound apprentice to the master of a ship, contrary to my inclination, which ship had foundered at sea; that I and four more, who chanced to be on deck when she went down, made shift to swim to the shore; when my companions, after having overpowered me, stript me to the shirt, and left me, as they imagined, dead of the wounds I received in my own defence. Then I related the circumstances of my being found in a barn, with the inhuman treatment I met with from the country people and parson; the description of which, I perceived, drew tears from the charming creature's eyes. When I had finished my recital, my mistress said,—'*Ma foy! le garçon, est bien fait!*' To which opinion Narcissa assented, with a compliment to my understanding in the same language, that flattered my vanity extremely.

The conversation, among other subjects, turned upon the young squire, whom my lady inquired after under the title of the Savage; and was informed by her niece that he was still in bed, repairing the fatigue of last night's debauch, and recruiting strength and spirits to undergo a fox-chase to-morrow morning, in company with Sir Timothy Thicket, Squire Bumper, and a great many other gentlemen of the same stamp, whom he had invited on that occasion; so that by day-break the whole house would be in an uproar. This was a very disagreeable piece of news to the virtuoso, who protested she would stuff her ears with cotton when she went to bed, and take a dose of opium to make her sleep the more sound, that she might not be disturbed and distracted by the clamour of the brutes.

When their dinner was over, I and my fellow-servants sat down to ours in the kitchen, where I understood that Sir Timothy Thicket was a wealthy knight in the neighbourhood, between whom and Narcissa a match had been pro-

jected by her brother, who promised at the same time to espouse Sir Timothy's sister; by which means, as their fortunes were pretty equal, the young ladies would be provided for, and their brothers be never the poorer: but that the ladies did not concur in the scheme, each of them entertaining a hearty contempt for the person allotted to her for a husband by this agreement. This information begat in me a mortal aversion to Sir Timothy, whom I looked upon as my rival, and cursed in my heart for his presumption. Next morning, by day-break, being awakened by the noise of the hunters and hounds, I arose to view the cavalcade, and had a sight of my competitor, whose accomplishments (the estate excluded) did not seem brilliant enough to give me much uneasiness with respect to Narcissa, who, I flattered myself, was not to be won by such qualifications as he was master of, either as to person or mind. My mistress, notwithstanding her precaution, was so much disturbed by her nephew's company, that she did not rise till five o'clock in the afternoon; so that I had an opportunity of examining her study at leisure, to which examination I was strongly prompted by my curiosity. Here I found a thousand scraps of her own poetry, consisting of three, four, ten, twelve, and twenty lines, on an infinity of subjects, which, as whim inspired, she had begun, without constancy or capacity to bring to any degree of composition: but, what was very extraordinary in a female poet, there was not the least mention made of love in any of her performances. I counted fragments of five tragedies, the titles of which were,—'the Stern Philosopher—the Double Murder—the Sacrilegious Traitor—the Fall of Lucifer—and the Last Day.' From whence I gathered that her disposition was gloomy, and her imagination delighted with objects of horror. Her library was composed of the best English historians, poets, and philosophers; of all the French critics and poets; and of a few books in Italian, chiefly poetry, at the head of which were Tasso and Ariosto, pretty much used. Besides these, translations of the classics into French, but not one book in Greek or Latin; a circumstance that discovered her ignorance in these lan-

guages. After having taken a full view of this collection, I retired, and, at the usual time, was preparing to lay the cloth, when I was told by the maid that her mistress was still in bed, and had been so affected with the notes of the hounds in the morning, that she actually believed herself a hare beset by the hunters, and begged a few greens to munch for breakfast. When I expressed my surprise at this unaccountable imagination, she gave me to understand that her lady was very much subject to whims of this nature, sometimes fancying herself an animal, sometimes a piece of furniture; during which conceited transformations it was very dangerous to come near her, especially when she represented a beast; for that lately, in the character of a cat, she had flown at her, and scratched her face in a terrible manner: that, some months ago, she prophesied the general conflagration was at hand, and nothing would be able to quench it but her water, which therefore she kept so long that her life was in danger; and she must needs have died of the retention, had they not found an expedient to make her evacuate, by kindling a bonfire under her chamber window, and persuading her that the house was in flames; upon which, with great deliberation, she bade them bring all the tubs and vessels they could find, to be filled, for the preservation of the house, into one of which she immediately discharged the cause of her distemper. I was also informed, that nothing contributed so much to the recovery of her reason as music, which was always administered on those occasions by Narcissa, who played perfectly well on the harpsichord, and to whom she (the maid) was just then going to intimate her aunt's disorder. She was no sooner gone, than I was summoned by the bell to my lady's chamber, where I found her sitting squat on her hams on the floor, in the manner of puss when she listens to the outcries of her pursuers. When I appeared, she started up with an alarmed look, and sprung to the other side of the room to avoid me, whom, without doubt, she mistook for a beagle thristing after her life. Perceiving her extreme confusion, I retired, and on the stair-case met the adorable Narcissa coming up, to whom I imparted the situ-

ation of my mistress. She said not a word, but, smiling with unspeakable grace, went into her aunt's apartment, and, in a little time my ears were ravished with the effects of her skill. She accompanied the instrument with a voice so sweet and melodious, that I did not wonder at the surprising change it produced on the spirits of my mistress, which were soon composed to peace and sober reflection.

About seven o'clock the hunters arrived, with the skins of two foxes and one badger, carried before them as trophies of their success: and, when they were about to sit down to dinner (or supper), Sir Timothy Thicket desired that Narcissa would honour the table with her presence: but this request, notwithstanding her brother's threats and entreaties, she refused, on pretence of attending her aunt, who was indisposed; so I enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing my rival mortified. But this disappointment made no great impression on him, who consoled himself with the bottle, of which the whole company became so enamoured, that, after a most horrid uproar of laughing, singing, swearing, dancing, and fighting, they were all carried to bed in a state of utter oblivion. My duty being altogether detached from the squire and his family, I led a pretty easy and comfortable life, drinking daily intoxicating draughts of love from the charms of Narcissa, which brightened on my contemplation every day more and more. Inglorious as my present station was, I became blind to my own unworthiness, and even conceived hopes of one day enjoying this amiable creature, whose affability greatly encouraged these presumptuous thoughts.

CHAPTER XL.

My mistress is surprised at my learning—communicates her performances to me—I impart some of mine to her—am mortified at her faint praise—Narcissa approves of my conduct—I gain an involuntary conquest over the cook-wench and dairy-maid—their mutual resentment and insinuations—the jealousy of their lovers.

During this season of love and tranquillity, my muse, which had lain dormant so long, awoke, and produced several small performances on the subject of my flame: but, as it concerned me nearly to remain undiscovered in my real character and sentiments, I was under a necessity of mortifying my desire of praise, by confining my works to my own perusal and applause. In the meantime I strove to insinuate myself into the good opinion of both ladies, and succeeded so well, by my diligence, and dutiful behaviour, that in a little time I was at least a favourite servant; and frequently enjoyed the pleasure of hearing myself mentioned in French and Italian, with some degree of warmth and surprise, by the dear object of all my wishes, as a person who had so much of the gentleman in my appearance and discourse, that she could not for her soul treat me like a common lacquey. My prudence and modesty were not long proof against these bewitching compliments. One day, while I waited at dinner, the conversation turned upon a knotty passage of Tasso's Gierusalem, which it seems had puzzled them both. After a great many unsatisfactory conjectures, my mistress, taking the book out of her pocket, turned up the place in question, and read the sentence over and over without success; at length, despairing of finding the author's meaning, she turned to me, saying,—'Come hither, Bruno, let us see what fortune will do for us; I will interpret to thee what goes before and what follows this obscure paragraph, the particular words of which I will also explain, that thou mayest, by comparing one with another, guess the sense of that which perplexes us.' I was too vain to let slip this opportunity of

displaying my talents, therefore, without hesitation, read and explained the whole of that which had disconcerted them, to the utter astonishment of both. Narcissa's face and lovely neck were overspread with blushes, from which I drew a favourable omen, while her aunt, after having stared at me a good while with a look of amazement, exclaimed,—'In the name of heaven, who art thou?' I told her I had picked up a smattering of Italian during a voyage up the Straits. At this explanation she shook her head, and observed, that no smatterer could read as I had done. She then desired to know if I understood French: To which question I answered in the affirmative. She asked if I was acquainted with the Latin and Greek: I replied,—'A little.' 'Oho!' continued she, 'and with philosophy and mathematics, I suppose.' I owned I knew something of each. Then she repeated her stare and interrogation. I began to repent of my vanity, and, in order to repair the fault I had committed, said, it was not to be wondered at if I had a tolerable education, for learning was so cheap in my country, that every peasant was a scholar; but I hoped her ladyship would think my understanding no exception to my character. She was pleased to answer,—'No, no, God forbid.' But during the rest of the time they sat at table they behaved with remarkable reserve.

This alteration gave me great uneasiness; and I passed the night without sleep, in melancholy reflections on the vanity of young men, which prompts them to commit so many foolish actions contrary to their own sober judgment. Next day, however, instead of profiting by this self-condemnation, I yielded still more to the dictates of the principle I had endeavoured to chastise; and if fortune had not befriended me more than prudence could expect, I should have been treated with the contempt it deserved. After breakfast, my lady, who was a true author, bade me follow her into the study, where she expressed herself thus:—'Since you are so learned, you cannot be void of taste; therefore I am to desire your opinion of a small performance in poetry, which I lately composed. You must know I have planned a tragedy,

the subject of which shall be the murder of a prince before the altar, where he is busy at his devotions. After the deed is perpetrated, the regicide will harangue the people with the bloody dagger in his hand; and I have already composed a speech, which I think will suit the character extremely —Here it is.' Then taking up a scrap of paper, she read with violent emphasis and gesture as follows:

Thus have I sent the simple king to hell,
Without or coffin, shroud, or passing bell.
To me, what are divine and human laws!
I court no sanction but my own applause!
Rapes, robb'ries, treasons, yield my soul delight;
And human carnage gratifies my sight.
I drag the parent by the hoary hair,
And toss the sprawling infant on my spear,
While the fond mother's cries regale mine ear.
I fight, I vanquish, murder friends and foes;
Nor dare th' immortal gods my rage oppose.

Though I did great violence to my understanding in praising this unnatural rhapsody, I nevertheless extolled it as a production that of itself deserved immortal fame; and besought her ladyship to bless the world with the fruits of those uncommon talents Heaven hath bestowed upon her. She smiled with a look of self-complacency, and encouraged by the incense I had offered, communicated all her poetical works, which I applauded one by one, with as little candour as I had shown at first. Satiated with my flattery, which, I hope, my situation justified, she could not in conscience refuse me an opportunity of shining in my turn; and therefore, after a compliment to my nice discernment and taste, observed, that doubtless I must have produced something in that way myself, which she desired to see. This was a temptation I could by no means resist. I owned, that, while I was at college, I wrote some small detached pieces, at the desire of a friend who was in love; and at her request repeated the following verses, which indeed my love for Narcissa had inspired.

ON CELLA, PLAYING ON THE HARPSICHORD AND SINGING.

I.

When Sappho struck the quiv'ring wire,
The throbbing breast was all on fire:
And, when she rais'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away.

II.

But had the nymph possess'd with these
Thy softer, chaster power to please,
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

III.

The worm of grief had never prey'd
On the forsaken love-sick maid:
Nor had she mourn'd an hapless flame,
Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame.

My mistress paid me a cold compliment on my versification, which she said was elegant enough, but the subject beneath the pen of a true poet. I was extremely nettled at her indifference, and looked at Narcissa, who by this time joined us, for her approbation; but she declined giving her opinion, protesting she was no judge in these matters: so that I was forced to retire, very much baulked in my expectation, which was generally a little too sanguine. In the afternoon, however, the waiting maid assured me that Narcissa had expressed her approbation of my performance with great warmth, and desired her to procure a copy of it, as for herself, that she (Narcissa) might have an opportunity to peruse it at pleasure. I was elated to an extravagant pitch at this intelligence, and immediately transcribed a fair copy of my ode, which was carried to the dear charmer, together with another on the same subject, as follows:—

I.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, Love!
I feel thy soft resistless flame
Glide swift through all my vital frame!

II.

For while I gaze, my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, Fear, and Joy, alternate roll,
And floods of transports 'whelm my soul!

III.

My falt'ring tongue attempts in vain,
In soothing murmurs to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

IV.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear;
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpity'd die!

Whether or not Narcissa discovered my passion, I could not learn from her behaviour, which, though always benevolent to me, was henceforth more reserved and less cheerful. While my thoughts aspired to a sphere so far above me, I had unwittingly made a conquest of the cook-wench and dairy-maid, who became so jealous of each other, that, if their sentiments had been refined by education, it is probable one or other of them would have had recourse to poison or steel, to be avenged of her rival; but, as their minds were happily adapted to their humble station, their mutual enmity was confined to scolding and fisty-cuffs, in which exercise they were both well skilled. My good fortune did not long remain a secret; for it was disclosed by the frequent broils of these heroines, who kept no decorum in their encounters. The coachman and gardener, who paid their devoirs to my admirers, each to his respective choice, alarmed at my success, laid their heads together, in order to concert a plan of revenge; and the former having been educated at the academy of Tottenham-court, undertook to challenge me to single combat. He accordingly, with many opprobrious invectives, bade me defiance, and offered to box me for twenty guineas. I told him, that, although I believed myself a match for him, even at that work, I would not descend so far below the dignity of a gentleman as to fight like a porter; but if he had any thing to say to me, I was his man at blunderbuss, musket, pistol, sword, hatchet, spit, cleaver, fork, or needle; nay, I swore, that, should he give his tongue any more saucy liberties at my expense, I would crop his ears without any ceremony. This rodomontade, delivered with a stern countenance and resolute tone, had

the desired effect upon my antagonist, who, with some confusion, sneaked off, and gave his friend an account of his reception. The story taking air among the servants, procured for me the title of Gentleman John, with which I was sometimes honoured, even by my mistress and Narcissa, who had been informed of the whole affair by the chambermaid. In the meantime the rival queens expressed their passion by all the ways in their power; the cook entertained me with choice bits, the dairy maid with stroakings; the first would often encourage me to discover myself by complimenting me upon my courage and learning, and observing, that if she had a husband like me, to maintain order, and keep accounts, she could make a great deal of money by setting up an eating-house in London, for gentlemens' servants on board wages. The other courted my affection by shewing her own importance, and telling me, that many a substantial farmer in the neighbourhood would be glad to marry her; but she was resolved to please her eye, if she should plague her heart. Then she would launch out into the praise of my proper person, and say, she was sure I would make a good husband, for I was very good-natured. I began to be uneasy at the importunities of these inamoratas, whom, at another time, perhaps, I might have pleased without the disagreeable sauce of matrimony; but at present my whole soul was engrossed by Narcissa, and I could not bear the thoughts of doing any thing derogatory of the passion I entertained for her.

CHAPTER XLI.

Narcissa being in danger from the brutality of Sir Timothy, is rescued by me, who revenge myself on my rival—I declare my passion, and retreat to the sea-side—am surrounded by smugglers, and carried to Boulogne—find my uncle Lieutenant Bowling in great distress, and relieve him—our conversation.

At certain intervals, my ambition would revive; I would despise myself for my tame resignation to my sordid fate,

and revolve an hundred schemes for assuming the character of a gentleman, to which I thought myself entitled by birth and education. In these fruitless suggestions time stole away unperceived, and I had already remained eight months in the station of a footman, when an accident happened that put an end to my servitude, and for the present banished all hopes of succeeding in my love.

Narcissa went one day to visit Miss Thicket, who lived with her brother within less than a mile of our house, and was persuaded to walk home in the cool of the evening, accompanied by Sir Timothy, who, having a good deal of the brute in him, was instigated to use some unbecoming familiarities with her, encouraged by the solitariness of a field through which they passed. The lovely creature was incensed at his rude behaviour, for which she reproached him, in such a manner, that he lost all regard to decency, and actually offered violence to this pattern of innocence and beauty. But Heaven would not suffer so much goodness to be violated; and sent me, who, passing by accident near the place, was alarmed with her cries, to her succour. What were the emotions of my soul when I beheld Narcissa, almost sinking beneath the brutal force of this satyr! I flew like lightening to her rescue; and he perceiving me, quitted his prey, and drew his hanger to chastise my presumption. My indignation was too high to admit one thought of fear; so that, rushing upon him, I struck his weapon out of his hand, and used my cudgel so successfully, that he fell to the ground, and lay, to all appearance, without sense. Then I turned to Narcissa, who had swooned, and sitting down by her, gently raised her head, and supported it on my bosom, while, with my hand around her waist, I kept her in that position. My soul was thrilled with tumultuous joy at feeling the object of my dearest wishes within my arms; and while she lay insensible, I could not refrain from applying my cheek to hers, and ravishing a kiss. In a little time, the blood began to revisit her face; she opened her enchanting eyes, and having recollected her late situation, said, with a look full of tender acknowledgment,—'Dear John, I am

eternally obliged to you!' So saying, she made an effort to rise, in which I assisted her, and she proceeded to the house, leaning upon me all the way. I was a thousand times tempted by this opportunity to declare my passion, but the dread of disobliging her restrained my tongue. We had not moved an hundred paces from the scene of her distress, when I perceived Sir Timothy rise and walk homeward; a circumstance, which, though it gave me some satisfaction, inasmuch as I thereby knew I had not killed him, filled me with just apprehension of his resentment, which I found myself in no condition to withstand; especially when I considered his intimacy with our 'squire, to whom I knew he could justify himself for what he had done, by imputing it to his love, and desiring his brother Bruin to take the same liberty with his sister, without any fear of offence. When we arrived at the house, Narcissa assured me, she would exert all her influence in protecting me from the revenge of Thicket, and likewise engage her aunt in my favour; at the same time, pulling out her purse, offered it as a small consideration for the service I had done her. But I stood too much upon the punctilios of love to incur the least suspicion of being mercenary, and refused the present, by saying, I had merited nothing by barely doing my duty. She seemed astonished at my disinterestedness, and blushed: I felt the same suffusion, and, with a downcast eye, and broken accent, told her, I had one request to make, which, if her generosity would grant, I should think myself fully recompensed for an age of misery. She changed colour at this preamble, and, with great confusion, replied, she hoped my good sense would hinder me from asking any thing she was bound in honour to refuse, and therefore bade me signify my desire. Upon which I kneeled and begged to kiss her hand. She immediately, with an averted look, stretched it out; and I imprinted on it an ardent kiss, and bathing it with my tears, cried,—'Dear madam, I am an unfortunate gentleman, and love you to distraction; but would have died a thousand deaths rather than make this declaration under such a servile appearance, were I not determined to yield to

the rigour of my fate, to fly from your bewitching presence, and bury my presumptuous passion in eternal silence.' With these words I rose and went away, before she could recover her spirits so far as to make any reply. My first care was to go and consult Mrs Sagely, with whom I had maintained a friendly correspondence ever since I left her house. When she understood my situation, the good woman, with real concern, condoled me on my unhappy fate, and approved of my resolution to leave the country, as being perfectly well acquainted with the barbarous disposition of my rival,—'who, by this time,' said she, has no doubt meditated a scheme of revenge. Indeed, I cannot see how you will be able to elude his vengeance; being himself in the commission, he will immediately grant warrants for apprehending you; and as almost all the people in this country are dependent on him and his friend, it will be impossible for you to find shelter among them: if you should be apprehended, he will commit you to jail, where you may possibly languish in great misery till the next assizes, and then be transported for assaulting a magistrate.' While she thus warned me of my danger, we heard a knocking at the door, which threw us both into great consternation, as, in all probability, it was occasioned by my pursuers; whereupon, this generous old lady, putting two guineas into my hand, with tears in her eyes, bade me, for God's sake, get out at the back-door, and consult my safety as Providence should direct me. There was no time for deliberation. I followed her advice, and escaped by the benefit of a dark night to the sea-side, where, while I ruminated on my next excursion, I was all of a sudden surrounded by armed men, who having bound my hands and feet, bade me make no noise, on pain of being shot, and carried me on board of a vessel, which I soon perceived to be a smuggling cutter. This discovery gave me some satisfaction at first, because I concluded myself safe from the resentment of Sir Timothy: but when I found myself in the hands of ruffians, who threatened to execute me for a spy, I would have thought myself happily quit for a year's imprisonment or even transportation. It was in vain for me to protest in-

nocence: I could not persuade them that I had taken a solitary walk to their haunt, at such an hour, merely for my own amusement: and I did not think it my interest to disclose the true cause of my retreat, because I was afraid they would have made their peace with justice, by surrendering me to the penalty of the law. What confirmed their suspicion, was the appearance of a custom-house yacht, which gave them chase, and had well nigh made a prize of the vessel; when they were delivered from their fears by a thick fog, which effectually screened them, and favoured their arrival at Boulogne. But before they had got out of sight of their pursuer, they held a council of war about me; and some of the most ferocious among them would have thrown me overboard, as a traitor who had betrayed them to their enemies; but others, more considerate, alleged, that if they put me to death, and should afterwards be taken, they could expect no mercy from the legislature, which would never pardon outlawry aggravated by murder. It was therefore determined by a plurality of votes, that I should be set on shore in France, and left to find my passage back to England as I should think proper, this being punishment sufficient for the bare suspicion of a crime in itself not capital. Although this favourable determination gave me great pleasure, the apprehension of being robbed would not suffer me to be perfectly at ease. To prevent this calamity, as soon as I was untied, in consequence of the foresaid decision, I tore a small hole in one of my stockings, into which I dropped six guineas, reserving half a piece and some silver in my pocket, that, finding something, they might not be tempted to make any further inquiry. This was a very necessary precaution; for when we came within sight of the French shore, one of the smugglers told me, I must pay for my passage. To this declaration, I replied, that my passage was none of my own seeking; therefore they could not expect a reward from me for transporting me into a strange country by force. 'Damme!' said the outlaw, 'none of your palaver; but let me see what money you have got.' So saying, he thrust his hand into my pocket without any ceremony, and emptied it

of the contents; then casting an eye at my hat and wig, which captivated his fancy, he took them off, and clapping his own on my head, declared that a fair exchange was no robbery. I was fain to put up with the bargain, which was by no means favourable to me; and a little while after we went all on shore together.

I resolved to take my leave of these desperadoes without much ceremony, when one of them cautioned me against appearing to their prejudice, if ever I returned to England, unless I had a mind to be murdered; for which service, he assured me, the gang never wanted agents. I promised to observe his advice, and departed for the upper town, where I inquired for a cabaret or public-house; into which I went, with an intention of taking some refreshment. In the kitchen, five Dutch sailors sat at breakfast, with a large loaf, a firkin of butter, and a cag of brandy, the bung of which they often applied to their mouths with great perseverance and satisfaction. At some distance from them I perceived another person in the same garb, sitting in a pensive solitary manner, entertaining himself with a whiff of tobacco from the stump of a pipe as black as jet. The appearance of distress never failed to attract my regard and compassion: I approached this forlorn tar with a view to offer him my assistance; and, notwithstanding the alteration of dress, and disguise of a long beard, I discovered in him my long lost and lamented uncle and benefactor, Lieutenant Bowling! Good Heaven! what were the agitations of my soul, between the joy of finding again such a valuable friend, and the sorrow of seeing him in such a low condition! The tears gushed down my cheeks; I stood motionless and silent for some time; at length, recovering the use of speech, exclaimed,—'Gracious God! Mr Bowling.' My uncle no sooner heard his name mentioned, than he started up, crying, with some surprise,—'holla!' and after having looked at me stedfastly, without being able to recollect me, said,—'Did you call me, brother?' I told him I had something extraordinary to communicate, and desired him to give me the hearing for a few minutes in another room; but he would by no means con-

sent to this proposal, saying,—'Avast there, friend; none of your tricks upon travellers: if you have any thing to say to me, do it above board: you need not be afraid of being overheard; here are none who understand our lingo.' Though I was loath to discover myself before company, I could no longer refrain from telling him I was his own nephew, Roderick Random. On this information, he considered me with great earnestness and astonishment, and recalling my features, which, though enlarged, were not entirely altered since he had seen me, came up, and shook me by the hand very cordially, protesting he was glad to see me well. After some pause he went on thus:—'And yet, my lad, I am sorry to see you under such colours; the more so, as it is not in my power, at present, to change them for the better, times being very hard with me.' With these words, I could perceive a tear trickle down his furrowed cheeks, which affected me so much, that I wept bitterly. Imagining my sorrow was the effect of my own misfortunes, he comforted me, with observing, that life was a voyage in which we must expect to meet with all weathers; sometimes it was calm, sometimes rough; that a fair gale often succeeded a storm; that the wind did not always sit one way, and that despair signified nothing; but that resolution and skill were better than a stout vessel; for why? because they require no carpenter, and grow stronger the more labour they undergo. I dried up my tears, which I assured him were not shed for my own distress, but for his, and begged leave to accompany him to another room, where we could converse more at our ease. There I recounted to him the ungenerous usage I had met with from Potion; at which relation he started up, stalking across the room three or four times in a great hurry, and, grasping his cudgel, cried—'I would I were alongside of him—that's all—I would I were alongside of him!' I then gave him a detail of all my adventures and sufferings, which affected him more than I could have imagined; and concluded with telling him that Captain Oakum was still alive, and that he might return to England when he would to solicit his affairs, without danger or molestation. He was wonderfully pleased

with this piece of information, of which, however, he said he could not at present avail himself, for want of money to pay for his passage to London. This objection I soon removed, by putting five guineas into his hand, and telling him, I thought myself extremely happy in having an opportunity of manifesting my gratitude to him in his necessity. But it was with the utmost difficulty I could prevail upon him to accept of two, which he affirmed were more than sufficient to defray the necessary expense. After this friendly contest was over, he proposed we should have a mess of something; 'for,' said he, 'it has been banyan-day with me a great while. You must know, I was shipwrecked five days ago, near a place called Lisieux, in company with those Dutchmen who are now drinking below; and having but little money when I came ashore, it was soon spent, because I let them have share and share while it lasted. Howsomever, I should have remembered the old saying, *every hog his own apple:* for when they found my hold unstowed, they went all hands to shooling and begging; and because I would not take a spell at the same duty, refused to give me the least assistance; so that I have not broke bread these two days.' I was shocked at the extremity of his distress, and ordered some bread, cheese, and wine, to be brought immediately, to allay his hunger, until a fricassee of chickens could be prepared. When he had recruited his spirits with this homely fare, I desired to know the particulars of his peregrination since the accident at Cape Tiberoon; which were briefly these. The money he had about him being all spent at Port Louis, the civility and hospitality of the French cooled to such a degree, that he was obliged to list on board one of their king's ships as a common fore-mast man, to prevent himself from starving on shore. In this situation he continued two years, during which time he had acquired some knowledge of their language, and the reputation of a good seaman: the ship he belonged to was ordered home to France, where she was laid up as unfit for service, and he was received on board of one of Monsieur D'Antin's squadron, in quality of quarter-master, which office he performed in a voyage to

the West Indies, where they engaged with our ship, as before related; but his conscience upbraiding him for serving the enemies of his country, he quitted the ship at the same place where he first listed, and got to Curaçoa in a Dutch vessel: there he bargained with a skipper bound to Europe, to work for his passage to Holland, from whence he was in hopes of hearing from his friends in England; but was cast away, as he mentioned before, on the French coast, and must have been reduced to the necessity of travelling on foot to Holland, and begging for his subsistence on the road, or of entering on board of another French man of war, at the hazard of being treated as a deserter, if Providence had not sent me to his succour.—'And now, my lad,' continued he, 'I think I shall steer my course directly to London, where I do not doubt of being replaced, and of having the R taken off me by the lords of the admiralty, to whom I intend to write a petition, setting forth my case. If I succeed, I shall have wherewithal to give you some assistance, because, when I left the ship, I had two years pay due to me; therefore I desire to know whither you are bound: and besides, perhaps I may have interest enough to procure a warrant appointing you surgeon's mate of the ship to which I shall belong; for the beadle of the admiralty is my good friend; and he and one of the under clerks are sworn brothers, and that under clerk has a good deal to say with one of the upper clerks, who is very well known to the under secretary, who, upon his recommendation, I hope will recommend my affair to the first secretary, and he again will speak to one of the lords in my behalf; so that you see I do not want friends to assist me on occasion. As for the fellow Crampley, tho'f I know him not, I am sure he is neither seaman nor officer, by what you have told me, or else he could never be so much mistaken in his reckoning, as to run the ship on shore on the coast of Sussex, before he believed himself in soundings; neither, when that accident happened, would he have left the ship until she had been stove to pieces, especially when the tide was making; wherefore, by this time, I do suppose he has been tried by a court-martial, and executed for his cowardice

and misconduct.' I could not help smiling at the description of my uncle's ladder, by which he proposed to climb to the attention of the board of admiralty; and though I knew the world too well to confide in such dependence myself, I would not discourage him with doubts, but asked if he had no friend in London who would advance a small sum of money to enable him to appear as he ought, and make a small present to the under secretary, who might possibly dispatch his business the sooner on that account. He scratched his head, and, after some recollection, replied,—'Why, yes, I believe Danial Whipcord the ship-chandler in Wapping would not refuse me such a small matter. I know I can have what credit I want, for lodging, liquor, and clothes; but as to money, I won't be positive: had honest Block been living, I should not have been at a loss.' I was heartily sorry to find a worthy man so destitute of friends, when he had such need of them; and looked upon my own situation as less miserable than his, because I was better acquainted with the selfishness and roguery of mankind, consequently less liable to disappointment and imposition.

CHAPTER XLII.

He takes his passage in a cutter for Deal—we are accosted by a priest who proves to be a Scotsman—his profession of friendship—he is affronted by the lieutenant, who afterwards appeases him by submission—my uncle embarks—I am introduced by the priest to a capuchin, in whose company I set out for Paris—the character of my fellow-traveller—an adventure on the road—I am shocked at his behaviour.

When our repast was ended, we walked down to the harbour, where we found a cutter that was to sail for Deal in the evening, and Mr Bowling agreed for his passage: in the meantime we sauntered about the town to satisfy our curiosity, our conversation turning on the subject of my designs, which were not as yet fixed: neither can it be supposed that my mind was at ease, when I found myself reduced almost

xtreme poverty in the midst of foreigners, among whom
d not one acquaintance to advise or befriend me. My
e was sensible of my forlorn condition, and pressed me
company him to England, where he did not doubt of
ng some sort of provision for me: but, besides the other
ns I had for avoiding that kingdom, I looked upon it
is time as the worst country in the universe for a poor
st man to live in, and therefore determined to remain
rance at all events. I was confirmed in this resolution
reverend priest, who, passing by at this time, and over-
ng us speak English, accosted us in the same language,
g us he was our countryman, and wishing it might be
s power to do us any service. We thanked this grave
n for his courteous offer, and invited him to drink a
with us, which he did not think proper to refuse, and
ent altogether into a tavern of his recommending. Af-
aving drank to our healths in a bumper of good Bur-
ly, he began to inquire into our situation, particularly
lace of our nativity; which we no sooner named, than
arted up, and, wringing our hands with great fervour,
a flood of tears, crying,—'I come from the same part
e country! perhaps you are my own relations.' I was
y guard against his caresses, which I suspected very
, when I remembered the adventure of the money-
per; but, without any appearance of diffidence, ob-
d, that, as he was born in that part of the country, he
certainly know our families, which (howsoever mean
present appearance might be) were none of the most ob-
or inconsiderable. Then I discovered our names, to
h I found he was no stranger. He had known my
dfather personally; and notwithstanding an absence of
years from Scotland, recounted so many particulars of
families in the neighbourhood, that my scruples were
ely removed, and I thought myself happy in his ac-
ntance. In the course of our conversation, I disclosed
condition without reserve, and displayed my talents to
advantage, that the old father looked upon me with
ration, and assured me, that if I staid in France, and

listened to reason, I could not fail of making my fortune, to which he would contribute all in his power.

My uncle began to be jealous of the priest's insinuation, and very abruptly declared, that, if ever I should renounce my religion, he would break off all connection and correspondence with me; for it was his opinion, that no honest man would swerve from the principles in which he was bred, whether Turkish, Protestant, or Roman. The father, affronted at this declaration, with great vehemence began a long discourse, setting forth the danger of obstinacy, and shutting one's eyes against the light. He said, that ignorance would be no plea towards justification, when we had opportunities of being better informed; and that, if the minds of people had not been open to conviction, the Christian religion could not have been propagated in the world, and we should now be in a state of pagan darkness and barbarity. He endeavoured to prove, by some texts of scripture, and many quotations from the fathers, that the pope was the successor of S^{t} Peter, and vicar of Jesus Christ; that the church of Rome was the true holy catholic church; and that the protestant faith was an impious heresy and damnable schism, by which many millions of souls would suffer everlasting perdition. When he had finished his sermon, which I thought he pronounced with more zeal than discretion, he addressed himself to my uncle, and desired to know his objections to what had been said. Tho lieutenant, whose attention had been wholly engrossed by his own affairs, took the pipe out of his mouth, and replied,—'As for me, friend, d'ye see, I have no objection to what you say; it may be either true or false for what I know; I meddle with nobody's affairs but my own; the gunner to his linstock, and the steersman to the helm, as the saying is. I trust to no creed but the compass, and do unto every man as I would be done by; so that I defy the pope, the devil, and the pretender, and hope to be saved as well as another.' This association of persons gave great offence to the friar, who protested, in a mighty passion, that, if Mr Bowling had not been his countryman, he would have caused him to

be imprisoned for his insolence. I ventured to disapprove of my uncle's rashness, and appeased the old gentleman, by assuring him there was no offence intended by my kinsman, who, by this time sensible of his error, shook the injured party by the hand, and asked pardon for the freedom he had taken. Matters being amicably compromised, he invited us to come and see him in the afternoon at the convent to which he belonged, and took his leave for the present; when my uncle recommended it strongly to me to persevere in the religion of my forefathers, whatever advantages I might propose to myself, by a change, which could not fail of disgracing myself, and dishonouring my family. I assured him no consideration should induce me to forfeit his friendship and good opinion on that score; at which assurance he discovered great satisfaction, and put me in mind of dinner, which we immediately bespoke, and when it was ready, ate together.

I imagined my acquaintance with the Scottish priest, if properly managed, might turn out to my advantage, and therefore resolved to cultivate it as much as I could. With this view, we visited him at his convent, according to his invitation, where he treated us with wine and sweetmeats, and shewed us every thing that was remarkable in the monastery. Having been thus entertained, we took our leave, though not before I had promised to see him next day; and the time fixed for my uncle's embarking being come, I accompanied him to the harbour, and saw him on board. We parted not without tears, after we had embraced, and wished one another all manner of prosperity; and he entreated me to write to him often directing to Lieutenant Bowling, at the sign of the Union flag, near the Hermitage, London.

I returned to the house in which we had met, where I passed the night in a very solitary manner, reflecting on the severity of my fate, and endeavouring to project some likely scheme of life for the future; but my invention failed me; I saw nothing but insurmountable difficulties in my way, and was ready to despair at the miserable prospect. That I might not, however, neglect any probable means, I got up

in the morning, and went directly to the father, whose advice and assistance I implored. He received me very kindly, and gave me to understand that there was one way of life in which a person of my talents could not fail of making a great figure. I guessed his meaning, and told him once for all, I was fully determined against any alteration in point of religion; therefore, if his proposal regarded the church, he might save himself the trouble of explaining it. He shook his head, and sighed, saying,—'Ah! son, son, what a glorious prospect is here spoiled by your stubborn prejudice! Suffer yourself to be persuaded by reason, and consult your temporal welfare as well as the concerns of your eternal soul. I can by my interest procure your admission as a noviciate into this convent, where I will superintend and direct you with a truly paternal affection.' Then he launched out into the praises of a monastic life, which no noise disturbs, no cares molest, and no danger invades; where the heart is weaned from carnal attachments, the grosser appetites subdued and chastised, and the soul wafted to divine regions of philosophy and truth on the wings of studious contemplation. But his eloquence was lost upon me, whom two considerations enabled to withstand his temptations, namely, my promise to my uncle, and my aversion to an ecclesiastical life; for, as to the difference of religion, I looked upon it as a thing of too small moment to come in competition with a man's fortune. Finding me immoveable on this head, he told me he was more sorry than offended at my non-compliance, and still ready to employ his good offices in my behalf. 'The same erroneous maxims,' said he, 'that obstruct your promotion in the church, will infallibly prevent your advancement in the army; but if you can brook the condition of a servant, I am acquainted with some people of rank at Versailles, to whom I can give you letters of recommendation, that you may be entertained by some one of them in quality of *maitre d'hotel*; and I do not doubt that your qualifications will soon entitle you to better provision.' I embraced his offer with great eagerness: and he appointed me to come back in the afternoon, when he would not only give

me letters, but likewise introduce me to a capuchin of his acquaintance, who intended to set out for Paris next morning, in whose company I might travel, without being at the expense of one livre during the whole journey. This piece of good news gave me infinite pleasure; I acknowledged my obligation to the benevolent father in the most grateful expressions; and he performed his promise to a tittle, in delivering the letters, and making me acquainted with the capuchin, with whom I departed next morning by break of day.

It was not long before I discovered my fellow-traveller to be a merry facetious fellow, who, notwithstanding his profession and appearance of mortification, loved good eating and drinking better than his rosary, and paid more adoration to a pretty girl than to the Virgin Mary or S^{t} Genevive. He was a thick brawny young man, with red eye-brows, a hook nose, a face covered with freckles; and his name was Frere Balthasar. His order did not permit him to wear linen, so that, having little occasion to undress himself, he was none of the cleanliest animals in the world; and his constitution was naturally so strongly scented, that I always thought it convenient to keep to the windward of him in our march. As he was perfectly well known on the road, we fared sumptuously without any cost; and the fatigue of our journey was much alleviated by the good humour of my companion, who sung an infinite number of catches on the subjects of love and wine. We took up our lodging the first night at a peasant's house not far from Abbéville, where we were entertained with an excellent ragout, cooked by our landlord's daughters, one of whom was very handsome. After having eaten heartily, and drank a sufficient quantity of small wine, we were conducted to a barn, where we found a couple of carpets spread upon clean straw for our reception. We had not lain in this situation above half an hour, when we heard somebody knock softly at the door, upon which Balthasar got up, and let in our host's two daughters, who wanted to have some private conversation with him in the dark. When they had whispered together some time, the capuchin came to me, and asked if I was insensible to love,

and so hard-hearted as to refuse a share of my bed to a pretty maid who had a *tendre* for me? I must own to my shame, that I suffered myself to be overcome by my passion, and with great eagerness seized the occasion, when I understood that the amiable Nanette was to be my bed-fellow. In vain did my reason suggest the respect that I owed to my dear mistress Narcissa; the idea of that lovely charmer rather increased than allayed the ferment of my spirits; and the young paisanne had no reason to complain of my remembrance. Early in the morning the kind creatures left us to our repose, which lasted till eight o'clock, when we got up, and were treated at breakfast with chocolate and *l'eau de vie* by our paramours, of whom we took a tender leave, after my companion had confessed and given them absolution. While we proceeded on our journey, the conversation turned upon the night's adventure, being introduced by the capuchin, who asked me how I liked my lodging. I declared my satisfaction, and talked in rapture of the agreeable Nanette; at which he shook his head, and smiling, said, she was a *morceau pour la bonne bouche*. 'I never valued myself,' continued he, 'upon any thing so much as the conquest of Nanette; and, vanity apart, I have been pretty fortunate in my amours.' This information shocked me not a little, as I was well convinced of his intimacy with her sister; and though I did not care to tax him with downright incest, I professed my astonishment at his last night's choice, when, I supposed, the other was at his devotion. To this hint he answered, that, besides his natural complaisance to the sex, he had another reason to distribute his favours equally between them, namely, to preserve peace in the family, which could not be otherwise maintained; that, moreover, Nanette had conceived an affection for me, and he loved her too well to baulk her inclination, more especially when he had an opportunity of obliging his friend at the same time. I thanked him for this instance of his friendship, though I was extremely disgusted at his want of delicacy, and cursed the occasion that threw me in his way. Libertine as I was, I could not bear to see a man behave so wide of the chanc-

ter he assumed, I looked upon him as a person of very little worth or honesty, and should have even kept a wary eye upon my pocket, if I had thought he could have any temptation to steal. But I could not conceive the use of money to a capuchin, who is obliged, by the rules of his order, to appear like a beggar, and enjoys all other necessaries of life gratis; besides, my fellow-traveller seemed to be of a complexion too careless and sanguine to give me any apprehension on that score; so that I proceeded with great confidence, in expectation of being soon at my journey's end.

CHAPTER XLIII.

We lodge at a house near Amiens, where I am robbed by the capuchin, who escapes while I am asleep—I go to Noyons in search of him, but without success—make my condition known to several people, but find no relief—grow desperate—join a company of soldiers—enlist in the regiment of Picardy—we are ordered into Germany—I find the fatigues of the march almost intolerable—quarrel with my comrade in a dispute about politics—he challenges me to the field, wounds and disarms me.

THE third night of our pilgrimage we passed at a house near Amiens, where, Balthazar being unknown, we supped upon indifferent fare, and sour wine, and were fain to lie in a garret, upon an old mattress, which, I believe, had been in the possession of ten thousand myriads of fleas, time out of mind. We did not invade their territory with impunity: in less than a minute we were attacked by stings innumerable; in spite of which, however, we fell fast asleep, being excessively fatigued with our day's march, and did not wake till near nine next morning, when, seeing myself alone, I started up in a terrible fright, and, examining my pockets, found my presaging fear too true. My companion had made free with my cash, and left me to seek my way to Paris by myself. I ran down stairs immediately, and, with a look full of grief and amazement, inquired for the mendicant, who, they gave me to understand, had set out four hours before, after having told them I was a little indisposed, and desired

I might not be disturbed, but be informed when I should wake that he had taken the road to Noyons, where he should wait for my coming at the Coq d'Or. I spoke not a word, but with a heavy heart directed my course to that place, at which I arrived in the afternoon, fainting with weariness and hunger; but learned, to my utter confusion, that no such person had been there. It was happy for me that I had a good deal of resentment in my constitution, which animated me on such occasions against the villany of mankind, and enabled me to bear misfortunes otherwise intolerable. Boiling with indignation, I discovered to the host my deplorable condition, and inveighed with great bitterness against the treachery of Balthazar; at which he shrugged up his shoulders, and, with a peculiar grimace in his countenance, said, he was sorry for my misfortune, but there was no remedy like patience. At that instant some guests arrived, to whom he hastened to offer his service, leaving me mortified at his indifference, and fully persuaded that an innkeeper is the same sordid animal all the world over. While I stood in the porch, forlorn and undetermined, venting ejaculations of curses against the thief who robbed me, and the old priest who recommended him to my friendship, a young gentleman, richly dressed, attended by a valet-de-chambre and two servants in livery, arrived at the inn. I thought I perceived a great deal of sweetness and good nature in his countenance; therefore he had no sooner alighted than I accosted him, and in a few words, explained my situation. He listened with great politeness, and, when I had made an end of my story, said,—'Well, Monsieur, what would you have me to do?' I was effectually abashed at this interrogation, which I believed no man of common sense or generosity could make, and made no other reply than a low bow. He returned the compliment still lower, and tript into an apartment, while the landlord let me know, that my standing there to interrupt company gave offence, and might do him infinite prejudice. He had no occasion to repeat his insinuation; I moved from the place immediately; and was so much transported with grief, anger, and disdain, that a tor-

rent of blood gushed from my nostrils. In this ecstasy, I quitted Noyons, and betook myself to the fields, where I wandered about like one distracted, till my spirits were quite exhausted, and I was obliged to throw myself down at the root of a tree, to rest my wearied limbs. Here my rage forsook me; I began to feel the importunate cravings of nature, and relapsed into silent sorrow and melancholy reflection. I revolved all the crimes I had been guilty of, and found them so few and venial, that I could not comprehend the justice of that Providence, which, after having exposed me to so much wretchedness and danger, left me a prey to famine at last in a foreign country, where I had not one friend or acquaintance to close my eyes, and do the last offices of humanity to my miserable carcass. A thousand times I wished myself a bear, that I might retreat to woods and deserts, far from the inhospitable haunts of man, where I could live by my own talents, independent of treacherous friends, and supercilious scorn.

As I lay in this manner groaning over my hapless fate, I heard the sound of a violin, and, raising my head, perceived a company of men and women dancing on the grass at some distance from me. I looked upon this to be a favourable season for distress to attract compassion, when every selfish thought is banished, and the heart dilated with mirth and social joy; wherefore I got up and approached those happy people, whom I soon discovered to be a party of soldiers, with their wives and children, unbending and diverting themselves at this rate, after the fatigue of a march. I had never before seen such a parcel of scare-crows together; neither could I reconcile their meagre gaunt looks, their squalid and ragged attire, and every other external symptom of extreme woe, with this appearance of festivity. I saluted them, however, and was received with great politeness; after which they formed a ring, and danced around me. This jollity had a wonderful effect upon my spirits: I was infected with their gaiety, and, in spite of my dismal situation, forgot my cares and joined in their extravagance. When we had recreated ourselves a good while at this diversion, the ladies

spread their manteaus on the ground, upon which they emptied their knapsacks of some onions, coarse bread, and a few flasks of poor wine. Being invited to a share of the banquet, I sat down with the rest, and in the whole course of my life never made a more comfortable meal. When our repast was ended, we got up again to dance; and now that I found myself refreshed, I behaved to the admiration of every body. I was loaded with a thousand compliments and professions of friendship. The men commended my person and agility, and the women were loud in praise of my *bonne grace:* the sergeant in particular expressed so much regard for me, and described the pleasures of a soldier's life with so much art, that I began to listen to his proposal of enlisting me in the service; and the more I considered my own condition, the more I was convinced of the necessity I was under to come to a speedy determination. Having therefore maturely weighed the circumstances *pro* and *con*, I signified my consent, and was admitted into the regiment of Picardy, said to be the oldest corps in Europe. The company to which this command belonged was quartered at a village not far off, whither we marched next day, and I was presented to my captain, who seemed very well pleased with my appearance, gave me a crown to drink, and ordered me to be accommodated with clothes, arms, and accoutrements. Then I sold my livery suit, purchased linen, and, as I was at great pains to learn the exercise, in a very short time became a complete soldier.

It was not long before we received orders to join several more regiments, and march with all expedition into Germany, in order to reinforce Mareschal duc de Noailles, who was then encamped with his army on the side of the river Mayne, to watch the motions of the English, Hanoverians, Austrians, and Hessians, under the command of the Earl of Stair. We began our march accordingly, and then I became acquainted with that part of a soldier's life to which I had been hitherto a stranger. It is impossible to describe the hunger and thirst I sustained, and the fatigue I underwent in a march of so many hundred miles; during which

I was so much chafed with the heat and motion of my limbs, that in a very short time the inside of my thighs and legs were deprived of skin, and I proceeded in the utmost torture. This misfortune I owed to the plumpness of my constitution, which I cursed, and envied the withered condition of my comrades, whose bodies could not spare juice enough to supply a common issue, and were indeed proof against all manner of friction. The continual pain I felt made me fretful, and my peevishness was increased by the mortification of my pride in seeing those miserable wretches, whom a hard gale of wind would have scattered through the air like chaff, bear those toils with alacrity, under which I was ready to sink.

One day while we enjoyed a halt, and the soldiers with their wives had gone out to dance, according to custom, my comrade staid at home with me on pretence of friendship, and insulted me with his pity and consolation. He told me, though I was young and tender at present, I would soon be seasoned to the service; and he did not doubt but I should have the honour to contribute in some measure to the glory of the king. 'Have courage, therefore, my child,' said he, 'and pray to God, that you may be as happy as I am, who have had the honour of serving Lewis the Great, and of receiving many wounds in helping to establish his glory.' When I looked upon the contemptible object that pronounced these words, I was amazed at the infatuation that possessed him: and could not help expressing my astonishment at the absurdity of a rational being, who thinks himself highly honoured in being permitted to encounter abject poverty, oppression, famine, disease, mutilation, and evident death, merely to gratify the vicious ambition of a prince, by whom his sufferings were disregarded, and his name utterly unknown. I observed, that, if his situation was the consequence of compulsion, I would praise his patience and fortitude in bearing his lot: if he had taken up arms in defence of his injured country, he was to be applauded for his patriotism; or, if he had fled to this way of life as a refuge from a greater evil, he was justifiable in his

own concience (though I could have no notion of misery more extreme than that he suffered); but to put his condition on the footing of conducing to the glory of his prince, was no more than professing himself a desperate slave, who voluntarily underwent the utmost wretchedness and peril, and committed the most flagrant crimes, to sooth the barbarous pride of a fellow-creature, his superior in nothing but the power he derived from the submission of such wretches as him. The soldier was very much affronted at the liberty I took with his king, which he said nothing but my ignorance could excuse. He affirmed, that the characters of princes were sacred, and ought not to be profaned by the censure of their subjects, who were bound by their allegiance to obey their commands, of what nature soever, without scruple or repining; and advised me to correct the rebellious principles I had imbibed among the English, who, for their insolence to their kings, were notorious all over the world, even to a proverb.

In vindication of my countrymen, I repeated all the arguments commonly used to prove that every man has a natural right to liberty; that allegiance and protection are reciprocal; that, when the mutual tie is broken by the tyranny of the king, he is accountable to the people for his breach of contract, and subject to the penalty of the law; and that those insurrections of the English, which are branded with the name of rebellion by the slaves of arbitrary power, were no other than glorious efforts to rescue that independence, which was their birthright, from the ravenous claws of usurping ambition. The Frenchman, provoked at the little deference I paid to the kingly name, lost all patience, and reproached me in such a manner, that my temper forsook me, and I clenched my fist, with an intention to give him a hearty box on the ear. Perceiving my design, he started back, and demanded a parley; upon which I checked my indignation, and he gave me to understand that a Frenchman never forgave a blow; therefore, if I was not weary of my life, I would do well to spare him that mortification, and do him the honour of measuring my sword with his, like a

gentleman. I took his advice, and followed him to a field hard by, where indeed I was ashamed at the pitiful figure of my antagonist, who was a poor, little, shivering creature, decrepid with age, and blind of one eye. But I soon found the folly of judging from appearances, being at the second pass wounded in the sword hand, and immediately disarmed with such a jerk, that I thought the joint was dislocated. I was no less confounded than enraged at this event, especially as my adversary did not bear his success with all the moderation that might have been expected; for he insisted upon my asking pardon for affronting his king and him. This proposal I would by no means comply with, but told him it was a mean condescension, which no gentleman in his circumstances ought to propose, nor any in my situation ought to perform; and that, if he persisted in his ungenerous demand, I would in my turn claim satisfaction with my musket, when we should be more upon a par than with the sword, of which he seemed so much master.

CHAPTER XLIV.

In order to be revenged, I learn the science of defence—we join the Mareschal duc de Noailles—are engaged with the allies at Dettingen, and put to flight—the behaviour of the French soldiers on that occasion—I industriously seek another combat with the old Gascon, and vanquish him in my turn—our regiment is put into winter-quarters at Rheims, where I find my friend Strap—our recognition—he supplies me with money, and procures my discharge—we take a trip to Paris; from whence, by the way of Flanders, we set out for London, where we safely arrive.

He was disconcerted at this declaration, to which he made no reply, but repaired to the dancers, among whom he recounted his victory, with many exaggerations and gasconades, while I, taking up my sword, went to my quarters, and examined my wound, which I found was of no consequence. The same day, an Irish drummer, having heard of my misfortune, visited me, and, after having condoled me on the chance of war, gave me to understand, that he was

master of the sword, and would, in a very short time, instruct me so thoroughly in that noble science, that I should be able to chastise the old Gascon for his insolent boasting at my expense. This friendly office he proffered, on pretence of the regard he had for his countryman; but I afterwards learned the true motive was no other than a jealousy he entertained of a correspondence between the Frenchman and his wife, which he did not think proper to resent in person. Be this as it will, I accepted his offer, and practised his lessons with such application, that I soon believed myself a match for my conqueror. In the meantime, we continued our march, and arrived at the camp of Mareschal Noailles, the night before the battle of Dettingen. Notwithstanding the fatigue we had undergone, our regiment was one of those that were ordered next day to cross the river, under the command of the Duc de Gramont, to take possession of a narrow defile, through which the allies must of necessity have passed at a great disadvantage, or remain where they were, and perish for want of provision, if they would not condescend to surrender at discretion. How they suffered themselves to be pent up in this manner, it is not my province to relate: I shall only observe, that, when we had taken possession of our ground, I heard an old officer, in conversation with another, express a surprise at the conduct of Lord Stair, who had the reputation of a good general. But it seems, at this time, that nobleman was over-ruled, and only acted in an inferior character; so that no part of the blame could be imputed to him, who declared his disapprobation of the step, in consequence of which the whole army was in the utmost danger; but Providence or Destiny acted miracles in their behalf, by disposing the Duc de Gramont to quit his advantageous post, pass the defile, and attack the English, who were drawn up in order of battle on the plain, and who handled us so roughly, that, after having lost a great number of men, we turned our backs without ceremony, and fled with such precipitation, that many hundreds perished in the river, through pure fear and confusion; for the enemy was so generous, that they did not pursue us one inch of ground;

and if our consternation would have permitted, we might have retreated with great order and deliberation. But, notwithstanding the royal clemency of the king of Great Britain, who headed the allies in person, and, no doubt, put a stop to the carnage, our loss amounted to 5000 men, among whom were many officers of distinction. Our miscarriage opened a passage for the foe to Hanau, whither they immediately marched, leaving their sick and wounded to the care of the French, who next day took possession of the field of battle, buried the dead, and treated the living with humanity. This circumstance was a great consolation to us, who thence took occasion to claim the victory; and the genius of the French nation never appeared more conspicuous than now, in the rodomontades they uttered on the subject of their generosity and courage: every man (by his own account) performed feats that eclipsed all the heroes of antiquity. One compared himself to a lion retiring at leisure from his cowardly pursuers, who keep at a wary distance, and gall him with their darts. Another likened himself to a bear that retreats with his face to the enemy, who dare not assail him; and the third assumed the character of a desperate stag, that turns upon the hounds and keeps them at bay. There was not a private soldier engaged, who had not, by the prowess of his single arm, demolished a whole platoon, or put a squadron of horse to flight; and, among others, the meagre Gascon extolled his exploits above those of Hercules or Charlemagne. As I still retained my resentment for the disgrace I suffered in my last rencontre with him, and, now that I thought myself qualified, longed for an opportunity to retrieve my honour, I magnified the valour of the English with all the hyperboles I could imagine, and decried the pusillanimity of the French in the same style, comparing them to hares flying before greyhounds, or mice pursued by cats; and passed an ironical compliment on the speed he exerted in his flight, which, considering his age and infirmities, I said was surprising. He was stung to the quick by this sarcasm, and, with an air of threatening disdain, bade me know myself better, and remember the correction I had lately received from him for

my insolence; for he might not always be in the humour of sparing a wretch who abused his goodness. To this innuendo I made no reply, but by a kick in the breech, which overturned him in an instant. He started up with wonderful agility, and, drawing his sword, attacked me with great fury; several people interposed; but when he informed them of its being an affair of honour, they retired, and left us to decide the battle by ourselves. I sustained his onset with little damage, having only received a small scratch on my right shoulder, and seeing his breath and vigour almost exhausted, assaulted him in my turn, closed with him, and wrested his sword out of his hand in the struggle. Having thus acquired the victory, I desired him to beg his life; to which demand he made no answer, but shrugged up his shoulders to his ears, expanded his hands, elevated the skin on his forehead and eye-brows, and depressed the corners of his mouth in such a manner, that I could scarce refrain from laughing aloud at his grotesque appearance. That I might, however, mortify his vanity, which triumphed without bounds over my misfortune, I thrust his sword up to the hilt in something (it was not a tansy) that lay smoking on the plain, and joined the rest of the soldiers with an air of tranquillity and indifference.

There was nothing more of moment attempted by either of the armies during the remaining part of the campaign, which, being ended, the English marched back to the Netherlands; part of our army was detached to French Flanders, and our regiment ordered into winter-quarters in Champagne. It was the fate of the grenadier company, to which I now belonged, to lie at Rheims, where I found myself in the utmost want of every thing; my pay which amounted to five sols a-day, far from supplying me with necessaries, being scarce sufficient to procure a wretched subsistence, to keep soul and body together: so that I was, by hunger and hard duty, brought down to the meagre condition of my fellow-soldiers, and my linen reduced from three tolerable shirts, to two pair of sleeves and necks, the bodies having been long ago converted into spatterdashes; and after all, I was better provided than any private man in the regiment. In this urgency

of my affairs, I wrote to my uncle in England, though my hopes from that quarter were not at all sanguine, for the reasons I have already explained; and, in the meantime, had recourse to my old remedy, patience, consoling myself with the flattering suggestions of a lively imagination, that never abandoned me in my distress.

One day, while I stood centinel at the gate of a general officer, a certain nobleman came to the door, followed by a gentleman in mourning, to whom, at parting, I heard him saying,—'you may depend upon my good offices.' This assurance was answered by a low bow of the person in black, who, turning to go away, discovered to me the individual countenance of my old friend and adherent Strap. I was so much astonished at the sight, that I lost the power of utterance, and, before I could recollect myself, he was gone without taking any notice of me. Indeed, had he staid, I scarcely should have ventured to accost him; because, though I was perfectly well acquainted with the features of his face, I could not be positively certain as to the rest of his person, which was very much altered for the better since he left me at London; neither could I perceive by what means he was enabled to appear in the sphere of a gentleman, to which, while I knew him, he had not even the ambition to aspire. But I was too much concerned in the affair to neglect further information, and therefore took the first opportunity of asking the porter if he knew the gentleman to whom the marquis spoke. The Swiss told me, his name was Monsieur d'Estrapes; that he had been valet-de-chambre to an English gentleman lately deceased; and that he was very much regarded by the marquis for his fidelity to his master, between whom and that nobleman a very intimate friendship had subsisted. Nothing could be more agreeable to me than this piece of intelligence, which banished all doubt of its being my friend, who had found means to frenchify his name as well as his behaviour since we parted. As soon, therefore, as I was relieved, I went to his lodging, according to a direction given me by the Swiss, and had the good fortune to find him at home. That I might surprise him the more, I concealed my name

and business, and only desired the servant of the house to tell Monsieur d'Estrapes, that I begged the honour of half an hour's conversation with him. He was confounded and dismayed at the message, when he understood it was sent by a soldier. Though he was conscious to himself of no crime, all that he had heard of the Bastile appeared to his imagination with aggravated horror, and it was not before I had waited a considerable time, that he had resolution enough to bid the servant shew me up stairs. When I entered his chamber, he returned my bow with great civility, and endeavoured, with forced complaisance, to disguise his fear, which appeared in the paleness of his face, the wildness of his looks, and the shaking of his limbs. I was diverted at his consternation, which redoubled, when I told him in French, I had business for his private ear, and demanded a particular audience. The valet being withdrawn, I asked, in the same language, if his name was d'Estrapes? to which he answered, with a faultering tongue,—'the same, at your service.' 'Are you a Frenchman?' said I. 'I have not the honour of being a Frenchman born,' replied he, 'but I have an infinite veneration for the country.' I then desired he would do me the honour to look at me; which he no sooner did, than, struck with my appearance, he started back, and cried in English,—'O Jesus! sure it can't! no, 'tis impossible!' I smiled at his interjections, saying,—'I suppose you are too much of a gentleman to own your friend in adversity.' When he heard me pronounce these words in our own language, he leaped upon me in a transport of joy, hung about my neck, kissed me from ear to ear, and blubbered like a great school-boy who had been whipt. Then observing my dress, he set up his throat, crying,—'O Lord! O Lord! that ever I should live to see my dearest friend reduced to the condition of a foot-soldier in the French service! why did you consent to my leaving you? But I know the reason—you thought you had got more creditable friends, and grew ashamed of my acquaintance. Ah! Lord help us! though I was a little short-sighted, I was not altogether blind: and though I did not complain, I was not

the less sensible of your unkindness, which was indeed the only thing that induced me to ramble abroad, the Lord knows whither; but I must own it has been a lucky ramble for me, and so I forgive you, and may God forgive you;—O Lord! O Lord! is it come to this?' I was nettled at the charge, which, though just, I could not help thinking unseasonable, and told him with some tartness, that, whether his suspicions were well or ill grounded, he might have chosen a more convenient opportunity of introducing them; and that the question now was, whether or not he found himself disposed to lend me any assistance?—'Disposed!' replied he, with great emotion, 'I thought you had known me so well, as to assure yourself, without asking, that I and all that belongs to me are at your command. In the meantime, you shall dine with me, and I will tell you something that perhaps will not be displeasing unto you.' Then wringing my hand, he said,—'It makes my heart bleed to see you in that garb.' I thanked him for his invitation, which, I observed, could not be unwelcome to a person who had not eaten a comfortable meal these seven months: but I had another request to make, which I begged he would grant before dinner, and that was the loan of a shirt; for though my back had been many weeks a stranger to any comfort of that kind, my skin was not yet familiarized to the want of it. He stared in my face, with a woeful countenance, at this declaration, which he could scarce believe, until I explained it, by unbuttoning my coat, and disclosing my naked body; a circumstance that shocked the tender-hearted Strap, who, with tears in his eyes, ran to a chest of drawers, and, taking out some linen, presented to me a very fine ruffled holland shirt, and cambric neckcloth, assuring me, he had three dozen of the same kind at my service. I was ravished at this piece of good news, and having accommodated myself in a moment, hugged my benefactor for his generous offer, saying, I was overjoyed to find him undebauched by prosperity, which seldom fails to corrupt the heart. He bespoke for dinner some soup and bouillé, a couple of pullets roasted, and a dish of asparagus, and in the interim enter-

tained me with biscuit and Burgundy; after which repast, he entreated me to gratify his longing desire of knowing every circumstance of my fortune since his departure from London. This request I complied with, beginning at the adventure of Gawky, and relating every particular event in which I had been concerned from that day to the present hour. During the recital, my friend was strongly affected, according to the various situations described: he started with surprise, glowed with indignation, gaped with curiosity, smiled with pleasure, trembled with fear, and wept with sorrow, as the vicissitudes of my life inspired these different passions; and, when my story was ended, signified his amazement on the whole, by lifting up his eyes and hands, and protesting, that though I was a young man, I had suffered more than all the blessed martyrs.

After dinner, I desired in my turn to know the particulars of his peregrination, and he satisfied me in a few words, by giving me to understand that he had lived a year at Paris with his master, who in that time having acquired the language, as well as the fashionable exercises, to perfection, made a tour of France and Holland, during which excursion he was so unfortunate as to meet with three of his own countrymen on their travels, in whose company he committed such excesses, that his constitution failed, and he fell into a consumption; that, by the advice of physicians, he went to Montpelier for the benefit of good air, and recovered so well in six weeks, that he returned to Rheims, seemingly in good health, where he had not continued above a month, when he was seized with a looseness, that carried him off in ten days, to the unspeakable sorrow of all who knew him, and especially of Strap, who had been very happy in his service, and given such satisfaction, that his master, on his death-bed, recommended him to several persons of distinction, for his diligence, sobriety, and affection, and left him by will his wearing apparel, gold watch, sword, rings, ready money, and all the moveables he had in France, to the value of three hundred pounds,—'which I now,' said he, 'in the sight of God and man, surrender to your absolute disposal: here

are my keys, take them, I beseech you, and God give you joy of the possession.' My brain was almost turned by the sudden change of fortune, which I could scarce believe real; however, I positively refused this extravagant proffer of my friend, and put him in mind of my being a soldier; at which hint he started, crying,—'Odso! that's true—we must procure your discharge. I have some interest with a nobleman who is able to do me that favour.' We consulted about this affair, and it was determined, that Monsieur d'Estrapes should wait upon the marquis in the morning, and tell him he had by accident found his brother, whom he had not seen for many years before, a private soldier in the regiment of Picardy, and implore that nobleman's interest for his discharge. In the meantime we enjoyed ourselves over a bottle of good Burgundy, and spent the evening in concerting schemes for our future conduct, in case I should be so lucky as to get rid of the army. The business was to make ourselves easy for life, by means of this legacy, a task very difficult, and, in the usual methods of laying out money, altogether impracticable; so that, after much canvassing, we could come to no resolution that night, but when we parted, recommended the matter to the serious attention of each other. As for my own part, I puzzled my imagination to no purpose; when I thought of turning merchant, the smallness of our stock, and the risk of seas, enemies, and markets, deterred me from that scheme: if I should settle as a surgeon in my own country, I would find the business already overstocked; or, if I pretended to set up in England, must labour under want of friends, and powerful opposition, obstacles insurmountable by the most shining merit: neither should I succeed in my endeavours to rise in the state, inasmuch as I could neither flatter nor pimp for courtiers, nor prostitute my pen in defence of a wicked and contemptible administration. Before I could form any feasible project, I fell asleep, and my fancy was blessed with the image of my dear Narcissa, who seemed to smile upon my passion, and offer her hand as a reward for all my toils.

Early in the morning, I went to the lodgings of my friend

whom I found exulting over his happy invention; for I no sooner entered his apartment, than he addressed himself to me in these words, with a smile of self-applause: 'Well, Mr Random, a lucky thought may come into a fool's head sometimes. I have hit it—I'll hold you a button my plan is better than yours, for all your learning. But you shall have the preference in this, as in all other things; therefore proceed, and let us know the effects of your meditation—and then I will impart my own simple excogitations.' I told him, that not one thought had occurred to me which deserved the least notice, and signified my impatience to be acquainted with the fruits of his reflection.—'As we have not,' said he, 'money sufficient to maintain us during a tedious expectation, it is my opinion, that a bold push must be made; and I see none so likely to succeed as your appearing in the character of a gentleman, (which is your due), and making your addresses to some lady of fortune who can render you independent at once. Nay, don't stare—I affirm that this scheme is both prudent and honourable; for I would not have you throw yourself away upon an old toothless wheezing dame, whose breath would stink you into a consumption in less than three months; neither would I advise you to assume the character of a wealthy squire, as your common fortune hunters do, by which means many a poor lady is cheated into matrimony, and instead of enjoying the pomp and grandeur that was promised, sees her dowry seized by her husband's rapacious creditors, and herself reduced to misery and despair. No, I know you have a soul that disdains such imposition; and are master of qualifications both of mind and body, which alone entitle you to a match that will set you above the world. I have clothes in my possession that a duke need not be ashamed to wear. I believe they will fit you as they are; if not, there are plenty of tailors in France. Let us take a short trip to Paris, and provide ourselves with all other necessaries, then set out for England, where I intend to do myself the honour of attending you in quality of a valet. This expedient will save the expense of a servant, shaving, and dressing; and I doubt not but, by the

blessing of God, we shall bring matters to a speedy and fortunate issue. Extravagant as this proposal was, I listened to it with pleasure, because it flattered my vanity, and indulged a ridiculous hope I began to entertain of my inspiring Narcissa with a mutual flame.

After breakfast, Monsieur d'Estrapes went to pay his devoirs to the marquis, and was so successful in his application, that I obtained a discharge in a few days; upon which we set out for Paris. Here I had time to reflect and congratulate myself upon this sudden transition of fate, which to bear with moderation, required some degree of philosophy and self-denial. This truth will be more obvious, if I give a detail of the particulars, to the quiet possession of which I was raised in an instant, from the most abject misery and contempt. My wardrobe consisted of five fashionable coats full mounted, two of which were plain, one of cut velvet, one trimmed with gold, and another with silver lace; two frocks, one of white drab with large plate buttons, the other of blue with gold binding; one waistcoat of gold brocade, one of blue satin embroidered with silver, one of green silk trimmed with broad figured gold lace, one of black silk with fringes, one of white satin, one of black cloth, and one of scarlet; six pair of cloth breeches, one pair of crimson, and another of black velvet; twelve pair of white silk stockings, as many of black silk, and the same number of fine cotton; one hat laced with gold *point d'Espagne*, another with silver lace scolloped, a third with gold binding, and a fourth plain; three dozen of fine ruffled shirts, as many neckcloths; one dozen of cambric handkerchiefs, and the like number of silk. The other moveables which I possessed, by the generosity and friendship of Strap, were a gold watch with a chased case, two valuable diamond rings, two mourning swords, one with a silver handle, and a fourth cut steel inlaid with gold, a diamond stock-buckle, and a set of stone buckles for the knees and shoes; a pair of silver-mounted pistols with rich housings; a gold-headed cane, and a snuff-box of tortoise-shell mounted with gold, having the picture of a lady in the top. The gentleman left many other things of value, which

my friend had converted into cash before I met with him; so that, over and above these particulars, our stock in ready money amounted to something more than two hundred pounds.

Thus equipped, I put on the gentleman of figure, and attended by my honest friend, who was contented with the station of my valet, visited the Louvre, examined the gallery of Luxembourg, and appeared at Versailles, where I had the honour of seeing his most christian majesty eat a considerable quantity of olives. During the month I spent at Paris, I went several times to court, the Italian comedy, opera, and play-house, danced at a masquerade, and in short, saw every thing remarkable in and about that capital. Then we set out for England by the way of Flanders, passed through Brussels, Ghent, and Bruges, and took shipping at Ostend, from whence in fourteen hours we arrived at Deal, hired a post-chaise, and in twelve hours more got safe to London, having disposed of our heavy baggage in the waggon.

CHAPTER XLV.

I inquire for my uncle, and understand he is gone to sea—take lodgings at Charing-cross—go to the play, where I meet with an adventure—dine at an ordinary; the guests described—become acquainted with Medlar and Doctor Wagtail.

As soon as we alighted at the inn, I dispatched Strap to inquire for my uncle, at the Union flag in Wapping; and he returned in a little time, with an account of Mr Bowling's having gone to sea, mate of a merchant-ship, after a long and unsuccessful application and attendance at the Admiralty; where, it seems, the interest he depended upon was not sufficient to reinstate him, or recover the pay that was due to him when he quitted the Thunder.

Next day I hired very handsome lodgings not far from Charing-cross; and, in the evening, dressed myself in a plain suit of the true Paris cut, and appeared in a front box

at the play, where I saw a good deal of company, and was vain enough to believe, that I was observed with an uncommon degree of attention and applause. This silly conceit intoxicated me so much, that I was guilty of a thousand ridiculous coquetries; and I dare say, how favourable soever the thoughts of the company might be at my first appearance, they were soon changed, by my absurd behaviour, into pity or contempt. I rose and sat down, covered and uncovered my head twenty times between the acts; pulled out my watch, clapped it to my ear, wound it up, set it, gave it the hearing again; displayed my snuff-box, affected to take snuff, that I might have an opportunity of shewing my brilliant, and wiped my nose with a perfumed handkerchief; then dangled my cane, and adjusted my sword-knot, and acted many more fooleries of the same kind, in hopes of obtaining the character of a pretty fellow, in the acquiring of which I found two considerable obstructions in my disposition, namely, a natural reserve, and jealous sensibility. Fain would I have entered into conversation with the people around me; but I was restrained by the fear of being censured for my assurance, as well as by reflecting that I was more entitled to a compliment of this kind from them, than they to such condescension from a stranger like me. How often did I redden at the frequent whispers and loud laughter of my fellow beaux, which I imagined were excited by me! and how often did I envy the happy indifference of those choice spirits, who beheld the distress of the scene, without discovering the least symptom of approbation or concern! My attention was engaged in spite of myself, and I could not help weeping with the heroine of the stage; though I practised a great many shifts to conceal this piece of unpolite weakness. When the play was ended, I sat waiting for an opportunity of handing some lady to her coach: but every one was attended by such a number of officious gallants, that for a long time I was baulked in my expectation. At length, however, I perceived a very handsome creature, genteelly dressed, sitting by herself in a box, at some distance from me; upon which I went up to her,

and offered my service. She seemed to be in some confusion, thanked me for my complaisance, and with a tender look declined giving me the trouble; looking at her watch, and testifying her surprise at the negligence of her footman, whom she had ordered to have a chair ready for her at that hour. I repeated my entreaty with all the eloquence and compliment I was master of; and, in the event, she was prevailed upon to accept of a proposal I made, to send my servant for a chair or coach: accordingly Strap was detached for that purpose, and returned without succeeding: by this time the playhouse was quite empty, and we were obliged to retire. As I led her through the passage, I observed five or six young fellows of fashion, standing in a corner, one of whom, as I thought, tipt my charmer the wink, and when we were past, I heard them set up a loud laugh. This note aroused my attention, and I was resolved to be fully satisfied of this lady's character, before I should have any nearer connection with her. As no convenience appeared, I proposed to conduct her to a tavern, where we might stay a few minutes, till my servant could fetch a coach from the Strand. She seemed particularly shy of trusting herself in a tavern with a stranger; but at last yielded to my pathetic remonstrances, rather than endanger her health, by remaining in a cold damp thorough-fare. Having thus far succeeded, I begged to know what wine she would be pleased to drink a glass of; but she professed the greatest aversion to all sorts of strong liquors; and it was with much difficulty that I could persuade her to eat a jelly. In the meantime, I endeavoured to alleviate the uneasiness she discovered, by saying all the agreeable things I could think of; at which she would often sigh, and regard me with a languishing look, that seemed however too near akin to the lewd leer of a courtezan. This discovery, added to my former suspicion, while it put me upon my guard against her arts, divested me of reserve, and enabled me to entertain her with gaiety and freedom. In the course of our conversation, I pressed her to allow me the honour of waiting upon her next day at her lodgings; a request which she, with many apologies,

refused, lest it should give umbrage to Sir John, who was of a disposition apt to be fretted with trifles. This information, by which I was to understand that her husband was a knight did not check my addresses, which became more and more importunate, and I was even hardy enough to ravish a kiss. But, O Heavens! instead of banqueting on the ambrosial flavour that her delicacy of complexion promised, I was almost suffocated with the steams of geneva! An exhalation of this kind, from a mouth which had just before declared an utter abhorrence of all spirituous liquors, not only changed my doubts into certainty, but my raptures, into loathing; and it would have been impossible for me to have preserved common complaisance five minutes longer, when my servant returned with the coach. I took the advantage of this occasion, and presented my hand to the lady, who put in practice against me the whole artillery of her charms, ogling, languishing, sighing, and squeezing, with so little reserve, that Strap perceived her tenderness, and rubbed his hands with joy as he followed us to the door; but I was proof against all her endearments, and handed her into the coach with an intention to take my leave immediately. She guessed my design, and invited me to her house, whispering, that now Sir John was gone to bed, she could have the pleasure of my conversation for half an hour without interruption. I told her, there was no mortification I would not undergo, rather than endanger the repose of her ladyship; and, bidding the coachman drive on, wished her a good night. She lost all temper at my indifference, and stopping the coach at the distance of about twenty yards from me, popped out her head, and bawled, with the lungs of a fish-woman,—'Damn you, you dog, won't you pay the coach-hire?' As I made no answer, she held forth against me with an eloquence peculiar to herself; calling me pitiful fellow, scoundrel, and an hundred such appellations; concluding, with an oath, that, for all my appearance, she believed I had got no money in my pocket.

Having thus vented her indignation, she ordered the coachman to proceed, and I returned to the tavern, where

I bespoke something for supper, very well pleased at the issue of this adventure. I dispensed with the attendance of the waiter at table, on pretence that my own servant was present; and when we were alone, said to Strap,—'Well, Monsieur d'Estrapes, what do you think of this lady?' My friend, who had not opened his mouth since her departure, could make no other reply than the monosyllable—'Think!' which he pronounced with a note of fear and astonishment. Surprised at this emphasis, I surveyed my valet, and, perceiving a wildness in his looks, asked if he had seen his grandfather's ghost.—'Ghost! said he, 'I am sure I have seen a devil incarnate! Who would have thought that so much devilish malice and Billingsgate could lurk under such sweetness of countenance and modesty of behaviour? Ah! God help us! *Fronti nulla fides—nimium ne crede colori*—but we ought to down on our knees, and bless God for delivering us from the jaws of that painted sepulchre. I was pretty much of Strap's opinion, and though I did not believe myself in any danger from the allurements of that sisterhood, I determined to act with great circumspection for the future, and shun all commerce of that kind, as equally prejudicial to my purse and constitution.

My next care was to introduce myself into a set of good acquaintance; for which purpose I frequented a certain coffee-house, noted for the resort of good company, English as well as foreigners, where my appearance procured all the civilities and advances I could desire. As there was an ordinary in the same house, I went up stairs to dinner with the other guests, and found myself at a table with thirteen people, the greatest part of whom were better dressed than myself. The conversation, which was mostly carried on in French, turned chiefly on politics; and I soon found the whole company was in the French interest, myself excepted, and a testy old gentleman, who contradicted every thing that was advanced in favour of his most christian majesty, with a surliness truly English. But this trusty patriot, who had never been out of his own country, and drew all his maxims and notions from prejudice and hearsay, was very

unequal to his antagonists, who were superior to him in learning and experience, and often took the liberty of travellers, in asserting things which were not strictly true, because they thought themselves in no danger of being detected by him. The claim of the queen of Spain to the Austrian dominions in Italy, was fully explained and vindicated by a person who sat opposite to me, and by the solemnity of his manner, and the richness of his apparel, seemed to be a foreign ambassador. This dissertation produced another on the pragmatic sanction, handled with great warmth by a young gentleman at my right hand, dressed in a green frock trimmed with gold, who justified the French king for his breach of that contract, and affirmed that he could not have observed it without injuring his own glory. Although I was not at all convinced by this gentleman's arguments, I could not help admiring his vivacity, which I imagined must be the effect of his illustrious birth and noble education, and accordingly rated him in my conjecture as a young prince on his travels. The discourse was afterwards shifted by an old gentleman, of a very martial appearance, to the last campaign, when the battle of Dittengen was fought over again, with so many circumstances to the honour of the French, and disadvantage of the allies, that I began to entertain some doubts of my having been there in person, and took the liberty to mention some objections to what he advanced. This freedom introduced a dispute, which lasted a good while, to the mortification of all present; and was at last referred to the determination of a grave person, whom they styled doctor, and who, under a show of great moderation, decided it against me, with so little regard to truth, that I taxed him with partiality in pretty severe terms, to the no small entertainment of the true English politician, who rejoiced at my defence of a cause he had so often espoused without success. My opponent, pleased with the victory he had gained, affected a great deal of candour, and told me, he should not have been so positive, if he had not been at great pains to inform himself of each particular. 'Indeed,' said he, 'I am convinced that, the previous steps

considered, things could not happen otherwise; for we generals, who have seen service, though we may not be on the spot ourselves, know by the least sketch of the disposition what must be the event. He then censured, with great freedom, every circumstance of the conduct of those who commanded the allies; from thence made a transition to the ministry, which he honoured with many invectives, for employing people who had neither experience nor capacity, to the prejudice of old officers who had been distinguished for both; dropped many hints of his own importance; and concluded with observing, that the French and Spaniards knew better how to value generals of merit; the good effects of which were seen in the conquests they gain, and the admirable discipline of their troops, which are at the same time better clothed and paid than any soldiers in the universe. These remarks furnished the green knight with an opportunity of launching out in the praise of the French goverment in general, civil as well as military; on which occasion he made many odious comparisons to the disadvantage of the English. Every body, almost, assented to the observations he made; and the doctor gave his sanction, by saying, the people in France were undoubtedly the happiest subjects in the world. I was so much astonished and confounded at their infatuation and effrontery, that I had not power to utter one word in opposition to their assertions: but my morose associate could not put up with the indignity that was offered to Old England, and therefore, with a satirical grin, addressed himself to the general in these words: —'Sir, sir, I have often heard it said, *she's a villanous bird that befouls her own nest.* As for what those people who are foreigners say, I don't mind it, they know no better; but you, who were bred and born, and have got your bread under the English government, should have more regard to gratitude, as well as truth, in censuring your native country. If the ministry have thought fit to lay you aside, I suppose they have their own reasons for so doing; and you ought to remember that you still live on the bounty of this nation. As for these gentlemen (meaning the prince

and ambassador), who make so free with our constitution, laws, and genius of our people, I think they might shew a little more respect for their benefactors, who I must own, are to blame in harbouring, protecting, and encouraging such ungrateful vagrants as they are.' At these words the chevalier in green started up in a great passion, and laying his hand on the hilt of his hanger, exclaimed,—'Ha, *foutre!*' The Englishman, on the other hand, grasping his cane, cried,—'Don't *foutre* me, sirrah, or, by G—d, I'll knock you down.' The company interposed,—the Frenchman sat down again, and his antagonist proceeded—'Lookee, monsieur, you know very well, that, had you dared to speak so freely of the administration of your own country in Paris, as you have done of ours in London, you would have been sent to the Bastile without ceremony, where you might have rotted in a dungeon, and never seen the light of the sun again. Now, sir, take my word for it, although our constitution screens us from such oppression, we want not laws to chastise the authors of seditious discourse; and if I hear another syllable out of your mouth, in contempt or prejudice of this kingdom, I will give you a convincing proof of what I advance, and have you laid by the heels for your presumption.' This declaration had an effect on the company as sudden as surprising. The young prince became supple as a spaniel; the ambassador trembled; the general sat silent and abashed; and the doctor who, it seems, had felt the rod of power, grew pale as death, and assured us all, that he had no intention to affront any person or people. 'Your principles, doctor,' resumed the old gentleman, 'are no secret—I have nothing to say to you upon that head; but am very much surprised, that a man, who despises us so much, should, notwithstanding, life among us, when he has no visible motive for so doing—Why don't you take up your habitation in your beloved France, where you may rail at England without censure!' To this remonstrance the doctor thought proper to make no reply; and an insocial silence ensued; which I perceiving, took notice, that it was pity such idle disputes,

maintained very often through whim or diversion, should create any misunderstanding among gentlemen of good sense; and proposed to drink down all animosity in another bottle. This motion was applauded by the whole company: the wine was brought, and the English champion, declaring he had no spleen against any man for differing in opinion from him, any more than for difference of complexion, drank to the good health of all present; the compliment was returned, and the conversation once more became unreserved, though more general than before. Among other topics, the subject of war was introduced, on which the general declaimed with great eloquence, recounting many of his own exploits by way of illustration. In the course of his harangue, he happened to mention the word *epaulement*; upon which the testy gentleman asked the meaning of that term. 'I'll tell you what an epaulement is,' replied he,—'I never saw an epaulement but once—and that was at the siege of Namur—in a council of war Monsieur Cohorn, the famous engineer, affirmed that the place could not be taken.' 'Yes,' said the prince of Vaudemont, 'it may be taken by an epaulement. This was immediately put in execution, and in twenty-four hours Mareschal Boufflers was fain to capitulate.' Here he made a full stop; and the old gentleman repeated the question,—'But pray what is an epaulement?' To this interrogation the officer made no immediate reply, but rung the bell, and called for a bill, which being brought, he threw down his proportion of the reckoning, and, telling the company he would shew them an epaulement when his majesty should think fit to intrust him with the command of our army abroad, strutted away with great dignity. I could not imagine why he was so shy of explaining one of the most simple terms of fortification; which I forthwith described as a side-work composed of earth, gabions, or fascines: but I was very much surprised when I afterwards understood that his reserve proceeded from his ignorance. Having paid our bill, we adjourned to the coffee-room, where my fellow-labourer insisted on treating me with a dish, giving me to understand, at the same time,

that I had acquired his good opinion, both with respect to my principles and understanding. I thanked him for his compliment, and, professing myself an utter stranger in this part of the world, begged he would have the goodness to inform me of the quality and characters of the people who dined above. This request was a real favour to one of his disposition, which was no less communicative than curious: he therefore complied with great satisfaction, and told me, to my extreme astonishment, that the supposed young prince was a dancer at one of the theatres, and the ambassador no other than a fiddler belonging to the opera. 'The doctor,' said he, 'is a Roman Catholic priest, who sometimes appears in the character of an officer, and assumes the name of captain; but more generally takes the garb, title, and behaviour of a physician, in which capacity he wheedles himself into the confidence of weak-minded people, and, by arguments no less specious than false, converts them from their religion and allegiance. He has been in the hands of justice more than once for such practices; but he is a sly dog, and manages matters with so much craft, that hitherto he has escaped for a short imprisonment. As for the general, you may see he has owed his promotion more to his interest than his capacity; and, now that the eyes of the ministry are opened, his friends dead, or become inconsiderable, he is struck off the list, and obliged to put up with a yearly pension. In consequence of this reduction, he is become malcontent, and inveighs against the government in all companies, with so little discretion, that I am surprised at the lenity of the administration in overlooking his insolence; but the truth of the matter is, he owes his safety to his weakness and want of importance. He has seen a little, and but a little service; and yet, if you would take his word for it, there has not been a great action performed in the field since the revolution in which he was not principally concerned. When a story is told of any great general, he immediately matches it with one of himself, though he is often unhappy in his invention, and commits such gross blunders in the detail, that every body is in pain for him. Cæsar, Pompey, and Alex-

ander the Great, are continually in his mouth; and as he reads a good deal, without any judgment to digest it, his ideas are confused, and his harangues as unintelligible as infinite; for, once he begins, there is no chance of his leaving off speaking, while one person remains to yield attention; therefore the only expedient I know for putting a stop to his loquacity, is to lay hold of some incongruity he has uttered, and demand an explanation; or ask the meaning of some difficult term that he knows by name only. This method will effectually put him to silence, if not to flight, as it happened when I inquired about an *epaulement*. Had he been acquainted with the signification of that word, his triumph would have been intolerable, and we must have quitted the field first, or been worried with impertinence.' Having thus gratified my curiosity, the old gentleman began to discover his own, in questions relating to myself, to which I thought proper to return ambiguous answers. 'I presume, sir,' said he, 'you have travelled.' I answered,—'yes.' 'I dare say you would find it very expensive,' said he. I replied,—'To be sure, one cannot travel without money.' 'That I know by experience,' said he, 'for I myself take a trip to Bath or Tunbridge every season; and one must pay sauce for what he has on the road, as well in other countries as in this—That's a very pretty stone in your ring,—give me leave, sir,—the French have attained a wonderful skill in making compositions of this kind. Why, now, this looks almost as well as a diamond.' 'Almost as well, sir,' said I, 'why not altogether? I am sure if you understand any thing of jewels, you must perceive at first sight that this stone is a real diamond, and that of a very fine water. Take it in your hand and examine it.' He did so with some confusion, and returned it, saying,—'I ask your pardon, I see it is a true brilliant of immense value.' I imagined his respect for me increased after this inquiry; therefore, to captivate his esteem the more, I told him, I would shew him a seal of composition, engraved after a very valuable antique; upon which I pulled out my watch, with a rich gold chain, adorned with three seals set in gold, and an opal ring. He viewed each of

them with great eagerness, handled the chain, admired the chased case, and observed, that the whole must have cost me a vast sum of money. I affected indifference, and replied in a careless manner,—'Some trifle of sixty or seventy guineas.' He stared in my face for some time, and then asked me if I was an Englishman. I answered in the negative. 'You are from Ireland, then, sir, I presume,' said he. I made the same reply. 'O! perhaps,' said he, 'you was born in one of our settlements abroad.' I still answered, no. He seemed very much surprised, and said, he was sure I was not a foreigner. I made no reply, but left him upon the tenterhooks of impatient uncertainty. He could not contain his anxiety, but asked pardon for the liberties he had taken, and, to encourage me the more to disclose my situation, displayed his own without reserve. 'I am,' said he, 'a single man; have a considerable annuity, on which I live according to my own inclination, and make the ends of the year meet very comfortably. As I have no estate to leave behind me, I am not troubled with the importunate officiousness of relations or legacy-hunters; and I consider the world as made for me, not me for the world: it is my maxim, therefore, to enjoy it while I can, and let futurity shift for itself.' While he thus indulged his own talkative vein, and, at the same time no doubt, expected a retaliation from me, a young man entered, dressed in black velvet, and an enormous tie-wig, with an air in which natural levity and affected solemnity were so jumbled together, that, on the whole, he appeared a burlesque on all decorum. This ridiculous oddity danced up to the table at which we sat, and, after a thousand grimaces, asked my friend, by the name of Mr Medlar, if we were not engaged upon business. My companion put on a surly countenance, and replied,—'No great business, doctor—but however'—'O! then,' cried the physician, 'I must beg your indulgence a little,—pray pardon me, gentlemen. Sir,' said he, addressing himself to me, 'your most humble servant, I hope you will forgive me, sir,—I must beg the favour to sit, sir,—sir, I have something of consequence to impart to my friend Mr Medlar—Sir, I hope you will excuse my freedom

in whispering, sir.' Before I had time to give this complaisant person my permission, Mr Medlar cried—'I'll have no whispering; if you have any thing to say to me, speak with an audible voice.' The doctor seemed a little disconcerted at this exclamation, and turning again to me, made a thousand apologies for pretending to make a mystery of any thing, a piece of caution which he said was owing to his ignorance of my connection with Mr Medlar; but, now he understood I was a friend, he would communicate what he had to say in my hearing. He then began, after two or three hems, in this manner:—'You must know, sir, I am just come from dinner at my Lady Flareit's' (then addressing himself to me), 'a lady of quality, sir, at whose table I have the honour of dining sometimes. There was Lady Stately, and my Lady Larum, and Mrs Dainty, and Miss Biddy Gigler, upon my word, a very good-natured young lady, with a very pretty fortune, sir. There were also my Lord Straddle, Sir John Shrug, and Mr Bille Chatter, who is actually a very facetious young gentleman. So, sir, her ladyship seeing me excessively fatigued, for she was the last of fifteen patients (people of distinction, sir) whom I had visited this forenoon, insisted upon my staying dinner, though, upon my word, I protested I had no appetite; however, in compliance with her ladyship's request, sir, I sat down, and the conversation turning upon different subjects, among other things Mr Chatter asked very earnestly when I saw Mr Medlar. I told him I had not had the pleasure of seeing you these nineteen hours and a half; for you may remember, sir, it was nearly about that time; I won't be positive as to a minute. 'No!' says he, 'then I desire you will go to his lodgings immediately after dinner, and see what's the matter with him, for he certainly must be very bad, from having eat last night such a vast quantity of raw oysters.' The crusty gentleman, who, from the solemnity of his delivery, expected something extraordinary, no sooner heard his conclusion, than he started up in a testy humour, crying,—'Pshaw! pshaw! d—n your oysters;' and walked away, after a short compliment of—'your servant, sir,' to me. The

doctor got up also, saying,—'I vow and protest, upon my word, I am actually amazed,' and followed Mr Medlar to the bar, which was hard by, where he was paying for his coffee: there he whispered so loud, that I could overhear,—'Pray, who is this gentleman?' His friend replied hastily,—'I might have known that before now, if it had not been for your impertinent intrusion,' and walked off very much disappointed. The ceremonious physician returned immediately, and sat down by me, asking a thousand pardons for leaving me alone; and giving me to understand, that what he had communicated to Mr Medlar at the bar was an affair of the last importance, that would admit of no delay. He then called for some coffee, and launched out into the virtues of that berry, which, he said, in cold phlegmatic constitutions like his, dried up the superfluous moisture, and braced the relaxed nerves. He told me it was utterly unknown to the ancients; and derived its name from an Arabian word, which I might easily perceive by the sound and termination. From this topic he transferred his disquisitions to the word *drink*, which he affirmed was improperly applied to the taking of coffee, inasmuch as people did not drink, but sip or sipple that liquor; that the genuine meaning of drinking is to quench one's thirst, or commit a debauch by swallowing wine; that the Latin word, which conveyed the same idea, was *bibere* or *potare*, and that of the Greeks *pinien* or *poteein*, though he was apt to believe they were differently used on different occasions. For example:—to drink a vast quantity, or, as the vulgar express it, to drink an ocean of liquor, was in Latin *potare*, and in Greek *poteein*; and, on the other hand, to use it moderately, was *bibere* and *pinien*; that this was only a conjecture of his own, which, however, seemed to be supported by the word *bibulous*, which is particularly applied to the pores of the skin, that can only drink a very small quantity of the circumambient moisture, by reason of the smallness of their diameters; whereas, from the verb *poteein* is derived the substantive *potamos*, which signifies a river, or vast quantity of liquor. I could not help smiling at this learned and important investigation; and to

recommend myself the more to my new acquaintance, whose disposition I was by this time well informed of, I observed, that what he alleged did not, to the best of my remembrance, appear in the writings of the ancients; for Horace uses the words *poto* and *bibo* indifferently for the same purpose, as in the twentieth ode of his first book,

> Vile potabis modicis Sabinum cantharis,——
> ——Et prælo domitam caleno tu bibes uvam :——

That I had never heard of the verb *potecin*, but that *potamos*, *potema*, and *potos*, were derived from *pino*, *poso*, *popka*; in consequence of which the Greek poets never use any other word for festal drinking. Homer describes Nestor at his cups in these words,

> Nestora d'ouk elathen iache *pinonta* perempes:

and Anacreon mentions it on the same occasion almost in every page,

> *Pinonti* de oinon hedun
> Otan *pino* ton oinon.
> Opliz' ego de *pino*.

and in a thousand other places. The doctor, who, doubtless, intended by his criticism to give me a high idea of his erudition, was infinitely surprised to find himself schooled by one of my appearance; and, after a considerable pause, cried,—'Upon my word, you are in the right, sir—I find I have not considered this affair with my usual accuracy.' Then accosting me in Latin, which he spoke very well, the conversation was maintained full two hours, on a variety of subjects, in that language; and indeed he spoke so judiciously, that I was convinced, notwithstanding his whimsical appearance, and attention to trifles, that he was a man of extensive knowledge, especially in books. He looked upon me, as I afterwards understood from Mr Medlar, as a prodigy in learning, and proposed that very night, if I was not engaged, to introduce me to several young gentlemen of fortune and fashion, with whom he had an appointment at the Bedford coffee-house.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Wagtail introduces me to a set of fine gentlemen, with whom I spend the evening at a tavern—our conversation—the characters of my new companions—the doctor is roasted —the issue of our debauch.

I ACCEPTED his offer with pleasure, and we went thither in a hackney coach, where I saw a great number of gay figures fluttering about, most of whom spoke to the doctor with great familiarity. Among the rest stood a group of them around the fire, whom I immediately knew to be the very persons who had the night before, by their laughing, alarmed my suspicion of the lady who had put herself under my protection. They no sooner perceived me enter with Dr Wagtail (for that was my companion's name), that they tittered and whispered one to another; and I was not a little surprised to find that they were the gentlemen to whose acquaintance he designed to recommend me; for, when he observed them together, he told me who they were, and desired to know by what name he should introduce me. I satisfied him in that particular, and he advanced with great gravity, saying, —'Gentlemen, your most obedient—give me leave to introduce my friend Mr Random to your society.' Then turning to me,—'Mr Random, this is Mr Bragwell—Mr Banter, sir—Mr Chatter—my friend Mr Slyboot, and Mr Ranter, sir.' I saluted each of them in order; and when I came to take Mr Slyboot by the hand, I perceived him thrust his tongue in his cheek, to the no small entertainment of the company; but I did not think proper to take any notice of it on this occasion. Mr Ranter too (who I afterwards learned was a player) displayed his talents, by mimicking my air, features, and voice, while he returned my compliment. This feat I should not have been so sensible of, had not I seen him behave in the same manner to my friend Wagtail, when he made up to them at first. But for once I let him enjoy the fruits of his dexterity without question or controul, resolving, however, to chastise his insolence

at a more convenient opportunity. Mr Slyboot, guessing I was a stranger, asked if I had been lately in France? and when I answered in the affirmative, inquired if I had seen the Luxembourg gallery? I told him I had considered it more than once with great attention. Upon this a conversation ensued, in which I discovered him to be a painter. While we were discoursing upon the particulars of this famous collection, I overheard Banter ask Dr Wagtail where he had picked up this Mr Random? To which question the physician answered,—'Upon my word, a mighty pretty sort of a gentleman—a man of fortune, sir,—he has made the grand tour, and seen the best company in Europe, sir.' 'What! he told you so, I suppose?' said the other, 'I take him to be neither more nor less than a French valet-de-chambre.' 'Oh! barbarous, barbarous!' cried the doctor, 'this is actually upon my word, altogether unaccountable. I know all his family perfectly well, sir; he is of the Randoms of the north—a very ancient house, sir, and a distant relation of mine.' I was extremely nettled at the conjecture of Mr Banter, and began to entertain a very indifferent opinion of my company in general; but as I might possibly by their means acquire a more extensive and agreeable acquaintance, I determined to bear these little mortifications as long as I could, without injuring the dignity of my character. After having talked for some time on the weather, plays, politics, and other coffee-house subjects, it was proposed that we should spend the evening at a noted tavern in the neighbourhood, whither we repaired in a body. Having taken possession of a room, called for French wine, and bespoke supper, the glass went about pretty freely, and the characters of my associates opened upon me more and more. It soon appeared, that the doctor was entertained as a butt for the painter and player to exercise their wit upon, for the diversion of the company. Mr Ranter began the game, by asking him what was good for hoarseness, lowness of spirits, and indigestion, for he was troubled with all these complaints to a very great degree? Wagtail immediately undertook to explain the nature of his case, and in a very prolix

manner harangued upon prognostics, diagnostics, symptomatics, therapeutics, inanition, and repletion; then calculated the force of the stomach and lungs in their respective operations; ascribed the player's malady to a disorder in these organs, proceeding from hard drinking and vociferation, and prescribed a course of stomachics, with abstinence from venery, wine, loud speaking, laughing, singing, coughing, sneezing, or hallooing. 'Pah! pah!' cried Ranter, interrupting him, 'the remedy is worse than the disease—I wish I knew where to find some tinder-water.' 'Tinder-water!' said the doctor, 'upon my word I don't apprehend you, Mr Ranter.' 'Water extracted from tinder,' replied the other, 'an universal specific for all distempers incident to man. It was invented by a learned German monk, who, for a valuable consideration, imparted the secret to Paracelsus.' 'Pardon me,' cried the painter, 'it was first used by Solomon, as appears by a Greek manuscript in his own hand-writing, lately found at the foot of mount Lebanon, by a peasant who was digging for potatoes.' 'Well,' said Wagtail, 'in all my vast reading I never met with such a preparation! neither did I know till this minute that Solomon understood Greek, or that potatoes grew in Palestine.' Here Banter interposed, saying, he was surprised that Dr Wagtail should make the least doubt of Solomon's understanding Greek, when he is represented to us as the wisest and best educated prince in the world; and as for potatoes, they were transplanted thither from Ireland, in the time of the crusades, by some knights of that country. 'I profess,' said the doctor, 'there is nothing more likely—I would actually give a vast sum for a sight of that manuscript, which must be inestimable—and if I understood the process, would set about it immediately.' The player assured him the process was very simple—that he must cram a hundred weight of dry tinder into a glass retort, and distilling it by the force of animal heat, it would yield half a scruple of insipid water, one drop of which is a full dose. 'Upon my integrity!' exclaimed the credulous doctor, 'this is very amazing and extraordinary! that a *caput mortuum* shall yield

any water at all—I must own I have always been an enemy to specifics, which I thought inconsistent with the nature of the animal economy; but certainly the authority of Solomon is not to be questioned. I wonder where I shall find a glass retort large enough to contain such a vast quantity of tinder, the consumption of which must undoubtedly raise the price of paper—or where I shall find animal heat sufficient even to warm such a mass.' Slyboot informed him, that he might have a retort blown for him as big as a church and that the easiest method of raising the vapour by animal heat, would be to place it in the middle of an infirmary for feverish patients, who might lie upon mattrasses around, and in contact with it. He had no sooner pronounced these words, than Wagtail exclaimed in a rapture,—'An admirable expedient, as I hope to be saved! I will positively put it in practice.' This simplicity of the physician furnished excellent diversion for the company, who, in their turns, sneered at him in ironical compliments, which his vanity swallowed as the genuine sentiments of their hearts. Mr Chatter, impatient of so long a silence, now broke out, and entertained us with a catalogue of all the people who danced at the last Hampstead assembly, with a most circumstantial account of the dress and ornaments of each, from the lappets of the ladies to the shoe-buckles of the men; concluding with telling Bragwell, that his mistress Melinda was there, and seemed to miss him; and soliciting his company at the next occasion of that kind. 'No, no, demme,' said Bragwell, 'I have something else to mind than dangling after a parcel of giddy-headed girls; besides, you know my temper is so unruly that I am apt to involve myself in scrapes when a woman is concerned. The last time I was there, I had an affair with Tom Trippet.' 'O! I remember that,' cried Banter; 'you lugged out before the ladies; and I commend you for so doing, because you had an opportunity of shewing your manhood without running any risk.' 'Risk!' said the other, with a fierce countenance, 'damn my blood! I fear no risks. I an't afraid of lugging out against any man that wears a head, damme! 'tis well known I have

drawn blood more than once, and lost some too; but what does that signify?' The player begged this champion to employ him as his second the next time he intended to kill, for he wanted to see a man die of a stab, that he might know how to act such a part the more naturally on the stage. 'Die!' replied the hero: 'no, by God! I know better things than to incur the verdict of a Middlesex jury —I should look upon my fencing-master to be an ignorant son of a b——, if he had not taught me to prick any part of my antagonist's body that I please to disable.' 'Oho!' cried Slyboot, 'if that be the case, I have a favour to ask. You must know I am employed to paint a Jesus on the cross; and my purpose is to represent him at that point of time when the spear is thrust into his side. Now, I should be glad you would, in my presence, pink some impertinent fellow into convulsions, without endangering his life, that I may have an opportunity of taking a good clever agony from nature. The doctor will direct you where to enter, and how far to go; but pray let it be as near the left side as possible.' Wagtail, who took this proposal seriously, observed, that it would be a very difficult matter to penetrate into the left side of the thorax, without hurting the heart, and of consequence killing the patient; but he believed it was possible for a man of a very nice hand, and exact knowledge of anatomy, to wound the diaphragma somewhere about the skirts, which might induce a singultus, without being attended with death; that he was ready to demonstrate the insertion of that muscle to Mr Bragwell; but desired to have no concern with the experiment, which might essentially prejudice his reputation, in case of miscarriage. Bragwell was as much imposed upon by the painter's waggery as the doctor, and declined engaging in the affair, saying, he had a very great regard for Mr Slyboot, but had laid it down as a maxim never to fight except when his honour was engaged. A thousand jokes of this kind were uttered; the wine circulated; supper was served in; we ate heartily; returned to the bottle; Bragwell became noisy and troublesome; Banter grew more and more

severe; Ranter rehearsed; Slyboot made faces at the whole company; I sung French catches, and Chatter kissed me with great affection; while the doctor, with a woful countenance sat silent like a disciple of Pythagoras. At length, it was proposed by Bragwell, that we should scour the hundreds, sweet the constable, maul the watch, and then reel soberly to bed.

While we deliberated on this expedition, the waiter came into the room, and asked for Doctor Wagtail; when he understood he was present, he told him there was a lady below to inquire for him; at which message the physician started from his melancholy contemplation, and, with a look of extreme confusion, assured the company, he could not possibly be the person wanted, for he had no connection with any lady whatever, and bade the drawer tell her so. 'For shame!' cried Banter, 'would you be so impolite as to refuse the lady a hearing! perhaps she comes for a consultation. It must be some extraordinary affair that brings a lady to a tavern at this time o'night. Mr Ranter, pray do the doctor's baisemoins to the lady, and squire her hither.' The player immediately staggered out, and returned, leading in, with much ceremony, a tall strapping wench, whose appearance proclaimed her occupation. We received her with the utmost solemnity, and with a good deal of entreaty she was persuaded to sit, when a profound silence ensued, during which she fixed her eyes, with a disconsolate look, upon the doctor, who was utterly confounded at her behaviour, and returned her melancholy fourfold. At length, after a good many pituous sighs, she wiped her eyes, and accosted him thus:—'What! not one word of comfort? Will nothing soften that stony heart of thine? Not all my tears! not all my affliction! not the inevitable ruin thou hast brought upon me! Where are thy vows, thou faithless perjured man? Hast thou no honour—no conscience—no remorse for thy perfidious conduct towards me?—Answer me, wilt thou at last do me justice, or must I have recourse to heaven or hell for my revenge?' If poor Wagtail was amazed before she spoke, what must his confusion be on

hearing this address! His natural paleness changed into a ghastly clay colour, his eyes rolled, his lips trembled, and he answered, in an accent not to be described,—'Upon my word, honour, and salvation! madam, you are actually mistaken in my person. I have a most particular veneration for your sex, and am actually incapable of injuring any lady in the smallest degree, madam;—besides, madam, to the best of my recollection, I never had the honour of seeing you before, as I hope to be saved, madam!' 'How, traitor!' cried she, 'dost thou disown me then?—Mistaken! no, too well I know that fair bewitching face! too well I know that false enchanting tongue!—Alas! gentlemen, since the villain compels me, by his unkindness, to expose myself and him, know that this betrayer, under the specious pretence of honourable addresses, won my heart, and, taking advantage of his conquest, robbed me of my virgin treasure, and afterwards abandoned me to my fate! I am now four months gone with child by him, turned out of doors by my relations, and left a prey to misery and want! Yes, thou barbarian,' said she, turning to Wagtail, 'thou tiger, thou succubus! too well thou knowest my situation—but I will tear out thy faithless heart, and deliver the world from such a monster.' So saying, she sprung forward at the doctor, who, with incredible agility, jumped over the table, and ran behind Bragwell, while the rest of us endeavoured to appease the furious heroine. Although every body in the company affected the utmost surprise, I could easily perceive it was a scheme concerted among them to produce diversion at the doctor's expense; and being under no concern about the consequence, I entered into the confederacy, and enjoyed the distress of Wagtail, who, with tears in his eyes, begged the protection of the company, declaring himself as innocent of the crime laid to his charge, as the fœtus in utero; and hinting at the same time, that nature had not put it in his power to be guilty of such a trespass—'Nature!' cried the lady, 'there was no nature in the case—he abused me by the help of charms and spells; else how is it possible that any woman could have listened

to the addresses of such a scare-crow? Were these owlish eyes made for oggling; that carrion complexion to be admired; or that mouth like a horse-shoe to be kissed? No, no, you owe your success to your filtres, to your drugs, and incantations; and not to your natural talents, which are in every respect mean and contemptible.' The doctor now thought he had got an opportunity of vindicating himself effectually; and desired the complainant to compose herself but for half an hour, in which he undertook to prove the absurdity of believing in the power of incantations, which were only idle dreams of ignorance and superstition. He accordingly pronounced a very learned discourse upon the nature of ideas, the power and independence of the mind, the properties of stimulating medicines, the difference between a proneness to venery, which many simples would create, and a passion limited to one object, which can only be the result of sense and reflection; and concluded with a pathetic remonstrance, setting forth his unhappiness in being persecuted with the resentment of a lady whom he had never injured, nor even seen before that occasion, and whose faculties were, in all likelihood, so much impaired by her misfortunes, that an innocent person was in danger of being ruined by her disorder. He had no sooner finished his harangue, than the forlorn princess renewed her lamentations, and cautioned the company against his eloquence, which, she said, was able to bias the most impartial bench in Christendom. Banter advised him to espouse her immediately, as the only means to salve his reputation, and offered to accompany him to the Fleet for that purpose; but Slyboot proposed that a father should be purchased for the child, and a comfortable alimony settled on the mother. Ranter promised to adopt the infant *gratis*. Wagtail was ready to worship him for his generosity; and, though he persisted in protesting his innocence, condescended to every thing, rather than his unblemished character should be called in question. The lady rejected the proposal, and insisted on matrimony. Bragwell took up the cudgels for the doctor, and undertook to rid him of her importunity for half a

guinea; upon which Wagtail, with great eagerness, pulled out his purse, and put it into the hand of his friend, who, taking half a piece out of it, gave it to the plaintiff, and bade her thank God for her good fortune. When she had received this bounty, she affected to weep, and begged, since the physician had renounced her, he would at least vouchsafe her a parting kiss: this he was prevailed upon to grant with great reluctance, and went up with his usual solemnity to salute her; when she laid hold of his cheek with her teeth, and held fast, while he roared with anguish, to the unspeakable diversion of all present. When she thought proper to release him, she dropt a low court'sey to the company, and quitted the room, leaving the doctor in the utmost horror, not so much on account of the pain, as the apprehension of the consequence of the bite; for by this time he was convinced of her being mad. Banter prescribed the actual cautery, and put the poker in the fire to be heated, in order to sear the place. The player was of opinion that Bragwell should scoop out the part affected with the point of his sword; but the painter prevented both these dreadful operations, by recommending a balsam he had in his pocket, which never failed to cure the bite of a mad dog: so saying, he pulled out a small bladder of black paint; with which he instantly anointed not only the sore, but the greatest part of the patient's face, and left it in a frightful condition. In short, the poor creature was so harassed with fear and vexation, that I pitied him extremely, and sent him home in a chair, contrary to the inclination of every body present.

This freedom of mine gave umbrage to Bragwell, who testified his displeasure, by swearing a few threats, without making any application; which being perceived by Slyboot, who sat by me, he, with a view of promoting a quarrel, whispered to me, that he thought Bragwell used me very ill; but every man was the best judge of his own affairs. I answered aloud, that I would neither suffer Mr Bragwell nor him to use me ill with impunity, and that I stood in no need of his counsel, in regard to the regulation

of my conduct. He thought proper to ask a thousand pardons, and assure me he meant no offence; while Bragwell feigned himself asleep, that he might not be obliged to take notice of what passed. But the player, who had more animal spirits, and less discretion, than Slyboot, unwilling to let the affair rest where he had dropped it, jogged Mr Bragwell, and told him softly, that I called him names, and threatened to cudgel him. This particular I understood by his starting, and crying,—'Blood and wounds! you lie! No man durst treat me so ignominiously—Mr Random, did you call me names, and threaten to drub me?' I denied the imputation, and proposed to punish the scoundrel who endeavoured to foment disturbances in the company: Bragwell signified his approbation, and drew his sword; I did the same, and accosted the actor in these words:—'Lookee, Mr Ranter, I know you possess all the mimicry and mischievous qualities of an ape, because I have observed you put them all in practice more than once to-night, on me and others; now I want to see if you resemble one in nimbleness also; therefore I desire you to leap over this sword without hesitation.' So saying, I held it parallel to the horizon, at the distance of about three feet from the floor, and called,—'Once—twice—thrice, and away;' but, instead of complying with my command, he snatched his hat and hanger, and assuming the looks, swagger, and phrase of Pistol, burst out into the following exclamation:—'Ha! must I then perform inglorious prank, of sylvan ape in mountain forest caught! Death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days, and lay my head in fury's lap. Have we not Hiren here?' This buffoonery did not answer his expectation, for by this time the company was bent on seeing him in a new character. Mr Banter desired me to hold my sword a foot or two higher, that he might have the better opportunity of exerting himself. The painter told him, if he performed well, he would recommend him as a vaulter to the proprietors of Sadler's Wells; and Bragwell crying—'Leap for the king,' applied the point of his sword to the player's posteriors with such success, that

he sprung over in a trice, and, finding the door unguarded, vanished in a twinkling; glad, no doubt, of having paid his share of the reckoning so easily.

It being now near two o'clock in the morning, we discharged the bill, and sallied out into the street. The painter slunk away without taking his leave. Billy Chatter, being unable to speak or stand, was sent to a bagnio; and Banter and I accompanied Bragwell to Moll King's coffee-house, where, after he had kicked half a dozen of hungry w——, we left him asleep on a bench, and directed our course towards Charing-Cross, near which place both he and I lodged.

The natural dryness of my companion being overcome by liquor, he honoured me by the way with many compliments and professions of friendship, for which I made suitable acknowledgments, and told him, I thought myself happy in having, by my behaviour, removed the unfavourable opinion he entertained of me at first sight. He was surprised at this declaration, and begged me to explain myself; upon which I mentioned what I had overheard him say of me to Wagtail in the coffee-house. He laughed, and made an apolgy for his freedom, assuring me, that my appearance had very much prepossessed him in my favour; and what he said was only intended as a joke on the doctor's solemnity. I was highly pleased at being undeceived in this particular, and not a little proud of the good opinion of this wit, who shook me by the hand at parting, and promised to meet me next day at the ordinary.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Strap communicates to me a conquest he had made of a chandler's widow—finds himself miserably mistaken—I go to the opera—admire Melinda—am cautioned by Banter—go to the assembly at Hampstead—dance with that young lady—receive an insolent message from Bragwell, whose metal is soon cooled—am in favour with my mistress, whom I visit next day; and am bubbled out of eighteen guineas at cards—Strap triumphs at my success, but is astonished at my expense—Banter comes to my lodging, is very sarcastic at my expense, and borrows five guineas from me as a proof of his friendship.

In the morning before I got up, Strap came into my chamber, and, finding me awake, hemmed several times, scratched his head, cast his eyes upon the ground, and, with a very foolish kind of simper upon his face, gave me to understand he had something to communicate. 'By your countenance,' said I, 'I expect to hear good tidings.' 'Indifferent,' replied he, tittering, 'that is, hereafter as it shall be. You must know I have some thoughts of altering my condition.' 'What!' cried I, astonished, 'a matrimonial scheme? O rare Strap! thou hast got the heels of me at last.' 'N'—no less, I assure you,' said he, bursting into a laugh of self-approbation; 'a tallow-chandler's widow, that lives hard by, has taken a liking to me—A fine jolly dame, as plump as a partridge. She has a well furnished house, a brisk trade, and a good deal of the ready. I may have her for the asking. She told a friend of mine, a brother footman, that she would take me out of a stinking clout. But I refused to give my final answer, till I knew your opinion of the matter.' I congratulated Monsieur d'Estrapes upon his conquest, and approved of the scheme, provided he could be assured of those circumstances of her fortune; but advised him to do nothing rashly, and give me an opportunity of seeing the lady before matters should be brought to a conclusion. He assured me he would do nothing without my consent and approbation; and that

very morning, while I was at breakfast, introduced his inamorata to my acquaintance. She was a short thick woman, about the age of thirty-six, and had a particular prominence of belly, which I perceived at first sight, not without some suspicion of foul play. I desired her, however, to sit, and treated her with a dish of tea; the discourse turning on the good qualities of Strap, whom I represented as a prodigy of sobriety, industry, and virtue. When she took her leave, he followed her to the door, and returned licking his lips, and asking if I did not think she was a luscious creature? I made no mystery of my apprehension, but declared my sentiments of her without reserve; at which he was not surprised, telling me he had observed the same symptom, but had been informed by his friend that she was only liver-grown, and would in a few months be as small in the waist as ever. 'Yes,' said I, 'a few weeks, I believe, will do the business. In short, Strap, it is my opinion, that you are egregiously imposed upon; and that this friend is no other than a rascal who wants to palm his trull upon you for a wife, that he may at once deliver himself from the importunities of the mother, and the expense of her bantling; for which reason I would not have you trust implicitly to the report he makes of her wealth, which is inconsistent with his behaviour; nor run your head precipitately into a noose, that you may afterwards wish exchanged for the hangman's.' He seemed very much startled at my insinuation, and promised to look twice before he leaped; saying, with some heat,—'Odds, if I find his intention is to betray me, we shall see which of us is the better man.' My prediction was verified in less than a fortnight; her great belly producing an infant, to the unspeakable amazement of Strap, who was, before this happened, inclinable to believe I had refined a little too much in my penetration. His false friend disappeared; and in a few days after, an execution was issued against her goods and household-furniture, which were seized by the creditors.

Meanwhile I met my friend Banter at the ordinary, and in the evening went to the opera with him and Mr Chatter,

who pointed out Melinda in one of the boxes, and offered to introduce me to her, observing, at the same time, that she was a reigning toast worth ten thousand pounds. This piece of information made my heart bound with joy, and I discovered great eagerness to accept the proposal; upon which he assured me I should dance with her at the next assembly, if he had any influence in that quarter: so saying, he went round, spoke to her some minutes, and, as I imagined, pointed at me; then returning, told me, to my unexpressible pleasure, that I might depend upon what he had promised, for she was now engaged as my partner. Banter, in a whisper, gave me to understand, that she was an incorrigible coquette, who would grant the same favour to any young fellow in England of a tolerable appearance, merely to engage him among the herd of her admirers, that she might have the pleasure of seeing them daily increase; that she was of a cold insensible disposition, dead to every passion but vanity, and so blind to merit, that he would lay any wager the wealthiest fool should carry her at last. I attributed a good deal of this intelligence to the satirical turn of my friend, or resentment for having himself suffered a rebuff from the lady in question; and at any rate, trusted so much to my own accomplishments, as to believe no woman could resist the ardour of my addresses.

Full of this confidence, I repaired to Hampstead, in company with Billy Chatter, my Lord Hobble, and Doctor Wagtail. There I saw a very brilliant assembly, before whom I had the honour to walk a minute with Melinda, who charmed me with her frank manner and easiness of behaviour. Before the country dances began, I received a message, by a person I did not know, from Bragwell, who was present, importing, that nobody who knew him presumed to dance with Melinda, while he was there in person; and that I would do well to relinquish her without noise, because he had a mind to lead up a country dance with her. This extraordinary intimation, which was delivered in the lady's hearing, did not at all discompose me, who by this time was pretty well acquainted with the character of my rival. I

therefore, without the least symptom of concern, bade the gentleman tell Mr Bragwell, that, since I was so happy as to obtain the lady's consent, I should not be solicitous about his; and desired the bearer himself to bring me no such impertinent messages for the future. Melinda affected a sort of confusion, and pretended to wonder that Mr Bragwell should give himself such liberties with regard to her, who had no manner of connection with the fellow. I laid hold of this opportunity, to display my valour, and offered to call him to an account for his insolence, a proposal which she absolutely refused, under pretence of consulting my safety; though I could perceive, by the sparkling of her eyes, that she would not have thought herself affronted in being the subject of a duel. I was by no means pleased with this discovery of her thoughts, which not only argued the most unjustifiable vanity, but likewise the most barbarous indifference; however, I was allured by her fortune, and resolved to gratify her pride, in making her the occasion of a public quarrel between me and Bragwell, who, I was pretty certain, would never drive matters to a dangerous extremity.

While we danced together, I observed this formidable rival at one end of the room, encircled with a cluster of beaux, to whom he talked with great vehemence, casting many big looks at me, from time to time. I guessed the subject of his discourse, and, as soon as I had handed my partner to her seat, strutted up to the place where he stood, and, cocking my hat in his face, demanded aloud if he had any thing to say to me. He answered with a sullen tone,—'Nothing at present, sir;' and turned about upon his heel. 'Well,' said I, 'you know where I am to be found at any time.' His companions stared at one another, and I returned to the lady, whose features brightened at my approach, and immediately a whisper run through the whole room; after which so many eyes were turned upon me, that I was ready to sink with confusion. When the ball broke up, I led her to her coach, and, like a true French gallant, would have got up behind it, in order to protect her from violence on the road; but

she absolutely refused my offer, and expressed her concern that there was not an empty seat for me within the vehicle.

Next day in the afternoon, I waited on her at her lodgings, by permission, in company with Chatter, and was very civilly received by her mother, with whom she lived; there were a good many fashionable people present, chiefly young fellows; and immediately after tea, a couple of card tables were set, at one of which I had the honour to play with Melinda, who, in less than three hours, made shift to plunder me of eight guineas. I was well enough content to lose a little money with a good grace, that I might have an opportunity, in the meantime, to say soft things, which are still more welcome when accompanied with good luck; but I was by no means satisfied of her fair play; a circumstance that shocked me not a little, and greatly impaired my opinion of her disinterestedness and delicacy. However, I was resolved to profit by this behaviour, and treat her in my turn with less ceremony; accordingly, I laid close siege to her, and finding her not at all disgusted with the gross incense I offered, that very night made a declaration of love in plain terms. She received my addresses with great gaiety, and pretended to laugh them off; but, at the same time, treated me with such particular complacency, that I was persuaded I had made a conquest of her heart, and concluded myself the happiest man alive. Elevated with these flattering ideas, I sat down again to cards, after supper, and with great cheerfulness suffered myself to be cheated of ten guineas more.

It was late before I took my leave, after being favoured with a general invitation; and when I got into bed, the adventures of the day hindered me from sleeping. Sometimes I pleased myself with the hopes of possessing a fine woman with ten thousand pounds: then I would ruminate on the character I had heard of her from Banter, and compare it with the circumstances of her conduct towards me, which seemed to bear too great a resemblance to the picture he had drawn. This introduced a melancholy reflection on the expense I had undergone, and the smallness of my funds to

support it, which, by the by, were none of my own. In short, I found myself involved in doubts and perplexities, that kept me awake the greatest part of the night.

In the morning, Strap, with whom I had not conversed for two days, presented himself with the utensils for shaving me; upon which, I asked his opinion of the lady whom he had seen me conduct to her coach at Hampstead,—'Odd! she's a delicious creature,' cried he, 'and, as I am informed, a great fortune. I am sorry you did not insist on going home with her. I dare say, she would not have refused your company; for she seemed to be a good-humoured soul.' 'There's a time for all things,' said I. 'You must know, Strap, I was in company with her till one o'clock this morning.' I had no sooner pronounced these words than he began to caper about the room, and snap his fingers, crying, in a transport,—the day's our own!—the day's our own!' I gave him to understand that his triumph was a little premature, and that I had more difficulties to surmount than he was aware of; then I recounted to him the intelligence I had received from Banter. At which he changed colour, shook his head, and observed there was no faith in women. I told him I was resolved to make a bold push notwithstanding, although I foresaw it would lead me into a great expense; and bade him guess the sum I had lost last night at cards. He scratched his chin, and professed his abhorrence of cards, the very name of which being mentioned made him sweat with vexation, as it recalled the money-dropper to his remembrance;—'but, however,' said he, 'you have to do with other guess-people now. Why, I suppose, if you had a bad run last night, you would scarce come off for less than ten or twelve shillings.' I was mortified at this piece of simplicity, which I imagined, at that time, was all affected, by way of reprimand for my folly; and asked with some heat, if he thought I spent the evening in a cellar with chairmen and bunters; giving him to know, at the same time, that my expense had amounted to eighteen guineas. It would require the pencil of Hogarth to express the astonishment and concern of Strap, on hearing this piece of news;

the bason in which he was preparing the lather for my chin, dropped out of his hands, and he remained some time immoveable in that ludicrous attitude, with his mouth open, and his eyes thrust forward considerably beyond their station; but remembering my disposition, which was touchy and impatient of controul, he smothered his chagrin, and attempted to recollect himself. With this view he endeavoured to laugh, but, in spite of his teeth, broke out in a whimper, took up his wash-ball and pewter-pot, scrubbed my beard with the one, and discharged the other upon my face. I took no notice of his confusion, but after he had fully recovered himself, put him in mind of his right, and assured him of my readiness to surrender his effects whenever he should think proper to demand them. He was nettled at my insinuation, which he thought proceeded from my distrust of his friendship; and begged I would never talk to him in that strain again, unless I had a mind to break his heart.

This good creature's unalterable friendship for me affected me with the most grateful sentiments, and acted as a spur to my resolution of acquiring a fortune, that I might have it in my power to manifest my generosity in my turn. For this purpose I determined to bring matters to a speedy conclusion with Melinda; well knowing that a few such nights as the last, would effectually incapacitate me from prosecuting that or any other advantageous amour.

While my meditations were busied in planning out my future conduct, Mr Banter favoured me with a visit; and, after breakfast, asked how I had passed the preceding evening? I answered, I was very agreeably entertained at a private house. 'Yes,' said he, with a sarcastic smile, 'you deserved something extraordinary for the price you paid.' I was surprised at this remark, and pretended ignorance of his meaning. 'Come, come, Random,' continued he, 'you need not make a mystery of it to me, the whole town has it. I wish that foolish affair between you and Bragwell at Hampstead had been less public. It has set all the busy-bodies at work to find out your real character and situation; and you cannot imagine what conjectures have already circulated at

your expense. One suspects you to be a jesuit in disguise; another thinks you are an agent from the pretender; a third believes you to be an upstart gamester, because nobody knows any thing of your family or fortune; a fourth is of opinion that you are an Irish fortune-hunter.' This last hypothesis touched me so nearly, that, to conceal my confusion, I was fain to interrupt his detail, and damn the world for an envious meddling community, that would not suffer a gentleman to live without molestation. He took no notice of this apostrophe, but went on,—'For my own part, I neither know, nor desire to know, who, or what you are; this I am certain of, that few people make a mystery of their origin or situation, who can boast of any thing advantageous in either; and my own opinion of the matter is, that you have raised yourself by your industry, from nothing to the appearance you now maintain, and which you endeavour to support by some matrimonial scheme.' Here he fixed his eyes stedfastly upon me, and perceiving my face covered with blushes, told me, now he was confirmed in his opinion;—'Look ye, Random,' said he, 'I have divined your plan, and am confident it will never succeed. You are too honest, and too ignorant of the town, to practise the necessary cheats of your profession, and detect the conspiracies that will be formed against you. Besides, you are downright bashful—What the devil! set up for a fortune-hunter before you have conquered the sense of shame! perhaps you are entitled by your merit, and I believe you are, to a richer and better wife than Melinda; but, take my word for it, she is not to be won at that rate; or, if you are so lucky as to carry her, between you and me, you may say, as Teague did, *by my soul, I have gained a loss!* She would take care to spend her fortune in a twinkling, and soon make you sick of her extravagance.' I was alarmed by his discourse, while I resented the freedom of it, and expressed my disgust, by telling him, he was mistaken in my intentions, and desiring he would give me leave to regulate my conduct according to the dictates of my own reason. He made an apology for the liberty he had taken, and ascribed it to the

warmth of his friendship for me; as an uncommon instance of which, he borrowed five guineas, assuring me there were very few people in the world whom he would so far favour with his confidence. I gave him the money, and professed myself so well convinced of his sincerity, that he had no occasion to put it to such extraordinary proofs for the future. 'I thought,' said he, 'to have asked five pieces more, but hearing you was bubbled of eighteen last night, I presumed you might be out of cash, and resolved to model my demand accordingly.' I could not help admiring the cavalier behaviour of this spark, of whom I desired to know his reason for saying I was bubbled. He then gave me to understand, that, before he came to my lodgings, he had beat up Tom Tossle, who, having been present, informed him of the particulars, rehearsed all the fine things I said to Melinda, with which he proposes to entertain the town; and, among other circumstances, assured him, my mistress cheated me with so little art, that nobody but a mere novice could have been imposed upon.

The thoughts of becoming a subject of raillery for coxcombs, and losing my money to boot, stung me to the quick; but I made a virtue of my indignation, and swore that no man should, with impunity, either asperse the character of Melinda, or turn my behavour into ridicule. He replied in a dry manner, that I would find it an Herculean task to chastise every body who would laugh at my expense; and as for the character of Melinda, he did not see how it could suffer by what was laid to her charge; for that cheating at cards, far from being reckoned a blemish among people of fashion, was looked upon as an honourable indication of superior genius and address.—'But let us wave this subject,' said he, 'and go to the coffee-house, in order to make a party for dinner.'

CHAPTER XLVIII.

We repair to the coffee-house, where we overhear a curious dispute between Wagtail and Medlar, which is referred to our decision—the doctor gives an account of his experiment—Medlar is roasted by Banter at the ordinary—the old gentleman's advice to me.

Being as willing to drop the theme, as he to propose it, I accompanied him thither, where we found Mr Medlar and Dr Wagtail disputing upon the word *custard*, which the physician affirmed should be spelled with a *g*, because it was derived from the Latin word *gustare*,—'to taste.' But Medlar pleaded custom in behalf of *c*, observing, that, by the doctor's rule, we ought to change pudding into budding, because it is derived from the French word *boudin*; and in that case, why not retain the original orthography and pronunciation of all the foreign words we have adopted; by which means our language would become a dissonant jargon, without standard or propriety? The controversy was referred to us; and Banter, notwithstanding his real opinion to the contrary, decided it in favour of Wagtail: upon which the peevish annuitant arose, and uttering the monosyllable pish! with great emphasis, removed to another table.

We then inquired of the doctor what progress he had made in the experiment of distilling tinder-water; and he told us he had been at all the glass-houses about town, but could find nobody who would undertake to blow a retort large enough to hold the third part of the quantity prescribed; but he intended to try the process on as much as would produce five drops, which would be sufficient to prove the specific, and then he would make it a parliamentary affair: that he had already purchased a considerable weight of rags, in reducing which to tender, he had met with a misfortune, which had obliged him to change his lodgings; for he had gathered them in a heap on the floor, and set fire to them with a candle, on the supposition that the boards would sustain no damage, because it is the nature of flame to ascend; but by

some very extraordinary accident the wood was invaded, and began to blaze with great violence, which disordered him so much, that he had not presence of mind enough to call for assistance, and the whole house must have been consumed, with him in the midst of it, had not the smoke, that rolled out of the windows in clouds, alarmed the neighbourhood, and brought people to his succour: that he had lost a pair of black velvet breeches and a tie-wig in the hurry, besides the expense of the rags, which were rendered useless by the water used to quench the flame, and the damage of the floor, which he was compelled to repair. That his landlord, believing him distracted, had insisted on his quitting his apartment at a minute's warning, and he was put to incredible inconvenience; but now he was settled in a very comfortable house, and had the use of a large paved yard for preparing his tinder: so that he hoped in a very short time to reap the fruits of his labour.

After having congratulated the doctor on his prospect, and read the papers, we repaired to an auction of pictures, where we entertained ourselves an hour or two. From thence we adjourned to the Mall, and, after two or three turns, went back to dinner, Banter assuring us, that he intended to roast Medlar at the ordinary; and indeed we were no sooner set than the cynic began to execute his purpose, by telling the old gentleman, that he looked extremely well, considering the little sleep he had enjoyed last night. To this compliment Medlar made no reply, but by a stare accompanied with a significant grin;—and Banter went on thus:—'I don't know whether most to admire the charity of your mind, or the vigour of your body. Upon my soul, Mr Medlar, you do generous things with the best taste of any man I know: you extend your compassion to real objects, and exact only such returns as they are capable of making. You must know, gentlemen,' (said he, turning to the company), 'I had been up most part of the night with a friend who is ill of a fever, and on my return home this morning chanced to pass by a gin-shop still open, whence issued a confused sound of mirth and jollity: upon which I popped in my head, and

perceived Mr Medlar dancing bare-headed in the midst of ten or twenty ragged bunters, who rejoiced at his expense. But indeed Mr Medlar, you ought not to sacrifice your constitution to your benevolence. Consider you grow old apace; and therefore have a reverend care of your health, which must certainly be very much impaired by these nocturnal expeditions.' The testy senior could no longer contain himself, but cried hastily,—'Tis well known that your tongue is no slander.' 'I think,' said the other, 'you might spare that observation, as you are very sensible, that my tongue hath done you signal service on many occasions. You may remember, that when you made your addresses to the fat widow, who kept a public house at Islington, there was a report spread very much to the prejudice of your manhood, which coming to the ears of your mistress, you was discarded immediately, and I brought matters to a reconciliation, by assuring her you had three bastards at nurse in the country: how you ruined your own affair afterwards, it is neither my business nor inclination to relate.' This anecdote, which had no other foundation than in Banter's own invention, afforded a good deal of mirth to every body present, and provoked Mr Medlar beyond all sufferance; so that he started up in a mighty passion, and, forgetting that his mouth was full, bespattered those who sat next to him, while he discharged his indignation in a volley of oaths, and called Banter insignificant puppy, impertinent jackanapes, and an hundred such appellations; telling the company, he had invented these false malicious aspersions, because he would not lend him money to squander away upon rooks and whores. A very likely story (said Banter), that I should attempt to borrow money of a man who is obliged to practise a thousand shifts to make his weekly allowance hold out till Saturday's night. Sometimes he sleeps four-and-twenty hours at a stretch, by which means he saves three meals, besides coffee-house expense. Sometimes he is fain to put up with bread and cheese and small beer for dinner; and sometimes he regales on two penny worth of ox-cheek in a cellar.' 'You are a lying miscreant,' cried Medlar, in an ecstasy of

rage, 'I can always command money enough to pay your tailor's bill, which I am sure is no trifle; and I have a good mind to give you a convincing proof of my circumstances, by prosecuting you for defamation, sirrah.' By this time the violence of his wrath had deprived him of his appetite, and he sat silent, unable to swallow one mouthful, while his tormentor enjoyed his mortification, and increased his chagrin, by advising him to lay in plentifully for his next day's fast.

Dinner being ended, we came down stairs to the coffee-room, and Banter went away to keep an appointment, saying, he supposed he should see Wagtail and me in the evening at the Bedford coffee-house. He was no sooner gone, than the old gentleman took me aside, and said he was sorry to see me so intimate with that fellow, who was one of the most graceless rakes about town, and had already wasted a good estate and constitution upon harlots; that he had been the ruin of many a young man, by introducing them into debauched company, and setting a lewd example of all manner of wickedness; and that, unless I was on my guard, he would strip me in a short time both of my money and reputation. I thanked him for his information, and promised to conduct myself accordingly, wishing, however, his caution had been a few hours more early, by which means I might have saved five guineas. Notwithstanding this intelligence, I was inclinable to impute some part of the charge to Medlar's revenge for the liberties taken with him at dinner; and, therefore, as soon as I could disengage myself, applied to Wagtail for his opinion of the character in question; resolved to compare their accounts, allowing for the prejudice of each, and to form my judgment upon both, without adhering strictly to either. The doctor assured me, that he was a very pretty gentleman of family and fortune; a scholar, a wit, a critic, and perfectly well acquainted with the town; that his honour and courage were unquestionable, though some extravagancies he had been guilty of, and his talent for satire, had procured him enemies, and made some people shy of his acquaintance.

From these different sketches, I concluded that Banter was a young fellow of some parts, who had spent his fortune, but retained his appetites, and fallen out with the world, because he could not enjoy it to his wish.

I went to the Bedford coffee-house in the evening, where I met my friends, from thence proceeded to the play, and afterwards carried them home to my lodgings, where we supped in great good humour.

CHAPTER XLIX.

I receive a challenge—the consequences of it—the quarrel being made up, am put in arrest, by the care and affection of Strap—but immediately released upon explaining my affair—the behaviour of Mr Oregan and his two friends—I visit Melinda, whom I divert with an account of the duel—propose marriage—she refers the matter to her mother, of whom I make a solemn demand of her daughter—the old lady's behaviour—I am discarded—resent their disdain.

When I was ready to go abroad next day, Strap brought me a letter, *To Mr Random, Esq. Those*—which, upon opening, I found contained a challenge, conceived in these very extraordinary terms:—

'Sir,—Whereas I am informed that you make love to Miss Melinda Goosetrap—This is to let you know that she is under promise of marriage to me; and that I am at this present waiting at the back of Montague-house, with a pair of good pistols in my hand; and if you will keep your appointment, I will make your tongue confess (after the breath is out of your body) that you do not deserve her as well as, yours, &c.

'Rourk Oregan.'

I guessed, from the style and subscription of this billet, that my rival was a true Milesian, and was not a little uneasy at the contents, especially that part in which he asserted his right to my mistress by promise, a circumstance I did not know how to reconcile to her good sense and penetration. However, this was no time for me to decline the

defiance, because the success of my addresses might, in a great measure, depend upon my behaviour in that affair. I therefore immediately loaded my pistols, and betook myself in a hackney-coach to the place appointed, where I found a tall raw-boned man, with a hard-featured countenance, and black bushy beard, walking by himself, wrapped up in a shabby great-coat, over which his own hair descended in a leathern queue from his head, that was covered with a greasy hat trimmed with a tarnished *point d'Espagne*. He no sooner perceived me advancing, than he pulled a pistol from his bosom, and presenting it at me, snapped it without the least preamble. Alarmed at this rude salutation, I made a stand; and before he could adjust his other piece, fired one of mine at him, without doing any damage. By this time he was ready with his second, that flashed in the pan without going off: upon which he called with a true Tipperary cadence,—'fire away, honey,' and began to hammer his flint with great deliberation. But I was resolved to make use of the advantage fortune had given me; and therefore stepped up, without throwing away my fire, desiring him to ask his life, or prepare for another world; but this stout Hibernian refused to condescend, and complained bitterly of my having quitted my ground before he could return my shot; saying, I ought to go back to my station, and let him have an equal chance with me. I endeavoured to persuade him that I had given him a double chance already; and it was my business to prevent him from enjoying a third;—but now, since I had an opportunity, I demanded a parley, and desired to know his condition, and reason for calling me to the field, who, to the best of my remembrance, far from having done any injury, had never before seen him. He told me that he was a gentleman of fortune, who had spent all he had, and hearing that Melinda had got ten thousand pounds, he intended to make himself master of that sum by espousing her, and was determined, in an honourable way, to cut the throats of all those who stood between him and his hopes. I then demanded to know the foundation of his hopes; and, now,

that I had seen him, being more and more astonished at the circumstance of the promise, desired that he would explain that mystery: he gave me to understand that he trusted entirely to his birth and personal merit; that he had frequently written to Melinda, setting forth his claim and pretensions, but she was never kind enough to send an answer, or even to admit him into her presence; and that the promise he mentioned in his letter was made by his friend Mr Gahagan, who assured him, that no woman could resist a man of his appearance. I could not forbear laughing to excess at the simplicity of my rival, who did not seem to relish my mirth, but began to be very serious: upon which I endeavoured to appease him, by giving him my word of honour, that, far from prejudicing his addresses to the lady, I would represent him to her in the most favourable light I could with any regard to truth; but he must not be surprised if she should remain blind to his deserts, for nothing was more capricious than a woman's mind, and the affection of that sex was seldom purchased with virtue alone. That my declaration might have the better effect, I took notice of his dishabille; and professing sorrow at seeing a gentleman reduced, slipped two guineas into his hand; at sight of which he threw away his pistols, and, hugging me in his arms, cried,—'Arrah, by Jesus now, you are the best friend I have met with these seven long years.' When I had suffered some minutes in his embrace, he quitted me, and picking up his rusty arms, wished the devil might burn him, if ever he should give me any further trouble about womankind.

The quarrel being thus amicably composed, I begged leave to look at his pistols, which I found so crazy and so foul, that I believe it was happy for him neither of them was discharged, for one of them would certainly have split in the going off, and he would, in all probability, have lost his hand in the explosion; but what gave me a lively idea of the man's character, was to find, upon examination, that one of them had been loaded without being primed, and the other primed without a charge.

While we walked home together, I expressed a desire of knowing my new friend's history; and he informed me of his having served in the German army as a volunteer against the Turks; that, for his behaviour at the siege of Belgrade, he had been honoured with an ensign's commission, and afterwards promoted to the rank of lieutenant, in which station it was his misfortune to affront his captain, who challenged him to the field, and was killed in the duel, upon which he was obliged to retreat;—that he had been in England some years soliciting his friends for provision in the British army; but being hitherto unsuccessful, was desired by Mr Gahagan to turn his thoughts to matrimony, and make his fortune by an advantageous match; in consequence of which advice, he had made up to Melinda, and having heard, by means of an Irish footman in the family, that I was her chief favourite, had called me out, in hopes of removing, by my death, the greatest obstruction to his desires; but now he was convinced of my honour and generosity, he swore by the blessed Virgin, he would think of her no more, if there was not another woman in the world. As a farther proof of his veracity, which I did not at all doubt, he opened an old iron snuff-box, and pulled out his commission in the imperial army, and his captain's challenge, which he preserved as testimonials of his character. I was so well convinced of this poor man's honesty and courage, that I determined to speak in his behalf to some of my acquaintance, who might recommend his case to the consideration of those who could provide for him; and in the meantime to accommodate him with a few clothes, by which his appearance would be much mended, and himself enabled to renew his solicitations in person.

As we walked along, conversing socially together, we were met by a file of musqueteers, and Strap at their head, who no sooner approached, than, with a frantic look, he cried,—'Seize them!—in the name of God! seize them.' We were accordingly surrounded, and I put in arrest by the corporal, who was commanding officer; but Captain Oregan disengaged himself, and ran with such speed to-

wards Tottenham-court road, that he was out of sight in a moment. When my arms were delivered up, and myself secured, Strap became a little more composed, and asked pardon for the liberty he had taken, which he hoped I would excuse, as it proceeded from his affection. He then told me, that, suspecting the letter (which by-the-by was brought by the author himself) contained something extraordinary, he had peeped through the key-hole, and seen me load my pistols; upon which he ran down to Whitehall, and applied to the officer on guard for a party to put me in arrest; but before he returned, I was gone in a coach; that he had inquired which way I went, and having heard that duels were commonly fought at the back of Montague house, he conducted the guard to this place, where he thanked God for having found me safe and sound. I gave him to understand that I forgave his officious concern for once, but cautioned him, in pretty severe terms, for making me the subject of idle conversation for the future; then, turning to the corporal, thanked him for his care, and gave him a crown to drink with his men, assuring him that the *rencontre* was over long before he came up, and every thing compromised, as he might have observed by our behaviour; as a farther proof of which he would find, upon examination, that one of my pistols had been discharged; but this civil person, without giving himself or me any further trouble, received the bounty with a thousand bows and acknowledgments, and returning the pistols, released me immediately.

He was not gone a hundred yards, when my friend Oregan came up, in order to rescue me, with two tatter-demallions, whom he had engaged for that purpose about the purlieus of S^{t} Giles's: one of them was armed with a musket that wanted a lock, and another with a rusty broad-sword; but their dress surpassed all description. When he understood I was already free, he made an apology for his abrupt departure, and introduced me to his two companions; first, to counsellor Fitz-clabber, who, he told me, was then employed in compiling a history of the kings of Munster, from

Irish manuscripts; and then to his friend Mr Gahagan, who was a profound philosopher and politician, and had projected many excellent schemes for the good of his country. But it seems these literati had been very ill rewarded for their ingenious labours; for between them both there was but one shirt and half a pair of breeches. I thanked them very kindly for their readiness to assist me, and having offered my service in my turn, bade them good morrow, desiring Oregan to accompany me to my lodgings, where he was fitted with decent clothes from my wardrobe, so much to his satisfaction, that he swore eternal gratitude and friendship to me, and, at my request, recounted all the adventures of his life.

In the afternoon I waited on Melinda, who received me with great kindness and familiarity, and laughed excessively at my adventure with the Irishman, to whose wishes she was no stranger, having more than a dozen letters in her possession, which he had wrote to her on the subject of love, and which, for my entertainment, she submitted to my perusal. Having made ourselves merry at the expense of this poor admirer, I seized the opportunity of her mother's going out of the room, and introduced my own passion, which I recommended to her with all the ardour and eloquence I was master of. I flattered, sighed, swore, entreated, and acted a thousand extravagancies, in hopes of making some impression on her heart; but she heard every thing I said without discovering the least emotion; and other company came in before she would vouchsafe one serious reply. After tea, the cards were brought in, according to custom, and it was my good fortune to have Melinda for my partner: by which means, instead of losing, I came off with five guineas clear gain.

I soon became acquainted with a good many people of fashion, and spent my time in the modish diversions of the town, such as plays, operas, masquerades, drums, assemblies, and puppet-shows; chiefly in company with Melinda, whom I cultivated with all the eagerness and address that my prospect could inspire, or my education afford: I spared

neither my person nor my purse, to gratify her vanity and pride: my rivals were intimidated, and indeed outshone; and, after all, I began to fear that the dear creature had not a heart to lose. At last, finding myself unable to support the expense of this amour much longer, I was determined to bring the matter to a crisis; and one evening, while we were together by ourselves, complained of her indifference, described the tortures of suspence to a love-sick mind, and pressed her to disclose her sentiments of matrimony and me, with such earnestness, that she could not, with all her art, shift the subject, but was obliged to come to an ecclaircissement. She told me with a careless air, that she had no objection to my person, and, if I could satisfy her mother in other particulars, I should not find her averse to the match; but she was resolved to do nothing in such a momentous concern, without the advice and consent of her parent. This was no very agreeable declaration to me, whose aim had been to win her inclination first, and then secure my conquest by a private marriage, to which I flattered myself she would express no reluctance. That I might not, however, desert my cause before it was desperate, I waited on her mother, and with great formality demanded the daughter in marriage. The good lady, who was a very notable woman, behaved with great state and civility; thanked me for the honour I intended her family; and said, she did not doubt that I was in all respects qualified to make a woman happy; but it concerned her, as a parent anxious about the welfare of her child, to inquire into the particulars of my fortune, and know what settlement I proposed to make. To this intimation, which would have utterly disconcerted me if I had not expected it, I replied, without hesitation, that, though my fortune was very small, I was a gentleman by birth and education, would maintain her daughter in the sphere of a gentlewoman, and settle her own dowry on her and her heirs for ever. This careful matron did not seem to relish my proposal, but observed with a demure countenance, that there was no necessity for settling that upon her child which was her own already: however, if I pleased,

her lawyer should confer with mine upon the matter; and, in the meantime, she desired I would favour her with the perusal of my rent-roll. Notwithstanding the vexation I was under, I could scarce forbear laughing in her face, at the mention of my rent-roll, which was, indeed, a severe piece of satire upon my pretensions. I frankly owned I had no landed estate; and told her, that I could not exactly specify the sum I was master of, until I had regulated my affairs, which were at present in some disorder; but that I would take an opportunity of satisfying her on that head very soon.

It was not long before I took my leave, and returned to my lodgings in a very melancholy mood, persuaded that I had nothing more to expect from that quarter. I was confirmed in this opinion next day, when I went back with a view of explaining myself more fully to the old gentlewoman; and was told by the footman, that his ladies were not at home, although I had seen Melinda through the blinds at a parlour window, as I went up to the door. Incensed at this affront, I quitted the door, without saying one word, and as I repassed the parlour, bowed to Miss, who still remained in the same situation, securely screened, as she thought, from my view.

This disappointment gave me more uneasiness on Strap's account than my own; for I was in no danger of dying for love of Melinda; on the contrary, the remembrance of my charming Narcissa was a continual check upon my conscience, during the whole course of my addresses; and perhaps contributed to the bad success of my scheme, by controuling my raptures, and condemning my design.

There was a necessity for informing my companion of every thing that happened to me, and I performed this piece of duty in an affected passion, swearing I would be his pack-horse no longer, and desiring him to take the management of his affairs into his own hands. This finesse had the desired effect: for, instead of grumbling over my miscarriage, Strap was frightened at the passion I feigned, and begged me, for the love of God, to be appeased; observing,

that although we had suffered a great loss, it was not irreparable; and if fortune frowned to-day, she might, perhaps, smile to-morrow. I pretended to acquiesce in his remarks, praise his equanimity, and promise to improve by misfortune. He, on the other hand, pretended to be perfectly well satisfied with my conduct, and conjured me to follow the dictates of my own reflection; but, in spite of all his affectation, I could perceive his inward affliction, and his visage sensibly increased in longitude from that day.

CHAPTER L.

I long to be revenged on Melinda—apply to Banter for his assistance—he contrives a scheme for that purpose, which is put in execution with great success—I make an attempt on the heart of Miss Gripewell, but am disappointed—grow melancholy, and have recourse to the bottle—receive a billet-doux—am ravished with the contents—find myself involved in an intrigue, which I imagined would make my fortune—am confounded at my mistake, which banishes all thoughts of matrimony.

In the meantime, my attention was wholly engrossed in search of another mistress, and the desire of being revenged on Melinda; in both which schemes I was very much assisted by Billy Chatter, who was such a necessary creature among the ladies, that in all private dances he engaged the men. To him, therefore, I applied, desiring he would introduce me to a partner of some figure at the next private assembly, for the sake of a frolic, the intention of which I would afterwards communicate. Billy, who had heard something of a difference between Melinda and me, immediately smoked part of my design, and, thinking I only wanted to alarm her jealousy a little, promised to gratify my desire, by matching me with a partner worth thirty thousand pounds, whom the ladies of this end of the town had lately taken under their management and protection. Upon further inquiry, I found this person's name was Miss Biddy Gripewell; that her father, who had been a pawn-

broker, died intestate, by which means all his substance descended to his daughter, who was so little a favourite, that, could the old man have prevailed with his own rapacious disposition to part with as much money as would have paid the expense of a will, she would not have inherited a sixth part of his fortune: That, during his life, far from being educated in a way suitable to such great expectations, she was obliged to live like a servant wench, and do the most menial offices in the family; but his funeral was no sooner performed, than she assumed the fine lady, and found so many people of both sexes to flatter, caress, and instruct her, that, for want of discretion and experience, she was grown insufferably vain and arrogant, and pretended to no less than a duke or earl at least for a husband: That she had the misfortune to be neglected by the English quality, but a certain poor Scots lord was then making interest to be introduced to her acquaintance: in the meantime, she was fallen into the hands of a notable lady, who had already disposed of her to a lieutenant of foot, a distant relation of her ladyship's, though Miss as yet knew nothing of the affair: And, lastly, that, if I proposed to dance with her, I must give him leave to represent me as a knight or foreign count at least. I was ravished at this piece of information, and consented, for one night, to personate a French marquis, that I might the easier fulfil my revenge.

Having made the appointment with Chatter, I went to Banter's lodgings, as I had by this time conceived a great opinion of his penetration and knowledge; and, after I had enjoined secrecy, told him every circumstance of my disgrace with Melinda, and imparted the plan I had projected to mortify that proud coquette, desiring his advice in improving, and assistance in executing, the scheme. Nothing could be more agreeable to his misanthropical temper than an account of her behaviour and my resentment. He applauded my resolution, and proposed that I should not only provide myself with a proper partner, but also procure such an one for Miss Goosetrap as should infallibly entail upon her the ridicule of all her acquaintance. For this purpose

he mentioned his barber, who, he said, was an exceeding great coxcomb, lately come from Paris, whose absurd affectation and grimace would easily pass upon her for the sprightly politesse of a gentleman improved by travel. I hugged him for this hint; and he assured me, it would be no difficult matter to make him believe that Melinda, having seen him by accident, was captivated by his appearance, and longed for his acquaintance. He actually engaged him on this pretence, and painted his good fortune in such colours, that the poor shaver was quite beside himself with joy. He was immediately fitted with a tawdry suit of clothes belonging to Banter, and by him recommended to Chatter as a very pretty fellow just returned from his travels. Mr Billy, who acted as gentleman usher to a great many of the fair sex in and about town, undertook at once to bespeak Melinda in his behalf; and every thing happened according to my wish.

At the time appointed, I appeared dressed to the best advantage; and, in the character of marquis, had the honour of opening the ball with the rich heiress, who attracted the eyes of the whole company, by the prodigious number of jewels with which she was adorned. Among others, I perceived Melinda, who could no more conceal her envy, than astonishment at my success. Her curiosity was still more flagrant and tormenting, for she had never seen Miss Gripewell before; and Chatter, who alone could give her any satisfaction on that head, was engaged in conversation at the other end of the room. I observed her impatience, and exulted in her chagrin; and, after my partner was set, took the opportunity of passing by her to make a slight bow without stopping; which completed my triumph and her indignation. She changed colour, bridled up, assumed an air of disdain, and flirted her fan with such a fury, that it went to pieces in a moment, to the no small entertainment of those who sat near and observed her.

At length the metamorphosed barber took her out, and acted his part with such ridiculous extravagance, that the mirth of the whole company was excited at his expense, and his partner so much ashamed, that, before the country-

dances began, she retired in great confusion, under pretence of being taken suddenly ill, and was followed by her gallant, who, no doubt, imagined her indisposition was nothing but love; and laid hold of the occasion of conducting her home, to comfort her, with an assurance of his entertaining a reciprocal passion. They were no sooner gone, than an inquisitive whisper of,—'who is he?' ran round the room; and Chatter could give no other intelligence about him, than that he was a man of fortune just returned from his travels. I, who alone was acquainted with his real quality, affected ignorance, well knowing that female curiosity would not rest satisfied with such a general account, and that the discovery would proceed with a better grace from any body than me.

Meanwhile, I was tempted by the richness of the prize to practise upon Miss Gripewell's heart, but soon found it too well fortified with pride and indifference to yield to any efforts in my own character; and I neither would nor could preserve the title I had borrowed, longer than that night.

As I expected, every thing came to light next day. The barber, in pure simplicity of heart, detected himself to Melinda, and discovered the foundation of his hopes: she sickened at the affront, and was ashamed to shew her face in public for many weeks after this accident. Poor Chatter found it impossible to justify himself to her satisfaction; was in utter disgrace with Miss Gripewell, for having imposed me upon her as a nobleman, and suffered very much in his character and influence among the ladies in general.

Finding my finances diminished more than one half, and my project as little advanced as on the first day of my arrival in town, I began to despair of my success, and grew melancholy at the prospect of approaching want. To dispel the horrors of this fiend, I had recourse to the bottle, and kept more company than ever. I became particularly attached to the playhouse, conversed with the actors behind the scenes, grew acquainted with a body of templars, and in a short time commenced a professed wit and critic. Indeed I may say, without vanity, that I was much better qualified than any one of my companions, who were, gene-

rally speaking, of all the creatures I ever conversed with, the most ignorant and assuming. By means of these avocations, I got the better of care, and learned to separate my ideas in such a manner, that, whenever I was attacked by a gloomy reflection, I could shove it aside, and call in some agreeable reverie to my assistance. This was not the case with Strap, who practised a thousand shifts to conceal the sorrow that preyed upon his carcass, and reduced him to the resemblance of a mere skeleton.

While I thus posted, in a thoughtless manner, towards poverty, I one day received, by the penny-post, a letter, written in a woman's hand, containing a great many high-flown compliments, warm protestations of love, couched in a very poetical style, an earnest desire of knowing whether or not my heart was engaged, by leaving an answer at a certain place, directed to R. B. and the whole subscribed—'your incognita.' I was transported with joy on reading the contents of the billet-doux, which I admired as a masterpiece of tenderness and elegance, and was already up to the ears in love with the author, whom my imagination represented as a lady of fortune in the bloom of youth and beauty. Elevated with this conjecture, I went to work, and exhausted my invention in composing an answer suitable to the sublimity of her style, and the ardour of her sentiments. I expressed my admiration of her wit in terms the most hyperbolical; and, while I acknowledged myself unworthy of her regard, declared myself enamoured of her understanding; and, in the most pathetic manner, implored the honour of an interview. Having finished this performance, and communicated it to Strap, who skipped about for joy, I dispatched him with it to the place appointed, which was the house of a milliner not far from Bond-street, and desired him to keep watch near the door for some time, that he might discover the person who should call for it. In less than an hour he returned with a joyful countenance, and told me, that, soon after he had delivered the letter, a chairman was called to whom it was given, with directions to carry it to the house of a rich gentleman in the neighbour-

hood, whither he (Strap) followed him, and saw it put into the hands of a waiting woman, who paid the messenger, and shut the door: that upon an inquiry at an alehouse hard by, where he called for a pint of beer, he understood the gentleman to whom the house belonged had an only daughter, very handsome, who would inherit his whole estate, and who certainly was the author of the billet I had received. I was of the same opinion, and, hugging myself in the happy prospect, dressed immediately, and passed in great state by the house that contained my unknown admirer. Nor was my vanity disappointed, for I perceived a beautiful young creature standing at one of the windows of the dining-room, who, I imagined, observed me with more than common curiosity. That I might indulge her view, and at the same time feast my own, I affected to stop, and gave orders to Strap, in the street, just opposite to her station, by which means I had an opportunity of seeing her more distinctly, and of congratulating myself on having made a conquest of so much perfection. In a few minutes she retired, and I betook myself to the ordinary, in a rapture of hope, which deprived me of appetite for that meal, and sent me home in the evening to indulge my contemplation.

Early next day, I was favoured with another epistle from my unknown charmer, signifying her unutterable joy at the receipt of mine, which, while it made a tender of my heart, convinced her of the value of it. Above all things, she professed extreme pleasure in finding me so much attached to her understanding, a circumstance that not only flattered her in the most sensible part, but at the same time argued my own sagacity. As for the interview I desired, she assured me, that I could not be more eager for such an occasion than she: but she must not only sacrifice a little more to decorum, but be satisfied of my honourable intentions, before she would grant that request: meanwhile, she gave me to understand, that although she might owe some deference to the opinion of certain persons, she was resolved, in an affair that so nearly concerned her happiness, to consult her own inclination, preferable to the advice of the whole world;

especially as she was urged to such condescension by no consideration of fortune, what she depended upon being her own without restriction or controul. Struck with admiration at the philosophy and self-denial of my mistress, who seemed insensible of the beauty she possessed, and, in particular, ravished with that piece of intelligence, by which I learned her fortune was independent, I resumed the pen, launched out into encomiums on the dignity of her sentiments, affected to undervalue the charms of external beauty, pretended to ground my passion on the qualities of her mind, complained of her rigour in sacrificing my repose to an over-scrupulous regard to decorum, and declared the purity of my designs in the most solemn and pathetic vows. This performance being sealed and directed, was sent to the place appointed, by Strap, who, that we might be still the more confirmed in our belief, renewed his watch, and in a little time brought back the same information as before, with this addition, that Miss Sparkle (the name of my correspondent), looked out at the window, no sooner saw the messenger arrive, than she shut the casement in a sort of beautiful confusion, and disappeared, eager, no doubt, to hear from the dear object of her love.

My doubts now vanished, the long-expected port appeared, and I looked upon myself as perfectly secure of that happiness I had been in quest of so long. After dinner, I sauntered, in company with Dr Wagtail, to that part of the town in which my inamorata lived; and as he was a mere register, inquired of him into the name, character, and fortune of every body who possessed a good house in the streets through which we passed; when it came to his turn to mention Sir John Sparkle, he represented him as a man of an immense estate, and narrow disposition, who mewed up his only child, a fine young lady, from the conversation of mankind, under the strict watch and inspection of an old governante, who was either so honest, envious, or insatiable, that nobody had been, as yet, able to make her a friend, or get access to her charge, though numbers attempted it every day; not so much on account of her expectations from her

father, who, being a widower, might marry again, and have sons, as for a fortune of twelve thousand pounds left her by an uncle, of which she could not be deprived. This piece of news exactly tallying with the last part of the letter I had been honoured with in the morning, had such an effect on me, that any man, except Wagtail, might have observed my emotion; but his attention was too much engrossed by the contemplation of his own importance, to suffer him to be affected with the deportment of any other body, unless it happened to be so particular, that he could not help taking notice of it.

When I had disengaged myself from him, whose conversation grew insipid to me, I went home and made Strap acquainted with the fruit of my researches. This faithful squire was almost choked with transports, and even wept with joy; but whether on account of himself or me, I shall not pretend to determine. Next day a third billet-doux was brought to me, containing many expressions of tenderness, mingled with some affecting doubts about the artifice of man, the inconstancy of youth, and the jealousy often attending the most sincere passion; withal desiring I would excuse her, if she should try me a little longer, before she declared herself beyond the power of retracting. These interesting scruples added fuel to my flame, and impatience to my hope; I redoubled my complaints of her indifference, and pressed her to an assignation with such fervid entreaties, that, in a few days, she consented to meet me at the house of that milliner who had forwarded all my letters. During the interval between the date of her promise and the hour of appointment, my pride soared beyond all reason and description; I lost all remembrance of the gentle Narcissa, and my thoughts were wholly employed in planning triumphs over the malice and contempt of the world.

At length the happy hour arrived, I flew to the place of rendezvous, and was conducted to an apartment, where I had not waited ten minutes, when I heard the rustling of silk, and the sound of feet ascending the stairs: my heart took the alarm, and beat quick, my cheeks glowed, my nerves thrill-

ed, and my knees shook with ecstacy. I perceived the door opening, saw a gold brocade petticoat advance, and sprung forward to embrace my charmer. Heaven and earth! how shall I paint my situation, when I found Miss Sparkle converted into a wrinkled hag turned of seventy! I was struck dumb with amazement, and petrified with horror. This ancient Urganda perceived my disorder, and approaching with a languishing air, seized my hand, asking, in a squeaking tone, if I was indisposed. Her monstrous affectation completed the disgust I had conceived for her at first appearance; and it was a long time before I could command myself so much as to behave with common civility: at length, however, I recollected myself, and pronounced an apology for my behaviour, which, I said, proceeded from a dizziness that seized me all of a sudden. My hoary dulcinea, who, no doubt, had been alarmed at my confusion, no sooner learned the cause to which I now ascribed it, than she discovered her joy in a thousand amorous coquetries, and assumed the sprightly airs of a girl of sixteen. One while she ogled me with her dim eyes, quenched in rheum; then, as if she was ashamed of that freedom, she affected to look down, blush, and play with her fan; then toss her head, that I might not perceive a palsy that shook it, ask some childish questions, with a lisping accent, giggle and grin with her mouth shut, to conceal the ravages of time upon her teeth, leer upon me again, sigh piteously, fling herself about in her chair, to shew her agility, and act a great many more absurdities that youth and beauty can alone excuse. Shocked as I was at my disappointment, my disposition was incapable of affronting any person who loved me; I therefore endeavoured to put a good face on the matter for the present, resolving to drop the whole affair as soon as I should get clear of her company: with this view I uttered some civil things, and, in particular, desired to know the name and condition of the lady who had honoured me so much. She told me her name was Withers; that she lived with Sir John Sparkle in quality of governess to his only daughter, in which situation she had picked up a comfortable suf-

ficiency to make her easy for life; that she had the pleasure of seeing me at church, where my appearance and deportment made such an impression upon her heart, that she could enjoy no ease until she had inquired into my character, which she found so amiable in all respects, that she yielded to the violence of her inclination, and ventured to declare her passion, with too little regard, perhaps, to the decorum of her sex: but she hoped I would forgive a trespass, of which I myself was, in some measure, the cause, and impute her intrusion to the irresistible dictates of love. No decayed rake ever swallowed a bolus with more reluctance than I felt in making a reply suitable to this compliment, when, instead of the jewel, I found the crazy casket only in my power; and yet my hopes began to revive a little, when I considered, that, by carrying on the appearance of an intrigue with the duenna, I might possibly obtain access to her charge. Encouraged by this suggestion, my temper grew more serene, my reserve wore off, I talked *en cavalier*, and even made love to this antiquated coquette, who seemed extremely happy in her adorer, and spread all her allurements to make her imagined conquest more secure. The good woman of the house treated us with tea and sweetmeats, and afterwards withdrew, like a civil experienced matron as she was. Left thus to our mutual endearments, Miss Withers (for she was still a maiden) began to talk of matrimony, and expressed so much impatience in all her behaviour, that had she been fifty years younger, I might possibly have gratified her longing without having recourse to the church: but this step my virtue as well as interest forbade. When the inclinations of an old maid settle upon a young fellow, he is persecuted with her addresses; but should he once grant her the favour, he will never be able to disentangle himself from her importunities and reproaches. It was my business to defer the ceremony as long as possible, under the most specious pretences, with a view of becoming acquainted with Miss Sparkle, in the meantime; and I did not despair of success, when I considered, that, in the course of our correspondence, I should in all probability be invited to visit my mistress in her own

apartment, and by these means have an opportunity of conversing with her charming ward. Pleased with this prospect, my heart dilated with joy, I talked in raptures to the stale governante, and kissed her shrivelled hand with great devotion: she was so much transported with her good fortune, that she could not contain her ecstacy, but flew upon me like a tigress, and pressed her skinny lips to mine, when (as it was no doubt concerted by her evil genius) a dose of garlic she had swallowed that morning, to dispel wind I suppose, began to operate with such a sudden explosion, that human nature, circumstanced as I was, could not endure the shock with any degree of temper. I lost all patience and reflection, flung away from her in an instant, snatched my hat and cane, and ran down stairs as if the devil had me in pursuit, and could scarce restrain the convulsion of my bowels, which were grievously offended by the perfume that assaulted me. Strap, who waited my return with impatience, seeing me arrive in the utmost disorder, stood motionless with apprehension, and durst not inquire into the cause.

After I had washed my mouth more than once, and recruited my spirits with a glass of wine, I recounted to him every particular of what had happened; to which he made no other reply for some time, than lifting up his eyes, clasping his hands, and uttering a hollow groan. At length he observed, in a melancholy tone, that it was a thousand pities my organs were so delicate as to be offended with the smell of garlic:—'Ah! God help us,' said he, 'tis not the steams of garlic, no, nor of something else that would give me the least uneasiness—see what it is to be a cobler's son.' I replied hastily,—'I wish then you would go and retrieve my miscarriage.' At this suggestion he started, forced a smile, and left the room, shaking his head. Whether the old gentlewoman resented my abrupt departure so much, that her love changed into disdain, or was ashamed to see me on account of her infirmity, I know not; but I was never troubled again with her passion.

CHAPTER LI.

I cultivate an acquaintance with two noblemen—am introduced to Earl Strutwell—his kind promises and invitation—the behaviour of his porter and lacquey—he receives me with an appearance of uncommon affection—undertakes to speak in my behalf to the minister—informs me of his success, and wishes me joy—introduces a conversation about Petronius Arbiter—falls in love with my watch, which I press upon him—I make a present of a diamond ring to Lord Straddle—impart my good fortune to Strap and Banter, who disabuses me, to my utter mortification.

BAFFLED hitherto in my matrimonial schemes, I began to question my talents for the science of fortune hunting, and to bend my thoughts towards some employment under the government; with the view of procuring which, I cultivated the acquaintance of Lords Straddle and Swillpot, whose fathers were men of interest at court. I found these young noblemen as open to my advances as I could desire: I accompanied them in their midnight rambles, and often dined with them at taverns, where I had the honour of paying the reckoning.

I one day took the opportunity, while I was loaded with protestations of friendship, to disclose my desire of being settled in some sinecure, and to solicit their influence in my behalf. Swillpot squeezing my hand, said I might depend upon his service, by God. The other swore that no man would be more proud than he to run my errands. Encouraged by these declarations, I ventured to express an inclination to be introduced to their fathers, who were able to do my business at once. Swillpot frankly owned he had not spoke to his father these three years; and Straddle assured me his father having lately disobliged the minister by subscribing his name to a protest in the house of peers, was thereby rendered incapable of serving his friends at present; but he undertook to make me acquainted with earl Strutwell, who was hand and glove with a certain person who ruled the roast. This offer I embraced with many acknow-

ledgments, and plied him so closely, in spite of a thousand evasions, that he found himself under a necessity of keeping his word, and actually carried me to the levee of this great man, where he left me in a crowd of fellow-dependents, and was ushered to a particular closet audience; from whence in a few minutes he returned with his lordship, who took me by the hand, assured me he would do me all the service he could, and desired to see me often. I was charmed with my reception; and although I had heard that a courtier's promise is not to be depended upon, I thought I discovered so much sweetness of temper and candour in this earl's countenance, that I did not doubt of finding my account in his protection. I resolved, therefore, to profit by this permission, and waited on him next audience day, when I was favoured with a particular smile, squeeze of the hand, and a whisper, signifying that he wanted half an hour's conversation with me in private, when he should be disengaged, and for that purpose desired me to come and drink a dish of chocolate with him to-morrow morning. This invitation, which did not a little flatter my vanity and expectation, I took care to observe, and went to his lordship's house at the time appointed. Having rapped at the gate, the porter unbolted and kept it half open, placing himself in the gap, like soldiers in a breach, to dispute my passage. I asked if his lord was stirring! He answered with a surly aspect,—'No.' 'At what hours does he commonly rise?' said I. 'Sometimes sooner, sometimes later,' said he, closing the door upon me by degrees. I then told him, I was come by his lordship's own appointment; to which intimation this Cerberus replied,—'I have received no orders about the matter;' and was upon the point of shutting me out, when I recollected myself all of a sudden, and slipping a crown into his hand, begged as a favour that he would inquire, and let me know whether or not the earl was up. The grim janitor relented at the touch of my money, which he took with all the indifference of a tax-gatherer, and shewed me into a parlour, where, he said, I might amuse myself till such time as his lord should be awake. I had not sat ten minutes in this

place, when a footman entered, and, without speaking, stared at me. I interpreted this piece of his behaviour into,—'Pray, sir, what is your business?' and asked the same question I had put to the porter, when I accosted him first. The lacquey made the same reply, and disappeared before I could get any further intelligence. In a little time he returned, on pretence of poking the fire, and looked at me again with great earnestness; upon which I began to perceive his meaning, and tipping him with half-a-crown, desired he would be so good as to fall upon some method of letting the earl know that I was in the house. He made a low bow, said,—'yes, sir,' and vanished. This bounty was not thrown away, for in an instant he came back, and conducted me to a chamber, where I was received with great kindness and familiarity by his lordship, whom I found just risen, in his morning gown and slippers. After breakfast, he entered into a particular conversation with me about my travels, the remarks I had made abroad, and examined me to the full extent of my understanding. My answers seemed to please him very much; he frequently squeezed my hand, and looking at me with a singular complacency in his countenance, bade me depend upon his good offices with the minister in my behalf.—'Young men of your qualifications,' said he, 'ought to be cherished by every adminstration. For my own part, I see so little merit in the world, that I have laid it down as a maxim, to encourage the least appearance of genius and virtue to the utmost of my power—you have a great deal of both; and will not fail of making a figure one day, if I am not mistaken; but you must lay your account with mounting by gradual steps the summit of your fortune. Rome was not built in a day. As you understand the languages perfectly well, how would you like to cross the sea as secretary to an embassy?' I assured his lordship, with great eagerness, that nothing could be more agreeable to my inclination: upon which he bade me make myself easy, my business was done, for he had a place of that kind in his view. This piece of generosity affected me so much, that I was unable for some time to express my

gratitude, which at length broke out in acknowledgments of my own unworthiness, and encomiums on his benevolence. I could not even help shedding tears at the goodness of this noble lord, who no sooner perceived them than he caught me in his arms, and hugged and kissed me with a seemingly paternal affection. Confounded at this uncommon instance of fondness for a stranger, I remained a few moments silent and ashamed, then rose and took my leave, after he had assured me that he would speak to the minister in my favour that very day; and desired that I would not for the future give myself the trouble of attending at his levee, but come at the same hour every day when he should be at leisure, that is, three times a week.

Though my hopes were now very sanguine, I determined to conceal my prospect from every body, even from Strap, until I should be more certain of success; and, in the meantime, give my patron no respite from my solicitations. When I renewed my visit, I found the street door open to me, as if by enchantment; but, in my passage towards the presence room, I was met by the valet-de-chambre, who cast some furious looks at me, the meaning of which I could not comprehend. The earl saluted me at entrance with a tender embrace, and wished me joy of his success with the premier, who, he said, had preferred his recommendation to that of two other noblemen very urgent in behalf of their respective friends, and absolutely promised that I should go to a certain foreign court, in quality of secretary to an ambassador and plenipotentiary, who was to set out in a few weeks, on an affair of vast importance to the nation. I was thunderstruck with my good fortune, and could make no other reply, than kneel, and attempt to kiss my benefactor's hand; which submission he would not permit, but, raising me up, pressed me to his breast with surprising emotion, and told me he had now taken upon himself the care of making my fortune. What enhanced the value of the benefit still the more, was his making light of the favour, and shifting the conversation to another subject: among other topics of discourse, that of the *belles lettres* was introduced, upon which

his lordship held forth with great taste and erudition, and discovered an intimate knowledge of the authors of antiquity. —'Here's a book,' said he, taking one from his bosom, 'written with great elegance and spirit, and though the subject may give offence to some narrow-minded people, the author will always be held in esteem by every person of wit and learning.' So saying, he put into my hand Petronius Arbiter, and asked my opinion of his wit and manner. I told him, that in my opinion, he wrote with great ease and vivacity, but was withal so lewd and indecent, that he ought to find no quarter or protection among people of morals or taste. 'I own,' replied the earl, 'that his taste in love is generally decried, and indeed condemned by our laws; but perhaps that may be more owing to prejudice and misapprehension, than to true reason and deliberation. The best man among the ancients is said to have entertained that passion; one of the wisest of their legislators has permitted the indulgence of it in his commonwealth; the most celebrated poets have not scrupled to avow it; at this day it prevails not only over all the east, but in most parts of Europe; in our own country it gains ground apace, and in all probability will become in a short time a more fashionable vice than simple fornication. Indeed, there is something to be said in vindication of it; for, notwithstanding the severity of the law against offenders in this way, it must be confessed that the practice of this passion is unattended with that curse and burden upon society, which proceeds from a race of miserable and deserted bastards, who are either murdered by their parents, deserted to the utmost want and wretchedness, or bred up to prey upon the commonwealth: and it likewise prevents the debauchery of many a young maiden, and the prostitution of honest men's wives; not to mention the consideration of health, which is much less liable to be impaired in the gratification of this appetite, than in the exercise of common venery, which, by ruining the constitutions of our young men, has produced a puny progeny, that degenerates from generation to generation: nay, I have been told, that there is another motive, perhaps more powerful than all these,

that induces people to cultivate this inclination, namely the exquisite pleasure attending its success.'

From this discourse, I began to be apprehensive that his lordship, finding I had travelled, was afraid I might have been infected with this spurious and sordid desire abroad, and took this method of sounding my sentiments on the subject. Fired at this supposed suspicion, I argued against it with great warmth, as an appetite unnatural, absurd, and of pernicious consequence; and declared my utter detestation and abhorrence of it in these lines of the satirist:

> Eternal infamy the wretch confound,
> Who planted first that vice on British ground!
> A vice that, 'spite of sense and nature, reigns,
> And poisons genial love, and manhood stains.

The earl smiled at my indignation, told me he was glad to find my opinion of the matter so conformable to his own, and that what he had advanced was only to provoke me to an answer, with which he professed himself perfectly well pleased.

After I had enjoyed a long audience, I happened to look at my watch, in order to regulate my motions by it; and his lordship observing the chased case, desired to see the device, and examine the execution, which he approved with some expressions of admiration. Considering the obligations I lay under to his lordship, I thought there could not be a fitter opportunity than the present to manifest in some shape my gratitude; I therefore begged he would do me the honour to accept of the watch, as a small testimony of the sense I had of his lordship's generosity; but he refused it in a peremptory manner, and said he was sorry I should entertain such a mercenary opinion of him: observing at the same time, that it was the most beautiful piece of workmanship he had ever seen, and desiring to know where he could have such another. I begged a thousand pardons for the freedom I had taken, which I hoped he would impute to nothing else but the highest veneration for his person; told him, that, as it came to my hand by accident in France, I could give him no information about the maker, for there was no name on the inside; and once more humbly entreated

that he would indulge me so far as to use it for my sake. He was still positive in refusing it; but was pleased to thank me for my generous offer, saying, it was a present that no nobleman need be ashamed of receiving; though he was resolved to shew his disinterestedness with regard to me, for whom he had conceived a particular friendship; and insisted (if I was willing to part with the watch) upon knowing what it had cost, that he might at least indemnify me, by refunding the money. On the other hand, I assured his lordship, that I should look upon it as an uncommon mark of distinction, if he would take it without further question; and, rather than disoblige me, he was at last persuaded to put it in his pocket, to my no small satisfaction, who took my leave immediately, after having received a kind squeeze, and an injunction to depend upon his promise.

Buoyed up with this reception, my heart opened; I gave away a guinea among the lacqueys who escorted me to the door, flew to the lodgings of Lord Straddle, upon whom I forced my diamond ring, as an acknowledgment for the great service he had done me, and from thence hied me home, with an intent of sharing my happiness with honest Strap. I determined, however, to heighten his pleasure, by depressing his spirits at first, and then bringing in the good news with double relish. For this purpose, I affected the appearance of disappointment and chagrin, and told him, in an abrupt manner, that I had lost my watch and diamond. Poor Hugh, who had been already harassed into a consumption by intelligence of this sort, no sooner heard these words, than, unable to contain himself, he cried, with distraction in his looks,—'God in heaven forbid!' I could carry on the farce no longer, but, laughing in his face, told him every thing that had passed, as above recited. His features were immediately unbended, and the transition was so affecting, that he wept for joy, called my Lord Strutwell by the appellations of Jewel, Phœnix, *Rara avis;* and praising God that there was still some virtue left among our nobility. Our mutual congratulations being over, we gave way to our imagination, and anticipated our happiness by prosecuting

our success through the different steps of promotion, till I arrived at the rank of a prime minister, and he to that of my first secretary.

Intoxicated with these ideas, I went to the ordinary, where, meeting with Banter, I communicated the whole affair in confidence to him, concluding with an assurance that I would do him all the service in my power. He heard me to an end with great patience, then regarding me a good while with a look of disdain, pronounced,—'so, your business is done, you think?' 'As good as done, I believe,' said I. 'I'll tell you,' replied he, 'what will do it still more effectually—a halter—'Sdeath! if I had been such a gull to two such scoundrels as Strutwell and Straddle, I would without any more ado tuck myself up.' Shocked at this exclamation, I desired him, with some confusion, to explain himself: upon which he gave me to understand, that Straddle was a poor contemptible wretch, who lived by borrowing and pimping for his fellow peers; that, in consequence of this last capacity, he had doubtless introduced me to Strutwell, who was so notorious for a passion for his own sex, that he was amazed his character had never reached my ears; and that, far from being able to obtain for me the post he had promised, his interest at court was so low, that he could scarce provide for a superannuated footman once a year in the customs or excise;—that it was a common thing for him to amuse strangers, whom his jackals ran down, with such assurances and caresses as he had bestowed on me, until he had stripped them of their cash and every thing valuable about them;—very often of their chastity, and then leave them a prey to want and infamy;—that he allowed his servants no other wages than that part of the spoil which they could glean by their industry; and the whole of his conduct towards me was so glaring, that nobody who knew any thing of mankind could have been imposed upon by his insinuations.

I leave the reader to judge how I relished this piece of information, which precipitated me from the most exalted pinnacle of hope to the lowest abyss of despondence; and

well nigh determined me to take Banter's advice, and finish my chagrine with a halter. I had no room to suspect the veracity of my friend, because, upon recollection, I found every circumstance of Strutwell's behaviour exactly tallying with the character he had described. His hugs, embraces, squeezes, and eager looks, were now no longer a mystery, no more than his defence of Petronius, and the jealous frown of his valet-de-chambre, who, it seems, had been the favourite pathic of his lord.

CHAPTER LII.

I attempt to recover my watch and jewel, but to no purpose —resolve to revenge myself on Strutwell by my importunity—am reduced to my last guinea—obliged to inform Strap of my necessity, who is almost distracted with the news—but, nevertheless, obliged to pawn my best sword for present subsistence—that small supply being exhausted, I am almost stupified with my misfortunes—go to the gaming table by the advice of Banter, and come off with unexpected success—Strap's ecstacy—Mrs Gawky waits upon me, professes remorse for her perfidy, and implores my assistance—I do myself a piece of justice by her means, and afterwards reconcile her to her father.

I WAS so confounded, that I could make no reply to Banter, who reproached me with great indignation for having thrown away upon rascals that which, had it been converted into ready money, would have supported the rank of a gentleman for some months, and enabled me at the same time to oblige my friends. Stupified as I was, I could easily divine the source of his concern, but sneaked away in a solitary manner, without yielding the least answer to his expostulations; and began to deliberate with myself in what manner I should attempt to retrieve the moveables I had so foolishly lost. I should have thought it no robbery to take them again by force, could I have done it without any danger of being detected; but as I could have no such opportunity, I resolved to work by finesse, and go immediately to the lodgings of Straddle, where I was so fortunate as to find him.

'My lord,' said I, 'I have just now recollected, that the diamond I had the honour of presenting to you is loosened a little in the socket, and there is a young fellow just arrived from Paris, who is reckoned the best jeweller in Europe; I knew him in France, and, if your lordship will give me leave, will carry the ring to him to be set to rights.' His lordship was not to be caught in this snare; he thanked me for my offer, and told me, that, having himself observed the defect, he had already sent it to his own jeweller to be mended. And indeed, by this time, I believe it was in the jeweller's hands, though not in order to be mended, for it stood in need of no alteration.

Baulked in this piece of politics, I cursed my simplicity, but resolved to play a surer game with the earl, which I thus devised. I did not doubt of being admitted into familiar conversation with him as before, and hoped, by some means, to get the watch into my hand; then, on pretence of winding or playing with it, drop it on the floor, when in all probability the fall would disorder the work so as to stop its motion. This event would furnish me with an opportunity of insisting upon carrying it away in order to be repaired, and then I should have been in no hurry to bring it back. What pity it was I could not find an occasion of putting this fine scheme in execution! When I went to renew my visit to his lordship, my access to the parlour was as free as ever; but after I had waited some time, the valet-de-chambre came in with his lordship's compliments, and a desire to see me to-morrow at his levee, he being at present so much indisposed, that he could not see company. I interpreted this message into a bad omen, and came away muttering curses against his lordship's politeness, and ready to go to loggerheads with myself for being so egregiously duped. But that I might have some satisfaction for the loss I had sustained, I besieged him closely at his levee, and persecuted him with my solicitations; not without faint hopes, indeed, of reaping something more from my industry than the bare pleasure of making him uneasy; though I could never obtain another private hearing during the whole course

of my attendance: neither had I resolution enough to undeceive Strap, whose looks in a little time were so whetted with impatience, that, whenever I came home, his eyes devoured me, as it were, with eagerness of attention. At length, however, finding myself reduced to my last guinea, I was compelled to disclose my necessity, though I endeavoured to sweeten the discovery by rehearsing to him the daily assurances I received from my patron. But these premises were not of efficacy sufficient to support the spirits of my friend, who no sooner understood the lowness of my finances, than, uttering a dreadful groan, he exclaimed,—'In the name of God, what shall we do!' In order to comfort him, I said, that many of my acquaintance, who were in a worse condition than we, supported, notwithstanding, the character of gentlemen; and advising him to thank God that we had as yet incurred no debt, proposed he should pawn my sword of steel inlaid with gold, and trust to my discretion for the rest. This expedient was wormwood and gall to poor Strap, who, in spite of his invincible affection for me, still retained notions of economy and expense suitable to the narrowness of his education; nevertheless, he complied with my request, and raised seven pieces on the sword in a twinkling. This supply, inconsiderable as it was, made me as happy for the present, as if I had kept five hundred pounds in bank; for by this time I was so well skilled in procrastinating every troublesome reflection, that the prospect of want seldom affected me very much, let it be never so near. And now, indeed, it was nearer than I imagined: my landlord, having occasion for money, put me in mind of my being indebted to him five guineas in lodging, and telling me he had a sum to make up, begged I would excuse his importunity, and discharge the debt. Though I could ill spare so much cash, my pride took the resolution of disbursing it. This I did in a cavaliar manner, after he had written a discharge, telling him, with an air of scorn and resentment, I saw he was resolved that I should not be long in his books; while Strap, who stood by, and knew my circumstances, wrung his hands in secret, gnawed his nether lip, and turn-

ed yellow with despair. Whatever appearance of indifference my vanity enabled me to put on, I was thunderstruck with this demand, which I had no sooner satisfied, than I hastened into company, with a view of beguiling my cares with conversation, or of drowning them with wine.

After dinner, a party was accordingly made in the coffee-house, from whence we adjourned to the tavern, where, instead of sharing the mirth of the company, I was as much chagrined at their good humour as a damned soul in hell would be at a glimpse of heaven. In vain did I swallow bumper after bumper; the wine had lost its effect upon me, and, far from raising my dejected spirits, could not even lay me asleep. Banter, who was the only intimate I had (Strap excepted), perceived my anxiety, and, when we broke up, reproached me with pusillanimity, for being cast down at any disappointment that such a rascal as Strutwell could be the occasion of. I told him I did not at all see how Strutwell's being a rascal alleviated my misfortune; and gave him to understand that my present grief did not so much proceed from that disappointment, as from the low ebb of my fortune, which was sunk to something less than two guineas. At this declaration, he cried,—'phsaw! is that all?' and assured me there were a thousand ways of living in town without a fortune, he himself having subsisted many years entirely by his wit. I expressed an eager desire of being acquainted with some of these methods; and he, without further expostulation, bade me follow him. He conducted me to a house under the piazzas in Covent Garden, which we entered, and having delivered our swords to a grim fellow, who demanded them at the foot of the stair-case, ascended to the second story, where I saw multitudes of people standing round two gaming tables, loaded in a manner with gold and silver. My conductor told me this was the house of a worthy Scots lord, who, using the privilege of his peerage, had set up public gaming tables, from the profits of which he drew a comfortable livelihood. He then explained the difference between the *sitters* and the *betters*; characterised the first as old rooks, and the last as bubbles; and advised me to try

my fortune at the silver table, by betting a crown at a time. Before I would venture any thing, I considered the company more particularly; and there appeared such a group of villanous faces, that I was struck with horror and astonishment at the sight. I signified my surprise to Banter, who whispered in my ear, that the bulk of those present were sharpers, highwaymen, and apprentices, who having embezzled their master's cash, made a desperate push in this place to make up their deficiencies. This account did not encourage me to hazard any part of my small pittance; but at length, being teased by the importunities of my friend, who assured me there was no danger of being ill used, because people were hired by the owner to see justice done to every body, I began by risking one shilling, and in less than an hour my winning amounted to thirty. Convinced by this time of the fairness of the game, and animated with success, there was no need of further persuasion to continue the play. I lent Banter (who seldom had any money in his pocket) a guinea, which he carried to the gold table, and lost in a moment. He would have borrowed another, but, finding me deaf to his arguments, went away in a pet. Meanwhile, my gain advanced to six pieces, and my desire of more increased in proportion; so that I moved to the higher table, where I laid half a guinea on every throw; and fortune still favouring me, I became a sitter, in which capacity I remained until it was broad day, when I found myself after many vicissitudes, one hundred and fifty guineas in pocket.

Thinking it now high time to retire with my booty, I asked if any body would take my place, and made a motion to rise: upon which an old Gascon, who sat opposite to me, and of whom I had won a little money, started up with fury in his looks, crying,—'*Restez, foutre reste, il faut donner moi mon ravanchio!*' At the same time, a Jew who sat near the other, insinuated that I was more beholden to art than fortune for what I had got; that he had observed me wipe the table very often, and that some of the divisions seemed to be greasy. This intimation produced a great deal of clamour against me, especially among the losers, who

threatned with many oaths and imprecations to take me up by a warrant as a sharper, unless I would compromise the affair by refunding the greatest part of my winning. Though I was far from being easy under this accusation, I relied upon my innocence, threatened in my turn to prosecute the Jew for defamation, and boldly offered to submit my cause to the examination of any justice in Westminster; but they knew themselves too well to put their characters on that issue; and finding I was not to be intimidated into any concession, dropped their plea, and made way for me to withdraw. I would not, however, stir from the table, until the Israelite had retracted what he had said to my disadvantage, and asked pardon before the whole assembly.

As I marched out with my prize, I happened to tread upon the toes of a tall raw-boned fellow, with a hooked nose, fierce eyes, black thick eye-brows, a pig-tail wig of the same colour, and a formidable hat pulled over his forehead, who stood gnawing his fingers in the crowd, and no sooner felt the application of my shoe-heel, than he roared out in a tremendous voice,—'Blood and wounds! you son of a w——, what's that for?' I asked pardon with a great deal of submission, and protested I had no intention of hurting him: but the more I humbled myself, the more he stormed, and insisted upon gentlemanly satisfaction, at the same time provoking me with scandalous names that I could not put up with; so that I gave loose to my passion, returned his Billingsgate, and challenged him to follow me down to the piazzas. His indignation cooling as mine warmed, he refused my invitation, saying, he would choose his own time, and returned towards the table, muttering threats, which I neither dreaded, nor distinctly heard; but descending with great deliberation, received my sword from the door-keeper, whom I gratified with a guinea, according to the custom of the place, and went home in a rapture of joy.

My faithful valet, who had sat up all night in the utmost uneasiness on my account, let me in with his face beslubbered with tears, and followed me to my chamber, where he stood silent like a condemned criminal, in expection of

hearing that every shilling was spent. I guessed the situation of his thoughts, and, assuming a sullen look, bade him fetch me some water to wash. He replied, without lifting his eyes from the ground,—'In my simple conjecture, you have more occasion for rest, not having, I suppose, slept these four-and-twenty hours.' 'Bring me some water,' said I, in a peremptory tone; upon which he sneaked away, shrugging his shoulders. Before he returned, I had spread my whole stock on the table in the most ostentatious manner; so that, when it first saluted his view, he stood like one entranced, and having rubbed his eyes more than once, to assure himself of his being awake, broke out into,—'Lord have mercy upon us! what a vast treasure is here!' 'Tis all our own, Strap,' said I: 'take what is necessary, and redeem the sword immediately.' He advanced towards the table, stopped short by the way, looked at the money and me by turns, and, with a wildness in his countenance, produced from joy checked by distrust, cried—'I dare say, it is honestly come by.' To remove his scruples, I made him acquainted with the whole story of my success, which when he heard, he danced about the room in an ecstacy, crying,—'God be praised! a white stone!—God be praised! a white stone! so that I was afraid the sudden change of fortune had disordered his intellects, and that he was run mad with joy. Extremely concerned at this event, I attempted to reason him out of his frenzy, but to no purpose; for, without regarding what I said, he continued to frisk up and down, and repeat his rhapsody of—'God be praised! a white stone!' At last I arose in the utmost consternation, and laying violent hands upon him, put a stop to his extravagance, by fixing him down to a settee that was in the room. This constraint banished his delirium; he started, as if just awoke, and, terrified at my behaviour, cried,—'What is the matter?' When he learned the cause of my apprehension, he was ashamed of his transports, and told me, that, in mentioning the white stone, he alluded to the *dies fasti* of the Romans, *albo lapide notati*.

Having no inclination to sleep, I secured my cash, dress-

ed, and was just going abroad, when the servant of the house told me there was a gentlewoman at the door, who wanted to speak with me. Surprised at this information, I bade Strap shew her up, and in less than a minute saw a young woman of a shabby decayed appearance enter my room. After half a dozen courtesies, she began to sob, and told me her name was Gawky; upon which information I immediately recollected the features of Miss Lavement, who had been the first occasion of my misfortunes. Though I had all the reason in the world to resent her treacherous behaviour to me, I was moved at her distress, and professing my sorrow at seeing her so reduced, desired her to sit, and inquired into the particulars of her situation. She fell upon her knees, and implored my forgiveness for the injuries she had done me, protesting before God, that she was forced, against her inclination, into that hellish conspiracy which had almost deprived me of my life, by the entreaties of her husband, who having been afterwards renounced by his father, on account of his marriage with her, and unable to support a family on his pay, left his wife at her father's house, and went with the regiment to Germany, where he was broke for misbehaviour at the battle of Dettingen, since which time she had heard no tidings of him. She then gave me to understand, with many symptoms of penitence, that it was her misfortune to bear a child four months after marriage, by which event her parents were so incensed, that she was turned out of doors with the infant, that died soon after; and had hitherto subsisted in a miserable indigent manner, on the extorted charity of a few friends, who were now quite tired of giving: that, not knowing where or how to support herself one day longer, she had fled for succour even to me, who, of all mankind, had the least cause to assist her, relying upon the generosity of my disposition, which, she hoped, would be pleased with this opportunity of avenging itself in the noblest manner on the wretch who had wronged me. I was very much affected with her discourse, and having no cause to suspect the sincerity of her repentance, raised her up, freely pardoned all

she had done against me, and promised to befriend her as much as lay in my power.

Since my last arrival in London, I had made no advances to the apothecary, imagining it would be impossible for me to make my innocence appear, so unhappily was my accusation circumstanced. Strap indeed had laboured to justify me to the schoolmaster; but, far from succeeding in his attempt, Mr Concordance dropped all correspondence with him, because he refused to quit his connection with me. Things being in this situation, I thought a fairer opportunity of vindicating my character could not offer than that which now presented itself. I therefore stipulated with Mrs Gawky, that, before I would yield her the least assistance, she should do me the justice to clear my reputation by explaining upon oath, before a magistrate, the whole of the conspiracy, as it had been executed against me. When she had given me this satisfaction, I presented her with five guineas, a sum so much above her expectation, that she could scarce believe the evidence of her senses, and was ready to worship me for my benevolence. The declaration, signed with her own hand, I sent to her father, who, upon recollecting and comparing the circumstances of my charge, was convinced of my integrity, and waited upon me next day, in company with his friend the schoolmaster, to whom he had communicated my vindication. After mutual salutation, Monsieur Lavement began a long apology for the unjust treatment I had received; but I saved him a good deal of breath, by interrupting his harangue, and assuring him, that, far from entertaining a resentment against him, I thought myself obliged to his lenity, which allowed me to escape, after such strong presumptions of guilt appeared against me. Mr Concordance, thinking it now his turn to speak, observed, that Mr Random had too much candour and sagacity to be disobliged at their conduct, which, all things considered, could not have been otherwise, with any honesty of intention. 'Indeed,' said he, 'if the plot had been unravelled to us by any supernatural intelligence, if it had been whispered by a genie, communicated by a

dream, or revealed by an angel from on high, we should have been to blame in crediting ocular demonstration; but as we were left in the mist of mortality, it cannot be expected we should be incapable of imposition. I do assure you, Mr Random, no man on earth is more pleased than I am at this triumph of your character; and as the news of your misfortune panged me to the very entrails, this manifestation of your innocence makes my midriff quiver with joy.' I thanked him for his concern, desired them to undeceive those of their acquaintance who judged harshly of me, and, having treated them with a glass of wine, represented to Lavement the deplorable condition of his daughter, and pleaded her cause so effectually, that he consented to settle a small annuity on her for life; but could not be persuaded to take her home, because her mother was so much incensed that she would never see her.

CHAPTER LIII.

I purchase new clothes—reprimand Strutwell and Straddle—Banter proposes another matrimonial scheme—I accept of his terms—set out for Bath in a stage-coach, with the young lady and her mother—the behaviour of an officer and lawyer—our fellow-travellers described—a smart dialogue between my mistress and the captain.

Having finished this affair to my satisfaction, I found myself perfectly at ease, and looking upon the gaming-table as a certain resource for a gentleman in want, became more gay than ever. Although my clothes were almost as good as new, I grew ashamed of wearing them, because I thought every body by this time, had got an inventory of my wardrobe. For which reason, I disposed of a good part of my apparel to a salesman in Monmouth-street for half the value, and bought two new suits with the money. I likewise purchased a plain gold watch, despairing of recovering that which I had so foolishly given to Strutwell, whom, notwithstanding, I still continued to visit at his levee, until the

ambassador he had mentioned set out with a secretary of his own choosing. I thought myself then at liberty to expostulate with his lordship, whom I treated with great freedom, in a letter, for amusing me with vain hopes, when he neither had the power nor inclination to provide for me. Nor was I less reserved with Straddle, whom I in person reproached for misrepresenting to me the character of Strutwell, which I did not scruple to aver was infamous in every respect. He seemed very much enraged at my freedom, talked a great deal about his quality and honour, and began to make some comparisons which I thought so injurious to mine, that I demanded an explanation with great warmth; and he was mean enough to equivocate, and condescend in such a manner, that I left him with a hearty contempt of his behaviour.

About this time, Banter, who had observed a surprising and sudden alteration in my appearance and disposition, began to inquire very minutely into the cause; and as I did not think fit to let him know the true state of the affair, lest he might make free with my purse, on the strength of having proposed the scheme that filled it, I told him that I had received a small supply from a relation in the country, who at the same time had promised to use all his interest (which was not small) in soliciting some post for me that should make me easy for life. 'If that be the case,' said Banter, 'perhaps you wont care to mortify yourself a little, in making your fortune another way. I have a relation who is to set out for Bath next week, with an only daughter, who being sickly and decrepit, intends to drink the waters for the recovery of her health. Her father, who was a rich Turkey merchant, died about a year ago, and left her with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, under the sole management of her mother, who is my kinswoman. I would have put in for the plate myself, but there is a breach at present between the old woman and me. You must know, that sometime ago I borrowed a small sum of her, and promised, it seems, to pay it before a certain time; but being disappointed in my expectation of money from the country,

the day elapsed, without my being able to take up my note; upon which she wrote a peremptory letter, threatening to arrest me, if I did not pay the debt immediately. Nettled at this precise behaviour, I sent a d——d severe answer, which enraged her so much, that she actually took out a writ against me. Whereupon, finding the thing grow serious, I got a friend to advance the money for me, discharged the debt, went to her house, and abused her for her unfriendly dealing. She was provoked by my reproaches, and scolded in her turn. The little deformed urchin joined her mother with such virulence and volubility of tongue, that I was fain to make my retreat, after having been honoured with a great many scandalous epithets, which gave me plainly to understand that I had nothing to hope from the esteem of the one, or the affection of the other. As they are both utter strangers to life, it is a thousand to one but the girl will be picked up by some scoundrel or other at Bath, if I don't provide for her otherwise. You are a well-looking fellow, Random, and can behave as demurely as a quaker. Now, if you will give me an obligation for five hundred pounds, to be paid six months after your marriage, I will put you in a method of carrying her in spite of all opposition.'

This proposal was too advantageous for me to be refused: the writing was immediately drawn up and executed; and Banter giving me notice of the time when, and the stage coach in which they were to set out, I bespoke a place in the same convenience, and having hired a horse for Strap, who was charmed with the prospect, set forward accordingly.

As we embarked before day, I had not the pleasure for some time of seeing Miss Snapper (that was the name of my mistress), nor even of perceiving the number and sex of my fellow-travellers, although I guessed that the coach was full, by the difficulty I found in seating myself. The first five minutes passed in a general silence, when, all of a sudden, the coach heeling to one side, a boisterous voice pronounced,—'To the right and left, cover your flanks, d——e!

whiz!' I easily discovered, by the tone and matter of this exclamation, that it was uttered by a son of Mars; neither was it hard to conceive the profession of another person who sat opposite to me, and observed, that we ought to have been well satisfied of the security before we entered upon the premises. These two sallies had not the desired effect: we continued a good while as mute as before, till at length the gentleman of the sword, impatient of longer silence, made a second effort, by swearing, he had got into a meeting of quakers. 'I believe so too,' said a shrill female voice at my left hand, 'for the spirit of folly begins to move.' 'Out with it then, madam,' replied the soldier, 'You seem to have no occasion for a midwife,' cried the lady. 'D—n my blood!' exclaimed the other, 'a man can't talk to a woman, but she immediately thinks of a midwife.' 'True, sir,' said she, 'I long to be delivered.' 'What! of a mouse, madam?' said he. 'No, sir,' said she, 'of a fool.' 'Are you far gone with a fool?' said he. 'Little more than two miles,' said she. 'By gad, you are a wit, madam!' cried the officer. 'I wish I could with any justice return the compliment,' said the lady. 'Zounds, I have done,' said he. 'Your bolt is soon shot, according to the old proverb,' said she. The warrior's powder was quite spent; the lawyer advised him to drop the prosecution; and a grave matron, who sat on the left hand of the victorious wit, told her, she must not let her tongue run so fast among strangers. This reprimand, softened with the appellation of *child*, convinced me that that satirical lady was no other than Miss Snapper, and I resolved to regulate my conduct accordingly. The champion, finding himself so smartly handled, changed his battery, and began to expatiate upon his own exploits. —'You talk of shot, madam,' said he, 'd——e! I have both given and received some shot in my time. I was wounded in the shoulder by a pistol-ball at Dettingen, where —I say nothing—but by G—d! if it had not been for me—all's one for that—I despise boasting, d——e! whiz!' So saying, he whistled one part and hummed another of *Black joke;* then addressing himself to the lawyer, went on thus.—

'Wouldn't you think it d——d hard, after having, at the risk of your life, recovered the standard of a regiment, that had been lost, to receive no preferment for your pains? I don't choose to name no names, sink me: but howsomever, this I will refer, by G—d, and that is this: a musketeer of the French guards, having taken a standard from a certain cornet of a certain regiment, d——e! was retreating with the prize as fast as his horse's heels could carry him, sink me! upon which, I snatched up a firelock that belonged to a dead man, d——e! whiz! and shot his horse under him, d—n my blood! The fellow got upon his feet, and began to repose me; upon which I charged my bayonet breast high, and ran him through the body, by G—d! One of his comrades coming to his assistance, shot me in the shoulder, as I told you before; and another gave me a confusion on the head with the butt-end of his carbine; but, d——e! that did not signify. I killed one, put the other to flight, and taking up the standard, carried it off very deliberately. But the best joke of all was, the son of a b—h of a cornet who had surrendered it in a cowardly manner, seeing it in my possession, demanded it from me, in the front of the line. 'D—n my blood,' says he, 'where did you find my standard?' says he. 'D—n my blood,' said I, 'where,' said I, 'did you lose it!' said I. 'That's nothing to you,' says he, ''tis my standard,' says he, 'and by G—d I'll have it,' says he. 'D—n——n seize me,' says I, 'if you shall,' says I; 'till I have first delivered it to the general,' says I; and accordingly I went to the head-quarters, after the battle, and delivered it to my Lord Stair, who promised to do for me, but I am no more than a poor lieutenant still, d—n my blood.'

Having vented this repetition of expletives, the lawyer owned he had not been requited according to his deserts; observed, that the labourer is always worthy of his hire, and asked if the promise was made before witnesses, beeause in that case the law would compel the general to perform it;—but understanding that the promise was made over a bottle, without being restricted to time or terms, he pronounced it not valid in law, proceeded to inquire into the particulars

of the battle, and affirmed, that although the English had drawn themselves into a premunire at first, the French managed their cause so lamely in the course of the dispute, that they would have been utterly nonsuited, had they not obtained a *noli prosequi*. In spite of these enlivening touches, the conversation was like to suffer another long interruption; when the lieutenant, unwilling to conceal any of his accomplishments, that could be displayed in his present situation, offered to regale the company with a song; and interpreting our silence into a desire of hearing, began to warble a fashionable air, the first stanza of which he pronounced thus:

Would you task the moon-ty'd hair,
To yon flagrant beau repair;
Where waving with the popling vow,
The bantling fine will shelter you, &c.

The sense of the rest he perverted as he went on, with such surprising facility, that I could not help thinking he had been at some pains to burlesque the performance. Miss Snapper ascribed it to the true cause, namely ignorance; and when he asked her how she relished his music, answered, that, in her opinion, the music and the words were much of a piece. 'O d—n my blood,' said he, 'I take that as a high compliment; for every body allows the words are damnable fine.' 'They may be so,' replied the lady, 'for aught I know, but they are above my comprehension.' 'I an't obliged to find you comprehension, madam, curse me!' cried he. 'No, nor to speak sense neither,' said she. 'D—n my heart,' said he, 'I'll speak what I please.' Here the lawyer interposed, by telling him there were some things he must not speak. And upon being defied to give an instance, mentioned treason and defamation. 'As for the king,' cried the soldier, 'God bless him—I eat his bread, and have lost blood in his cause, therefore I have nothing to say to him—but by G—d, I dare say any thing to any other man.' 'No,' said the lawyer, 'you dare not call me a rogue.' 'D——e, for why?' said the other. 'Because,' replied the counsellor, 'I should have a good action against you, and recover.' 'Well, well,' cried the officer, 'if I dare not call you a rogue, I dare think you one, d——e.'

This stroke of wit he accompanied with a loud laugh of self-approbation, which unluckily did not affect the audience, but effectually silenced his antagonist, who did not open his mouth for the space of an hour, except to clear his pipe with three *hems*, which, however, produced nothing.

CHAPTER LIV.

Day breaking, I have the pleasure of viewing the person of Miss Snapper, whom I had not seen before—the soldier is witty upon me—is offended, talks much of his valour—is reprimanded by a grave gentlewoman—we are alarmed with the cry of highwaymen—I get out of the coach, and stand in my own defence—they ride off without having attacked us—I pursue them—one of them is thrown from his horse and taken—I return to the coach—am complimented by Miss Snapper—the captain's behaviour on this occasion—the prude reproaches me in a soliloquy—I upbraid her in the same manner—the behaviour of Mrs Snapper at breakfast disobliges me—the lawyer is witty upon the officer, who threatens him.

In the meantime, day breaking in upon us, discovered to one another the faces of their fellow-travellers, and I had the good fortune to find my mistress not quite so deformed nor disagreeable as she had been represented to me. Her head, indeed, bore some resemblance to a hatchet, the edge being represented by her face; but she had a certain delicacy in her complexion, and a great deal of vivacity in her eyes, which were very large and black; and though the protuberance of her breast, when considered alone, seemed to drag her forwards, it was easy to perceive an equivalent on her back, which balanced the other, and kept her body *in equilibro*. On the whole, I thought I should have great reason to congratulate myself, if it should be my fate to possess twenty thousand pounds encumbered with such a wife. I began therefore to deliberate about the most probable means of acquiring the conquest, and was so much engrossed by this idea, that I scarce took any notice of the rest of the people in the coach, but revolved my project in silence; while the con-

versation was maintained, as before, by the object of my hopes, the son of Mars, and the barrister, who by this time had recollected himself, and talked in terms as much as ever. At length a dispute happened, which ended in a wager, to be determined by me, who was so much absorbed in contemplation, that I neither heard the reference nor the question, which was put to me by each in his turn: affronted at my supposed contempt, the soldier, with great vociferation, swore I was either dumb or deaf, if not both, and that I looked as if I could not say boh to a goose. Aroused at this observation, I fixed my eyes upon him, and pronounced with emphasis the interjection *boh!* Upon which he cocked his hat in a fierce manner, and cried,—'D——e, sir, what d'ye mean by that?' Had I intended to answer him, which, by-the-by was not my design, I should have been anticipated by Miss, who told him my meaning was to shew that I could cry boh to a goose; and laughed very heartily at my laconic reproof. Her explanation and mirth did not help to appease his wrath, which broke out in several martial insinuations, such as,—'I do not understand such freedoms, d——e! d—n my blood! I am a gentleman, and bear the king's commission. 'Sblood! some people deserve to have their noses pulled for their impertinence.' I thought to have checked these ejaculations by a frown; because he had talked so much of his valour, that I had long ago rated him as an ass in a lion's skin; but this expedient did not answer my expectation; he took umbrage at the contraction of my brows, swore he did not value my sulky looks a fig's end, and protested he feared no man breathing. Miss Snapper said she was very glad to find herself in company with a man of so much courage, who, she did not doubt, would protect us from all attempts of highwaymen during our journey. 'Make yourself perfectly easy on that head, madam,' replied the officer; 'I have got a pair of pistols,' here they are, 'which I took from a horse officer at the battle of Dettingen—they are double loaded, and if any highwayman in England robs you of the value of a pin while I have the honour of being in your company, d—n

my heart.' When he had expressed himself in this manner, a prim gentlewoman, who had sat silent hitherto, opened her mouth, and said, she wondered how any man could be so rude as to pull out such weapons before ladies. 'D——e, madam,' cried the champion, 'if you are so much afraid at sight of a pistol, how d'ye propose to stand fire if their should be occasion?' She then told him, that if she thought he could be so unmannerly as to use fire-arms in her presence, whatever might be the occasion, she would get out of the coach immediately, and walk to the next village, where she might procure a convenience to herself. Before he could make any answer, my dulcinea interposed, and observed, that, far from being offended at a gentleman's using his arms in his own defence, she thought herself very lucky in being along with one by whose valour she stood a good chance of saving herself from being rifled. The prude cast a disdainful look at Miss, and said, that people who have but little to lose are sometimes most solicitous about preserving it. The old lady was affronted at this inuendo, and took notice, that people ought to be very well informed before they spoke slightingly of other people's fortunes, least they discover their own envy, and make themselves ridiculous. The daughter declared, that she did not pretend to vie with any body in point of riches; and if the lady who insisted upon non-resistance, would promise to indemnify us for all the loss we should sustain, she would be one of the first to persuade the captain to submission, in case we should be attacked. To this proposal, reasonable as it was, the reserved lady made no other reply than a scornful glance and a toss of her head. I was very well pleased with the spirit of my mistress; and even wished for an opportunity of distinguishing my courage under her eye, which I believed could not fail of prepossessing her in my favour; when all of a sudden, Strap rode up to the coach-door, and told us, in a great fright, that two men on horseback were crossing the heath (for by this time we had passed Hounslow), and made directly towards us. This piece of information was no sooner delivered than Mrs Snapper began to scream, her daughter grew pale, the other

lady pulled out her purse to be in readiness, the lawyer's teeth chattered, while he pronounced,—'T'is no matter—we'll sue the county, and recover.' The captain gave evident signs of confusion; and I, after having commanded the coachman to stop, opened the door, jumped out, and invited the warrior to follow me. But finding him backward and astonished, I took his pistols, and giving them to Strap, who had by this time alighted, and trembled very much, I mounted on horseback, and taking my own (which I could better depend upon) from the holsters, cocked them both, and faced the robbers, who were now very near us. Seeing me ready to oppose them on horseback, and another man armed a-foot, they made a halt at some distance to reconnoitre us, and, after having rode round us twice, myself still facing about as they rode, went off the same way as they came, at a hand-gallop. A gentleman's servant coming up with a horse at the same time, I offered him a crown to assist me in pursuing them; which he no sooner accepted, than I armed him with the officer's pistols, and we galloped after the thieves, who trusting to the swiftness of their horses, stopped till we came within shot of them, and then firing at us, put their nags to the full speed. We followed them as fast as our beasts could carry us; but not being so well mounted as they, our efforts would have been to little purpose, had not the horse of one of them stumbled, and thrown his rider with such violence over his head, that he lay senseless when we came up, and was taken without the least opposition; while his comrade consulted his own safety in flight, without regarding the distress of his friend. We scarce had time to make ourselves masters of his arms and tie his hands together, before he recovered his senses, when learning his situation, he affected surprise, demanded to know by what authority we used a gentleman in that manner, and had the impudence to threaten us with a prosecution for robbery. In the meantime we perceived Strap coming up with a crowd of people, armed with different kinds of weapons; and, among the rest a farmer, who no sooner perceived the thief, whom we had secured, than he cried,

with great emotion,—'There's the fellow who robbed me an hour ago, of twenty pounds in a canvas bag.' He was immediately searched, and the money found exactly as it had been described: upon which we committed him to the charge of the countryman, who carried him to the town of Hounslow, which, it seems, the farmer had alarmed; and I having satisfied the footman for his trouble, according to promise, returned with Strap to the coach, where I found the captain and lawyer busy in administering smelling bottles and cordials to the grave lady, who had gone into a fit at the noise of the firing.

When I had taken my seat, Miss Snapper, who from the coach had seen every thing that happened, made me a compliment on my behaviour, and said, she was glad to see me returned without having received any injury: her mother too owned herself obliged to my resolution; and the lawyer told me, that I was entitled by act of parliament to a reward of forty pounds, for having apprehended a highwayman. The soldier observed, with a countenance in which impudence and shame struggling, produced some disorder, that if I had not been in such a d——d hurry to get out of the coach, he would have secured the rogues effectually, without all this bustle and loss of time, by a scheme which my heat and precipitation ruined. 'For my own part,' continued he, 'I am always extremely cool on these occasions.' 'So it appeared by your trembling,' said the young lady. 'Death and damnation,' cried he, 'your sex protects you, madam; if any man on earth durst tell me so much, I'd send him to hell, damn my heart! in an instant.' So saying, he fixed his eyes upon me, and asked if I had seen him tremble? I answered without hesitation,—'Yes.' 'D——e, sir,' said he, 'd'ye doubt my courage?' I replied,—'very much.' This declaration quite disconcerted him: he looked blank, and pronounced with a faultering voice,—'O! 'tis very well—d—n my blood! I shall find a time.' I signified my contempt of him, by thrusting my tongue in my cheek, which humbled him so much, that he scarce swore another oath aloud during the whole journey.

The precise lady having recruited her spirits by the help of some strong waters, began a soliloquy, in which she wondered that any man, who pretended to maintain the character of a gentleman, could, for the sake of a little paltry coin, throw persons of honour into such quandaries as might endanger their lives; and professed her surprise, that women were not ashamed to commend such brutality; at the same time vowing, that for the future she would never set foot in a stage coach, if a private convenience could be had for love or money.

Nettled at her remarks, I took the same method of conveying my sentiments, and wondered in my turn that any woman of common sense should be so unreasonable as to expect that people, who had neither acquaintance or connection with her, would tamely allow themselves to be robbed and maltreated, merely to indulge her capricious humour. I likewise confessed my astonishment at her insolence and ingratitude in taxing a person with brutality, who deserved her approbation and acknowledgment; and vowed, that if ever she should be assaulted again, I would leave her to the mercy of the spoiler, that she might know the value of my protection.

This person of honour did not think fit to carry on the altercation any farther, but seemed to chew the cud of her resentment with the crest-fallen captain, while I entered into discourse with my charmer, who was the more pleased with my conversation, as she had conceived a very indifferent opinion of my intellects from my former silence. I should have had cause to be equally satisfied with the sprightliness of her genius, could she have curbed her imagination with judgment; but she laboured under such a profusion of talk, that I dreaded her unruly tongue, and felt by anticipation the horrors of an eternal clack. However, when I considered, on the other hand, the joys attending the possession of twenty thousand pounds, I forgot her imperfections, seized occasion by the fore-lock, and endeavoured to insinuate myself into her affection. The careful mother kept a strict watch over her, and though she could not help behaving

civilly to me, took frequent opportunities of discouraging our communication, by reprimanding her for being so free with strangers, and telling her she must learn to speak less, and think more. Abridged of the use of speech, we conversed with our eyes, and I found the young lady very eloquent in this kind of discourse. In short, I had reason to believe that she was sick of the old gentlewoman's tuition, and that I should find it no difficult matter to supersede her authority.

When we arrived at the place where we were to breakfast, I alighted, and helped my mistress out of the coach, as well as her mother, who called for a private room, to which they withdrew, in order to eat by themselves. As they retired together, I perceived that Miss had got more twists from nature than I had before observed, for she was bent sideways in the figure of an S, so that her progression very much resembled that of a crab. The prude also chose the captain for her messmate, and ordered breakfast for two only to be brought into another separate room; while the lawyer and I, deserted by the rest of the company, were fain to put up with each other. I was a good deal chagrined at the stately reserve of Mrs Snapper, who I thought did not use me with all the complaisance I deserved; and my companion declared, that he had been a traveller for twenty years, and never knew the stage-coach rules so much infringed before. As for the honourable gentlewoman, I could not conceive the meaning of her attachment to the lieutenant; and asked the lawyer if he knew for which of the soldier's virtues she admired him? The counsellor facetiously replied,—'I suppose the lady knows him to be an able conveyancer, and wants him to make a settlement in tail.' I could not help laughing at the archness of the barrister, who entertained me during breakfast with a great deal of wit of the same kind, at the expense of our fellow travellers; and, among other things, said, he was sorry to find the young lady saddled with such encumbrances.

When we had made an end of our repast, and paid our reckoning, we went into the coach, took our places, and

bribed the driver with sixpence, to revenge us on the rest of his fare, by hurrying them away in the midst of their meal. This task he performed to our satisfaction, after he had disturbed their enjoyment with his importunate clamour. The mother and daughter obeyed the summons first, and coming to the coach-door, were obliged to desire the coachman's assistance to get in, because the lawyer and I had agreed to shew our resentment by our neglect. They were no sooner seated, than the captain appeared as much heated as if he had been pursued a dozen miles by an enemy; and immediately after him came the lady, not without some marks of disorder. Having helped her up, he entered himself, growling a few oaths against the coachman for his impertinent interruption; and the lawyer comforted him by saying, that if he had suffered a *nisi prius* through the obstinacy of the defendant, he might have an opportunity to join issue at the next stage. This last expression gave offence to the grave gentlewoman, who told him, if she was a man, she would make him repent of such obscenity; and thanked God she had never been in such company before. At this insinuation the captain thought himself under a necessity of espousing the lady's cause: and accordingly threatened to cut off the lawyer's ears, if he should give his tongue any such liberties for the future. The poor counsellor begged pardon, and universal silence ensued.

CHAPTER LV.

I resolve to ingratiate myself with the mother and am favoured by accident—the precise lady finds her husband, and quits the coach—the captain is disappointed of his dinner—we arrive at Bath—I accompany Miss Snapper to the long room, where she is attacked by Beau Nash, and turns the laugh against him—I make love to her, and receive a check—square her to an assembly, where I am blessed with a sight of my dear Narcissa, which discomposes me so much, that Miss Snapper observing my disorder, is at pains to discover the cause—is piqued at the occasion, and, in our way home, pays me a sarcastic compliment—I am met by Miss Williams, who is maid and confidant of Narcissa—she acquaints me with her lady's regard for me while under the disguise of a servant, and describes the transports of Narcissa on seeing me at the assembly, in the character of a gentleman—I am surprised with an account of her aunt's marriage, and make an appointment to meet Miss Williams next day.

During this unsocial interval, my pride and interest maintained a severe conflict on the subject of Miss Snapper, whom the one represented as unworthy of notice, and the other proposed as the object of my whole attention: the advantages and disadvantages attending such a match were opposed to one another by my imagination; and at length my judgment gave it so much in favour of the first, that I resolved to prosecute my scheme with all the address in my power. I thought I perceived some concern in her countenance, occasioned by my silence, which she, no doubt, imputed to my disgust at her mother's behaviour; and as I believed the old woman could not fail of ascribing my muteness to the same motive, I determined to continue that sullen conduct towards her, and fall upon some other method of manifesting my esteem for the daughter: nor was it difficult for me to make her acquainted with my sentiments by the expression of my looks, which I modelled into the characters of humility and love; and which were answered by her with all the sympathy and approbation I could desire. But when I began to consider, that without further oppor-

tunities of improving my success, all the progress I had hitherto made would not much avail, and that such opportunities could not be enjoyed without the mother's permission; I concluded it would be requisite to vanquish her coldness and suspicion by my assiduities and respectful behaviour on the road; and she would in all likelihood invite me to visit her at Bath, where I did not fear of being able to cultivate her acquaintance as much as would be necessary to the accomplishment of my purpose. And indeed accident furnished me with an opportunity of obliging her so much, that she could not, with any appearance of good manners, forbear to gratify my inclination.

When we arrived at our dining-place, we found all the eatables in the inn bespoke by a certain nobleman, who had got the start of us; and in all likelihood my mistress and her mother must have dined with Duke Humphrey, had I not exerted myself in their behalf, and bribed the landlord with a glass of wine, to curtail his lordship's entertainment of a couple of fowls and some bacon, which I sent with my compliments to the ladies. They accepted my treat with a great many thanks, and desired I would favour them with my company at dinner, where I amused the old gentlewoman so successfully, by maintaining a seemingly disinterested ease in the midst of my civility, that she signified a desire of being better acquainted, and hoped I would be so kind as to see her sometimes at Bath. While I enjoyed myself in this manner, the precise lady had the good fortune to meet with her husband, who was no other than gentleman, or, in other words, valet-de-chambre, to the very nobleman whose coach stood at the door. Proud of the interest she had in the house, she affected to show her power by introducing the captain to her spouse, as a person who had treated her with great civility; upon which he was invited to a share of our dinner; while the poor lawyer, finding himself utterly abandoned made application to me, and was through my intercession, admitted into our company. Having satisfied our appetites, and made ourselves merry at the expense of the person of honour, the civil cap-

tain, and complaisant husband, I did myself the pleasure of discharging the bill by stealth, for which I received a great many apologies and acknowledgments from my guests, and we re-embarked at the first warning. The officer was obliged, at last, to appease his hunger with a luncheon of bread and cheese, and a pint bottle of brandy, which he dispatched in the coach, cursing the inappetence of his lordship, who had ordered dinner to be put back a whole hour.

Nothing remarkable happened during the remaining part of our journey, which was finished next day, when I waited on the ladies to the house of a relation, in which they intended to lodge, and passing that night at the inn, took lodgings in the morning for myself.

The forenoon was spent in visiting every thing that was worth seeing in the place, in company with a gentleman to whom Banter had given me a letter of introduction; and in the afternoon I waited on the ladies, and found Miss a good deal indisposed with the fatigue of the journey. As they foresaw they should have occasion for a male acquaintance to squire them at all public places, I was received with great cordiality, and had the mother's commission to conduct them next day to the long-room, which we no sooner entered, than the eyes of every body present were turned upon us; and when we had suffered the martyrdom of their looks for some time, a whisper circulated at our expense, which was accompanied with many contemptuous smiles and tittering observations, to my utter shame and confusion. I did not so much conduct, as follow, my charge to a place where she seated her mother and herself, with astonishing composure, notwithstanding the unmannerly behaviour of the whole company, which seemed to be assumed merely to put her out of countenance. The celebrated Mr Nash, who commonly attends in this place, as master of the ceremonies, perceiving the disposition of the assembly, took upon himself the task of gratifying their ill-nature still further, by exposing my mistress to the edge of his wit. With this view he approached us, with many bows and grimaces, and, af-

ter having welcomed Miss Snapper to the place, asked her, in the hearing of all present, if she could inform him of the name of Tobit's dog. I was so much incensed at his insolence that I should certainly have kicked him where he stood, without ceremony, had not the young lady prevented the effects of my indignation, by replying, with the utmost vivacity,—'His name was Nash, and an impudent dog he was.' This rapartee, so unexpected and just, raised such an universal laugh at the aggressor, that all his assurance was insufficient to support him under their derision; so that, after he had endeavoured to compose himself, by taking snuff, and forcing a smile, he was obliged to sneak off in a very ludicrous attitude; while my dulcinea was applauded to the skies, for the brilliancy of her wit, and her acquaintance immediately courted by the best people of both sexes in the room. This event, with which I was infinitely pleased at first, did not fail of alarming me, upon further reflection, when I considered, that the more she was caressed by persons of distinction, the more her pride would be inflamed, and consequently the obstacles to my success multiplied and enlarged. Nor were my presaging fears untrue. That very night I perceived her a little intoxicated with the incense she had received; and though she still behaved with a particular civility to me, I foresaw, that, as soon as her fortune should be known, she would be surrounded with a swarm of admirers, some one of whom might possibly, by excelling me in point of wealth, or in the arts of flattery and scandal, supplant me in her esteem, and find means to make the mother of his party. I resolved, therefore, to lose no time, and being invited to spend the evening with them, found an opportunity, in spite of the old gentlewoman's vigilance, to explain the meaning of my glances in the coach, by paying homage to her wit, and professing myself enamoured of her person. She blushed at my declaration, and in a favourable manner disapproved of the liberty I had taken, putting me in mind of our being strangers to each other, and desiring I would not be the means of interrupting our acquaintance by any such unseasonable strokes of gallantry

for the future: my ardour was effectually checked by this reprimand, which was, however, delivered in such a gentle manner, that I had no cause to be disobliged; and the arrival of her mother relieved me from a dilemma, in which I should not have known how to demean myself a minute longer: neither could I resume the easiness of carriage with which I came in. My mistress acted on the reserve, and the conversation beginning to flag, the old lady introduced her kinswoman of the house, and proposed a hand at whist.

While we amused ourselves at this diversion, I understood from the gentlewoman, that there was to be an assembly next night, at which I begged to have the honour of dancing with Miss. She thanked me for the favour I intended her, assured me she never did dance, but signified a desire of seeing the company; when I offered my service, which was accepted; not a little proud of being exempted from appearing with her in a situation, that, notwithstanding my profession to the contrary, was not at all agreeable to my inclination.

Having supped, and continued the game, till such time as the successive yawns of the mother warned me to be gone, I took my leave, and went home, where I made Strap very happy with an account of my progress. Next day I put on my gayest apparel, and went to drink tea at Mrs Snapper's, according to appointment, when I found, to my inexpressible satisfaction, that she was laid up with the toothache, and that Miss was to be intrusted to my care. Accordingly, we set out for the ball-room pretty early in the evening, and took possession of a commodious place, where we had not sat longer than a quarter of an hour, when a gentleman dressed in a green frock came in, leading a young lady, whom I immediately discovered to be the adorable Narcissa. Good heaven! what were the thrillings of my soul at that instant! my reflection was overwhelmed with a torrent of agitation; my heart throbbed with surprising violence; a sudden mist overspread my eyes; my ears were invaded with a dreadful sound; I panted for want of breath; and, in short, was for some moments entranced. This first

tumult subsiding, a crowd of flattering ideas rushed upon my imagination; every thing that was soft, sensible, and engaging in the character of that dear creature, recurred to my remembrance, and every favourable circumstance of my own qualifications appeared in all the aggravation of self-conceit, to heighten my expectation. Neither was this transport of long duration: the dread of her being already disposed of intervened, and overcast my enchanting reverie. My presaging apprehension represented her encircled in the arms of some happy rival, and of consequence for ever lost to me. I was stung with this suggestion, and believing the person who conducted her to be the husband of this amiable young lady, already devoted him to my fury, and stood up to mark him for my vengeance; when I recollected, to my unspeakable joy, her brother, the fox-hunter, in the person of her gallant. Undeceived so much to my satisfaction in this particular, I gazed, in a frenzy of delight, on the irresistible charms of his sister, who no sooner distinguished me in the crowd, than her evident confusion afforded a happy omen to my flame. At sight of me she startled, the roses instantly vanished from her polished cheeks, and returned in a moment with a double glow that overspread her lovely neck, while her enchanting bosom heaved with strong emotion. I hailed these favourable symptoms, and, lying in wait for her looks, did homage with my eyes. She seemed to approve my declaration, by the complacency of her aspect; and I was so transported with her discovery, that more than once I was on the point of making up to her to disclose the throbbings of my heart in person, had not that profound veneration which her presence always inspired, restrained the unseasonable impulse. All my powers being engrossed in this manner, it may easily be imagined how ill I entertained Miss Snapper, on whom I could not now turn my eyes, without making comparisons very little to her advantage. It was not even in my power to return distinct answers to the questions she asked me from time to time, so that she could not help observing my absence of mind; and having a turn for observation, watched my glances,

and tracing them to the divine object, discovered the cause of my disorder. That she might, however, be convinced of the truth of her conjecture, she began to interrogate me with regard to Narcissa, and, notwithstanding all my endeavours to disguise my sentiments, perceived my attachment by my confusion. Upon which she assumed a stateliness of behaviour, and sat silent during the remaining part of the entertainment. At any other time, her suspicion would have alarmed me; but now I was elevated by my passion above every other consideration. The mistress of my soul having retired with her brother, I discovered so much uneasiness at my situation, that Miss Snapper proposed to go home, and while I conducted her to a chair, told me she had too great a regard for me to keep me any longer in torment. 'I feigned ignorance of her meaning, and having seen her safely at her lodgings, took my leave, and went home in an ecstacy, where I disclosed every thing that had happened to my confidant and humble servant Strap, who did no relish the accident so well as I expected, and observed that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush; 'but however,' said he, 'you know best,—you know best.' Next day, as I went to the pump-room, in hopes of seeing or hearing some tidings of my fair enslaver, I was met by a gentlewoman, who having looked hard at me, cried,—'O Christ! Mr Random!' Surprised at this exclamation, I examined the countenance of the person who spoke, and immediately recognised my old sweetheart and fellow-sufferer, Miss Williams.

I was mightily pleased to find this unfortunate woman under such a decent appearance, professed my joy at seeing her so well, and desired to know where I should have the pleasure of her conversation. She was as heartily rejoiced at the apparent easiness of my fortune, and gave me to know, that she, as yet, had no habitation that she could properly call her own, but would wait on me at any place I should please to appoint. Understanding that she was unengaged for the present, I showed her the way to my own lodgings, where, after a very affectionate salutation, she informed me of her

being very happy in the service of a young lady to whom she was recommended by a former mistress deceased, into whose family she had recommended herself by the honest deceit she had concerted while she lived with me in the garret at London. She then expressed a vehement desire to be acquainted with the vicissitudes of my life since we parted, and excused her curiosity on account of the concern she had for my interest. I forthwith gratified her request, and when I described my situation in Sussex, perceived her to attend to my story with particular eagerness. She interrupted me when I had finished that period, with,—'Good God! is it possible!'—and then begged I would be so good as to continue my relation; which I did as briefly as I could, burning with impatience to know the cause of her surprise, about which I had already formed a very interesting conjecture. When I had brought my adventures down to the present day, she seemed very much affected with the different circumstances of my fortune; and saying, with a smile, she believed my distresses were now at a period, proceeded to inform me, that the lady whom she served was no other than the charming Narcissa, who had honoured her with her confidence for some time; in consequence of which trust, she had often repeated the story of John Brown, with great admiration and regard; that she loved to dwell upon the particulars of his character, and did not scruple to own a tender approbation of his flame. I became delirious at this piece of intelligence, strained Miss Williams in my embrace, called her the angel of my happiness, and acted such extravagancies, that she might have been convinced of my sincerity, had she not been satisfied of my honour before. As soon as I was in a condition to yield attention, she described the present situation of her mistress, who had no sooner reached her lodgings the night before, than she closeted her, and, in a rapture of joy, gave her to know that she had seen me at the ball, where I appeared in the character which she always thought my due, with such advantage of transformation, than unless my image had been engraven on her heart, it would have been impossible to know me for the person who

had worn her aunt's livery; that, by the language of my eyes, she was assured of the continuance of my passion for her, and consequently of my being unengaged to any other; and that, though she did not doubt I would speedily fall upon some method of being introduced, she was so impatient to hear of me, that she (Miss Williams) had been sent abroad this very morning, on purpose to learn the name and character I at present bore. My bosom had been hitherto a stranger to such a flood of joy as now rushed upon it: my faculties were overborne by the tide: it was some time before I could open my mouth, and much longer ere I could utter a coherent sentence. At length I fervently requested her to lead me immediately to the object of my adoration: but she resisted my importunity, and explained the danger of such premature conduct.—'How favourable soever,' said she, 'my lady's inclination towards you may be, you may depend upon it, she will not commit the smallest trespass on decorum, either in disclosing her own, or in receiving a declaration of your passion; and although the great veneration I have for you has prompted me to reveal what she communicated to me in confidence, I know so well the severity of her sentiments with respect to the punctilios of her sex, that, if she should learn the least surmise of it, she would not only dismiss me as a wretch unworthy of her benevolence, but also for ever shun the efforts of your love.' I assented to the justness for her remonstrance, and desired she would assist me with her advice and direction: upon which, it was concerted between us, that, for the present, I should be contented with her telling Narcissa, that, in the course of her inquiries, she could only learn my name; and that if, in a day or two, I could fall upon no other method of being introduced to her mistress, she would deliver a letter from me, on pretence of consulting her happiness; and say that I met her in the street, and bribed her to this piece of service. Matters being thus adjusted, I kept my old acquaintance to breakfast, and learned from her conversation, that my rival Sir Timothy had drunk himself into an apoplexy, of which he died five months ago; that the savage was still unmar-

ried; and that his aunt had been seized with a whim which he little expected, and chosen the schoolmaster of the parish for her lord and husband; but matrimony not agreeing with her constitution, she had been hectic and dropsical a good while, and was now at Bath, in order to drink the waters for the recovery of her health; that her niece had accompanied her hither at her request, and attended her with the same affection as before, notwithstanding the mistake she had committed; and that her nephew, who had been exasperated at the loss of her fortune, did not give his attendance out of good-will, but purely to have an eye on his sister, lest she should likewise throw herself away, without his consent or approbation. Having enjoyed ourselves in this manner, and made an assignation to meet next day at a certain place, Miss Williams took her leave; and Strap's looks being very inquisitive about the nature of the communication subsisting between us, I made him acquainted with the whole affair, to his great astonishment and satisfaction.

CHAPTER LVI.

I become aquainted with Narcissa's brother, who invites me to his house, where I am introduced to that adorable creature—After dinner, the squire retires to take his nap—Freeman guessing the situation of my thoughts, withdraws likewise on pretence of business—I declare my passion to Narcissa—am well received—charmed with her conversation—the squire detains us to supper—I elude his design by a stratagem, and get home sober.

In the afternoon I drank tea at the house of Mr Freeman, to whom I had been recommended by Banter; where I had not sat five minutes, till the fox-hunter came in, and by his familiar behaviour appeared to be intimate with my friend. I was at first under some concern lest he should recollect my features; but when I found myself introduced to him as a gentleman from London, without being discovered, I blessed the opportunity that brought me into his company, hop-

ing that, in the course of our acquaintance, he would invite me to his house. Nor were my hopes frustrated; for, as we spent the evening together, he grew extremely fond of my conversation, asked a great many childish questions about France and other foreign parts; and seemed so highly entertained with my answers, that, in his cups, he shook me often by the hand, pronounced me an honest fellow, and, in fine, desired our company at dinner next day in his own house. My imagination was so much employed in anticipating the happiness I was to enjoy next day, that I slept very little that night; but, rising early in the morning, went to the place appointed, where I met my she-friend and imparted to her my success with the squire. She was very much pleased at the occasion, which (she said) could not fail of being agreeable to Narcissa, who, in spite of her passion for me, had mentioned some scruples relating to my true situation and character, which the delicacy of her sentiments suggested, and which she believed I would find it necessary to remove, though she did not know how. I was a good deal startled at this insinuation, because I foresaw the difficulty I should find in barely doing myself justice; for although it was never my intention to impose myself upon any woman, much less on Narcissa, as a man of fortune, I laid claim to the character of a gentleman, by birth, education, and behaviour; and yet (so unlucky had the circumstances of my life fallen out) I should find it a very hard matter to make good my pretensions even to these, especially to the last, which was the most essential. Miss Williams was as sensible as I of this my disadvantage, but comforted me with observing, that when once a woman had bestowed her affections on a man, she cannot help judging of him in all respects with a partiality easily influenced in his favour: she remarked, that although some situations of my life had been low, yet none of them had been infamous; that my indigence had been the crime not of me but of fortune; and that the miseries I had undergone, by improving the faculties both of mind and body, qualified me the more for any dignified station, and would of consequence recommend me to

the good graces of any sensible woman: she therefore advised me to be always open and unreserved to the inquiries of my mistress, without unnecessarily betraying the meanest occurrences of my fate, and trust to the strength of her love and reflection for the rest. The sentiments of this sensible young woman, on this as well as on almost every other subject, perfectly agreed with mine: I thanked her for the care she took of my interests, and promising to behave myself according to her direction, we parted, after she had assured me, that I might depend upon her best offices with her mistress, and that she would from time to time communicate to me such intelligence as she should procure relating to my flame. Having dressed myself to the best advantage, I waited for the time of dinner with the most fearful impatience; and as the hour drew nigh, my heart beat with such increased velocity, and my spirits contracted such disorder, that I began to suspect my resolution, and even to wish myself disengaged. At last Mr Freeman called at my lodgings, in his way, and I accompanied him to the house where all my happiness was deposited. We were very kindly received by the 'squire, who sat smoking his pipe in a parlour, and asked if we chose to drink any thing before dinner: though I had never more occasion for a cordial, I was ashamed to accept his offer, which was also refused by my friend. We sat down, however, and entered into conversation, which lasted half an hour, so that I had time to recollect myself; and so capricious were my thoughts, even to hope that Narcissa would not appear—when all of a sudden, a servant coming in, gave us notice that dinner was upon the table—and my perturbation returned with such violence, that I could scarce conceal it from the company as I ascended the stair-case. When I entered the dining-room, the first object that saluted my ravished eyes was the divine Narcissa, blushing like Aurora, adorned with all the graces that meekness, innocence, and beauty can diffuse. I was seized with a giddiness, my knees tottered, and I scarce had strength enough to perform the ceremony of salutation, when her brother, slapping me on the shoulder, cried,—

'Measter Randan, that there is my sister.' I approached her with great eagerness and fear; but in the moment of our embrace, my soul was agonized with rapture; it was a lucky circumstance for us both, that my entertainer was not endued with an uncommon stock of penetration; for our mutual confusion was so manifest, that Mr Freeman perceived it, and as we went home together, congratulated me on my good fortune. But so far was Bruin from entertaining the least suspicion, that he encouraged me to begin a conversation with my mistress in a language unknown to him, by telling her, that he had brought a gentleman who could jabber with her in French and other foreign lingos, as fast as she pleased; then turning to me, said,—'Odds bods! I wish you would hold discourse with her in your French or Italiano, and tell me if she understands it as well as she would be thought to do—there's her aunt and she will chatter together whole days in it; and I can't have a mouthful of English for love or money.' I consulted the look of my amiable mistress, and found her averse to his proposal, which she declined with a sweetness of denial peculiar to herself, as a piece of disrespect to that part of the company which did not understand the language in question. As I had the happiness of sitting opposite to her, I feasted my eyes much more than my palate, which she tempted in vain with the most delicious bits carved by her fair hand, and recommended by her persuasive tongue; but all my other appetites were swallowed up in the immensity of my love, which I fed by gazing incessantly on the delightful object. Dinner was scarce ended, when the squire became very drowsy, and, after several dreadful yawns, got up, stretched himself, took two or three turns across the room, begged we would allow him to take a short nap, and, having laid a strong injunction on his sister to detain us till his return, went to his repose without further ceremony. He had not been gone many minutes, when Freeman, guessing the situation of my heart, and thinking he could not do me a greater favour than to leave me alone with Narcissa, pretended to recollect himself all of a sudden, and starting up, begged the lady's pardon for half

an hour, for he had luckily remembered an engagement of some consequence, that he must perform at that instant; so saying, he took his leave, promising to come back time enough for tea, leaving my mistress and me in great confusion. Now that I enjoyed an opportunity of disclosing the pantings of my soul, I had not power to use it. I studied many pathetic declarations, but when I attempted to give them utterance, my tongue denied its office; and she sat silent, with a downcast look, full of anxious alarm, her bosom heaving with expectation of some great event. At length I endeavoured to put an end to this solemn pause, and began with,—'It is very surprising, madam,'—here the sound dying away, I made a full stop—while Narcissa starting, blushed, and, with a timid accent, answered,—'Sir?' Confounded at this note of interrogation, I pronounced, with the most sheepish bashfulness,—'madam!'—To which she replied,—'I beg pardon— I thought you had spoke to me.' Another pause ensued—I made another effort; and though my voice faultered very much at the beginning, made shift to express myself in this manner:—'I say, madam, 'tis very surprising that love should act so inconsistent with itself, as to deprive its votaries of the use of their faculties when they have most need of them. Since the happy occasion of being alone with you presented itself, I have made many unsuccessful attempts to declare a passion for the loveliest of her sex—a passion which took possession of my soul, while my cruel fate compelled me to wear a servile disguise so unsuitable to my birth, sentiments, and, let me add, my deserts; yet favourable in one respect, as it furnished me with opportunities of seeing and adoring your perfections—yes, madam, it was then your dear idea entered my bosom, where it has lived unimpaired in the midst of numberless cares, and animated me against a thousand dangers and calamities. While I spoke thus, she concealed her face with her fan, and when I ceased speaking, recovering herself from the most beautiful confusion, told me, she thought herself very much obliged by my favourable opinion of her, and that she was very sorry to hear I had been unfortunate. Encouraged by this gentle

reply, I proceeded, owned myself sufficiently recompensed by her kind compassion for what I had undergone, and declared that the future happiness of my life depended solely upon her. 'Sir,' said she, 'I should be very ungrateful, if, after the signal protection you once afforded me, I should refuse to contribute towards your happiness, in any reasonable condescension.' Transported at this acknowledgement, I threw myself at her feet, and begged she would regard my passion with a favourable eye: she was alarmed at my behaviour, entreated me to rise, lest her brother should discover me in that posture, and to spare her, for the present, upon a subject for which she was altogether unprepared. In consequence of this remonstrance, I rose, assuring her I would rather die than disobey her; but, in the meantime, begged her to consider how precious the minutes of this opportunity were, and what restraint I put upon my inclination in sacrificing them to her desire. She smiled with unspeakable sweetness, and said there would be no want of opportunities, provided I could maintain the good opinion her brother had conceived of me; and I, enchanted by her charms, seized her hand, which I well nigh devoured with kisses. But she checked my boldness with a severity of countenance, and desired I would not so far forget myself to her as to endanger the esteem she had for me: she reminded me of our being almost strangers to each other, and of the necessity there was for her knowing me better before she could take any resolution in my favour; and, in short, mingled so much good sense and complacency in her reproof, that I became as much enamoured of her understanding, as I had been before of her beauty, and asked pardon for my presumption with the utmost reverence of conviction. She forgave my offence with her usual affability; and sealed my pardon with a look so full of bewitching tenderness, that for some minutes my senses were lost in ecstacy. I afterwards endeavoured to regulate my behaviour according to her desire, and turn the conversation upon a more indifferent subject; but her presence was an insurmountable obstacle to my design. While I beheld so much excellence, I found it impossible to call

my attention from the contemplation of it. I gazed with unutterable fondness; I grew mad with admiration.—'My condition is insupportable!' cried I, 'I am distracted with passion; why are you so exquisitely fair? why are you so enchantingly good? why has nature dignified you with charms so much above the standard of women? and, wretch that I am, how dares my unworthiness aspire to the enjoyment of such perfection?'

She was startled at my ravings, reasoned down my transport, and by her irresistible eloquence soothed my soul into a state of tranquil felicity; but, lest I might suffer a relapse, industriously promoted other subjects to entertain my imagination. She chid me for having omitted to inquire about her aunt, who (she assured me), in the midst of all her absence of temper, and detachment from common affairs, often talked of me with uncommon warmth. I professed my veneration for the good lady, excused my omission, by imputing it to the violence of my love, which engrossed my whole soul, and desired to know the situation of her health: upon which the amiable Narcissa repeated what I had heard before of her marriage, with all the tenderness for her reputation that the subject would admit of; told me she lived with her husband hard by, and was so much afflicted with the dropsy, and wasted by a consumption, that she had small hopes of her recovery. Having expressed my sorrow for her distemper, I questioned her about my good friend Mrs Sagely, who I learned (to my great satisfaction) was still in good health, and who had, by the encomiums she bestowed upon me after I was gone, confirmed the favourable impressions my behaviour at parting had made on Narcissa's heart. The circumstance introduced an inquiry into the conduct of Sir Timothy Thicket, who (she informed me) had found means to incense her brother so much against me, that she found it impossible to undeceive him; but, on the contrary, suffered very much in her own character by his scandalous insinuations: that the whole parish was alarmed, and actually in pursuit of me; so that she had been in the utmost consternation upon my account, well knowing how little my

own innocence and her testimony would have weighed with the ignorance, prejudice, and brutality, of those who must have judged me, had I been apprehended: that Sir Timothy, having been seized with a fit of the apoplexy, from which with great difficulty he was recovered, began to be apprehensive of death, and to prepare himself accordingly for that great event; as a step to which he sent for her brother, owned with great contrition the brutal design he had upon her, and of consequence acquitted me of the assault, robbery, and correspondence with her, which he laid to my charge; after which confession he lived about a month in a languishing condition, and was carried off by a second assault.

Every word that this dear creature spoke rivetted the chains with which she held me enslaved: my mischievous fancy began to work, and the tempest of my passion to wake again, when the return of Freeman destroyed the tempting opportunity, and enabled me to quell the rising tumult. A little while after, the 'squire staggered into the room, rubbing his eyes, and called for his tea, which he drank out of a small bowl, qualified with brandy, while we took it in the usual way. Narcissa left us in order to visit her aunt; and when Freeman and I proposed to take our leave, the fox-hunter insisted on our spending the evening at his house with such obstinacy of affection, that we were obliged to comply. For my own part, I should have been glad of the invitation, by which, in all likelihood, I should be blessed with more of his sister's company, had I not been afraid of risking her esteem, by entering into a debauch of drinking with him, which, from the knowledge of his character, I foresaw would happen; but there was no remedy. I was forced to rely upon the strength of my constitution, which I hoped would resist intoxication longer than the 'squire's, and to trust to the good nature and discretion of my mistress for the rest.

Our entertainer, resolving to begin by times, ordered the table to be furnished with liquor and glasses immediately after tea; but we absolutely refused to set in for drinking so

soon, and prevailed upon him to pass away an hour or two at whist, in which we engaged as soon as Narcissa returned. The savage and I happened to be partners at first; and as my thoughts were wholly employed in a more interesting game, I played so ill, that he lost all patience, swore bitterly, and threatened to call for wine if they would not grant him another associate. This desire was gratified, and Narcissa and I were of a side; he won for the same reason, that made him lose before: I was satisfied, my lovely partner did not repine, and the time slipped away very agreeably, until we were told that supper was served in another room.

The squire was enraged to find the evening so unprofitably spent, and wreaked his vengeance on the cards, which he tore, and committed to the flames with many execrations, threatening to make us redeem our loss with a large glass and quick circulation; and indeed we had no sooner supped, and my charmer withdrawn, than he began to put his threats in execution. Three bottles of port (for he drank no other sort of wine) were placed before us, with as many water-glasses, which were immediately filled to the brim, after his example, by each out of his respective allowance, and emptied in a trice, *to the best in Christendom.* Though I swallowed this and the next as fast as the glass could be replenished, without hesitation or shew of reluctance, I perceived that my brain would not be able to bear many bumpers of this sort; and, dreading the perseverance of a champion who began with such vigour, I determined to make up for the deficiency of my strength by a stratagem, which I actually put in practice when the second course of bottles was called for. The wine being strong and heady, I was already a good deal discomposed by the dispatch we had made, Freeman's eyes began to reel, and Bruin himself was elevated into a song, which he uttered with great vociferation. When I therefore saw the second round brought in, I assumed a gay air, entertained him with a French catch on the subject of drinking, which, though he did not understand it, delighted him highly; and, telling him that your choice spirits at Paris never troubled themselves with glasses,

asked if he had not a bowl or cup in the house that would contain a whole quart of wine? 'Odds niggers!' cried he, 'I have a silver caudle cup that holds just the quantity, for all the world—fetch it hither, Numps.' The vessel being produced, I bade him decant his bottle into it, which he having done, I nodded in a very deliberate manner, and said,—'pledge you.' He stared at me for some time, and crying,—'what! all at one pull, Measter Randan!' I answered,—'at one pull, sir,—you are no milk-sop, we shall do you justice.' 'Shall you,' said he, shaking me by the hand, 'odd then I'll see it out, an't were a mile to the bottom. Here's to our better acquaintance, Measter Randan.' So saying, he applied it to his lips, and emptied it in a breath. I knew the effect of it would be almost instantaneous; therefore, taking the cup, began to discharge my bottle into it, telling him he was now qualified to drink with the cham of Tartary. I had no sooner pronounced these words, than he took umbrage at them, and, after several attempts to spit, made shift to stutter out,—'a f—t for your chams of T—Tartary! a am a f—f—free born Englishman, worth th—three thousand a year, and v—value no man, damme!' Then, dropping his jaw, and fixing his eyes, he hiccuped aloud, and fell upon the floor as mute as a flounder. Mr Freeman, heartily glad at his defeat, assisted me in carrying him to bed, where we left him to the care of his servants, and went home to our respective habitations, congratulating each other on our good fortune.

CHAPTER LVII.

Miss Williams informs me of Narcissa's approbation of my flame—I appease the squire—write to my mistress, am blessed with an answer—beg leave of her brother to dance with her at a ball; obtain his consent and hers—enjoy a private conversation with her—am perplexed with reflections—have the honour of appearing her partner at a ball—we are complimented by a certain nobleman—he discovers some symptoms of a passion for Narcissa—I am stung with jealousy—Narcissa alarmed, retires—I observe Melinda in the company—the squire is captivated by her beauty.

I WAS met next morning, at the usual place, by Miss Williams, who gave me joy of the progress I had made in the affection of her mistress, and blessed me with an account of that dear creature's conversation with her, after she had retired the night before from our company. I could scarce believe her information, when she recounted her expressions in my favour, so much more warm and passionate were they than my most sanguine hopes had presaged; and was particularly pleased to hear that she approved of my behaviour to her brother after she withdrew. Transported at the news of my happiness, I presented my ring to the messenger, as a testimony of my gratitude and satisfaction; but she was above such mercenary considerations, and refused my compliment with some resentment, saying she was not a little mortified to see my opinion of her so low and contemptible. I did myself a piece of justice by explaining my behaviour on this head, and, to convince her of my esteem, promised to be ruled by her directions in the prosecution of the whole affair, which I had so much at heart, that the repose of my life depended upon the consequence.

As I fervently wished for another interview, where I might pour out the effusions of my love without danger of being interrupted, and perhaps reap some endearing return from the queen of my desires, I implored her advice and assistance in promoting this event; but she gave me to understand, that Narcissa would make no precipitate compliance

of this kind, and that I would do well to cultivate her brother's acquaintance, in the course of which I should not want opportunities of removing that reserve which my mistress thought herself obliged to maintain during the infancy of our correspondence. In the meantime she promised to tell her lady, that I had endeavoured, by presents and persuasions, to prevail upon her (Miss Williams) to deliver a letter from me, which she had refused to charge herself with, until she should know Narcissa's sentiments of the matter; and said, by these means she did not doubt of being able to open a literary communication between us, which could not fail of introducing more intimate connections.

I approved of her counsel, and our appointment being renewed for next day, left her with an intent of falling upon some method of being reconciled to the squire, who, I supposed, would be offended with the trick we had put upon him. With this view, I consulted Freeman, who, from his knowledge of the fox-hunter's disposition, assured me there was no other method of pacifying him, than that of sacrificing ourselves for one night to an equal match with him in drinking. This expedient I found myself necessitated to comply with, for the interest of my passion, and therefore determined to commit the debauch at my own lodgings, that I might run no risk of being discovered by Narcissa in a state of brutal degeneracy. Mr Freeman, who was to be of the party, went at my desire to the squire, in order to engage him, while I took care to furnish myself for his reception. My invitation was accepted, my guests honoured me with their company in the evening, when Bruin gave me to understand that he had drank many tons of wine in his life, but was never served such a trick as I had played upon him the night before. I promised to atone for my trespass, and having ordered to every man his bottle, began the contest with a bumper to the health of Narcissa. The toasts circulated with great devotion, the liquor began to operate, our mirth grew noisy, and as Freeman and I had the advantage of drinking small French claret, the savage

was effectually tamed before our senses were in the least affected, and carried home in an apoplexy of drunkenness.

I was next morning, as usual favoured with a visit from my kind and punctual confidant, who telling me she was permitted to receive my letters for her mistress I took up the pen immediately, and following the first dictates of my passion, wrote as follows:—

'DEAR MADAM,—Were it possible for the powers of utterance to reveal the soft emotions of my soul, the fond anxiety, the glowing hopes, the chilling fears, that rule my breast by turns, I should need no other witness than this paper to evince the purity and ardour of that flame your charms have kindled in my heart. But, alas! expression wrongs my love! I am inspired with conceptions that no language can convey! Your beauty fills me with wonder, your understanding with ravishment, and your goodness with adoration! I am transported with desire, distracted with doubts, and tortured with impatience! Suffer me then, lovely arbitress of my fate, to approach you in person, to breathe in soft murmurs my passion to your ear, to offer the sacrifice of a heart overflowing with the most genuine and disinterested love, to gaze with ecstasy on the divine object of my wishes, to hear the music of her enchanting tongue, and to rejoice in her smiles of approbation, which will banish the most intolerable suspense from the bosom of your enraptured

'R—— R——.'

Having finished this effusion, I committed it to the care of my faithful friend, with an injunction to second my entreaty with all her eloquence and influence; and in the meantime went to dress, with an intention of visiting Mrs Snapper and Miss, whom I had utterly neglected, and indeed almost forgot, since my dear Narcissa had resumed the empire of my soul. The old gentlewoman received me very kindly, and Miss affected a frankness and gaiety, which, however, I could easily perceive were forced and dissembled; among other things, she pretended to joke me upon my passion for Narcissa, which she averred was no secret, and asked if I intended to dance with her at the next assembly. I was a good deal concerned to find myself become the town-talk on this subject, lest the 'squire, having notice of my inclinations, should disapprove of them, and, by breaking off

all correspondence with me, deprive me of the opportunities I now enjoyed. But I resolved to use the interest I had with him while it lasted; and that very night, meeting him occasionally, asked his permission to solicit her company at the ball, which he very readily granted, to my inexpressible satisfaction.

Having been kept awake the greatest part of the night by a thousand delightful reveries that took possession of my fancy, I got up betimes, and, flying to the place of rendezvous, had in a little time the pleasure of seeing Miss Williams approach with a smile on her countenance, which I interpreted into a good omen. Neither was I mistaken in my presage; she presented me with a letter from the idol of my soul, which, after having kissed it devoutly, I opened with the utmost eagerness, and was blessed with her approbation in these terms:—

'SIR,—To say I look upon you with indifference, would be a piece of dissimulation, which I think no decorum requires, and no custom can justify. As my heart never felt an impression that my tongue was ashamed to declare, I will not scruple to own myself pleased with your passion, confident of your integrity, and so well convinced of my own discretion, that I should not hesitate in granting you the interview you desire, were I not overawed by the prying curiosity of a malicious world, the censure of which might be fatally prejudicial to the reputation of your 'NARCISSA.'

No anchorite in the ecstacy of devotion ever adored a relique with more fervour than that with which I kissed this inimitable proof of my charmer's candour, generosity, and affection. I read it over an hundred times; was ravished with her confession in the beginning; but the subscription of *your Narcissa* yielded me such delight as I had never felt before. My happiness was still increased by Miss Williams, who blessed me with a repetition of her lady's tender expressions in my favour, when she received and read my letter. In short, I had all the reason in the world to believe that this gentle creature's bosom was possessed by a passion for me, as warm, though perhaps not so impetuous, as mine for her.

I informed my friend of the squire's consent to my dancing with Narcissa at the ball, and desired her to tell her mistress, that I would do myself the honour of visiting her in the afternoon, in consequence of his permission, when I hoped to find her as indulgent as her brother had been complaisant in that particular. Miss Williams expressed a good deal of joy at hearing I was so much in favour with the fox-hunter, and ventured to assure me, that my visit would be very agreeable to my mistress, the rather because Bruin was engaged to dine abroad. This was a circumstance which I scarce need say pleased me. I went immediately to the long-room, where I found him, and, affecting to know nothing of his engagement, told him, I would do myself the pleasure to wait upon him in the afternoon, and present his sister with a ticket for the ball. He shook me by the hand, according to custom, and, giving me to understand that he was to dine abroad, desired me to go and drink tea with Narcissa notwithstanding, and promised to prepare her for my visit in the meantime.

Every thing succeeding thus to my wish, I waited with incredible impatience for the time, which no sooner arrived, than I hastened to the scene, which my fancy had pre-occupied long before. I was introduced accordingly to the dear enchantress, whom I found accompanied by Miss Williams, who, on pretence of ordering tea, retired at my approach. This favourable accident, which alarmed my whole soul, disordered her also. I found myself actuated by an irresistible impulse; I advanced to her with eagerness and awe, and, profiting by the confusion that prevailed over her, clasped the fair angel in my arms, and imprinted a glowing kiss upon her lips, more soft and fragrant than the dewy rose-bud just bursting from the stem. Her face was in an instant covered with blushes—her eyes sparkled with resentment—I threw myself at her feet, and implored her pardon. Her love became an advocate in my cause; her look softened into forgiveness; she raised me up, and chid me with so much sweetness of displeasure, that I should have been tempted to repeat the offence, had not the coming in of a

servant with the tea-board prevented my presumption. While we were subject to be interrupted or overheard, we conversed about the approaching ball, at which she promised to grace me as a partner; but when the equipage was removed, and we were left alone, I resumed the more interesting theme, and expressed myself with such transport and agitation, that my mistress, fearing I would commit some extravagance, rung the bell for her maid, whom she detained in the room, as a check upon my vivacity. I was not sorry for this precaution, because I could unbosom myself without reserve before Miss Williams, who was the confidant of us both. I therefore gave a loose to the inspirations of my passion, which operated so successfully upon the tender affections of Narcissa, that she laid aside the constraint she had hitherto wore, and blessed me with the most melting declaration of her mutual flame. It was impossible for me to forbear taking the advantage of this endearing condescension. She now gently yielded to my embraces, while I, encircling all that I held dear within my arms, tasted in advance the joys of that paradise I hoped in a little time wholly to possess. We spent the afternoon in all the ecstacy of hope, that the most fervent love, exchanged by mutual vows, could inspire; and Miss Williams was so much affected with our chaste caresses, which recalled the sad remembrance of what she was, that her eyes were filled with tears.

The evening being pretty far advanced, I forced myself from the dear object of my flame, who indulged me in a tender embrace at parting; and, repairing to my lodgings, communicated to my friend Strap every circumstance of my happiness, which filled him with so much pleasure, that it ran over at his eyes; and he prayed heartily, that no envious devil might, as formerly, dash the cup of blessing from my lip. When I reflected on what had happened, and especially on the unreserved protestations of Narcissa's love, I could not help being amazed at her omitting to inquire into the particular circumstances of the life and fortune of one whom she had favoured with her affection; and I began to be a little anxious about the situation of her finances, well

knowing that I should do an irreparable injury to the person my soul held most dear, if I should espouse her, without being able to support her in the rank which was certainly her due. I had heard, indeed, while I served her aunt, that her father had left her a considerable sum, and that every body believed she would inherit the greatest part of her kinswoman's dowry; but I did not know how far she might be restricted by the old gentleman's will in the enjoyment of what he left her; and I was too well informed of the virtuoso's late conduct, to think my mistress could have any expectations from that quarter. I confided, however, in the good sense and policy of my charmer, who, I was sure, would not consent to unite her fate with mine, before she had fully considered and provided for the consequence.

The ball-night being arrived, I dressed myself in a suit I had reserved for some grand occasion; and, having drank tea with Narcissa and her brother, conducted my angel to the scene, where she in a moment eclipsed all her female competitors for beauty, and attracted the admiration of the whole assembly. My heart dilated with pride on this occasion, and my triumph rejected all bounds, when, after we had danced together, a certain nobleman, remarkable for his figure and influence in the *beau monde*, came up, and, in the hearing of all present, honoured us with a very particular compliment upon our accomplishments and appearance; but this transport was soon checked, when I perceived his lordship attach himself with great assiduity to my mistress, and say some warm things, which I thought savoured too much of passion. It was then I began to feel the pangs of jealousy—I dreaded the power and address of my rival—I sickened at his discourse. When she opened her lips to answer, my heart died within me; when she smiled, I felt the pains of the damned. I was enraged at his presumption; I cursed her complaisance: at length he quitted her, and went to the other side of the room. Narcissa suspecting nothing of the rage that inflamed me, put some questions to me as soon as he was gone, to which I made no reply, but assumed a grim look, which too well denoted the agitation of my

breast, and surprised her not a little. She no sooner observed my emotion, than she changed colour, and asked what ailed me; but before I could make answer, her brother, pulling me by the sleeve, bade me take notice of a lady who sat fronting us, whom I immediately, to my vast astonishment, distinguished to be Melinda, accompanied by her mother, and an elderly gentleman whom I did not know. 'Wounds! Mr Random,' cried the 'squire, 'is she not a delicate piece of stuff! 'Sdeath! I have a good mind—if I thought she was a single person.' Notwithstanding the perplexity I was in, I had reflection enough to foresee that my passion might suffer greatly by the presence of this lady, who in all probability would revenge herself upon me for having formerly disgraced her, by spreading reports to my prejudice. I was therefore alarmed at these symptoms of the 'squire's admiration, and for some time did not know what reply to make when he asked my opinion of her beauty: at length I came to a determination, and told him that her name was Melinda, and that she had a fortune of ten thousand pounds; and was said to be under promise of marriage to a certain lord, who deferred his nuptials a few months, until he should be of age. I thought this piece of intelligence, which I had myself invented, would have hindered him effectually from entertaining any farther thoughts of her; but I was egregiously mistaken. The fox-hunter had too much self-sufficiency to despair of success against any competitor on earth: he therefore made light of her engagement, saying, with a smile of self-approbation,—'Mayhap she will change her mind—what signifies his being a lord? I think myself as good a man as e'er a lord in Christendom;—and I'll see if a commoner worth three thousand a-year won't serve her turn.' This determination startled me not a little; I knew he would soon discover the contrary of what I advanced; and as I believed he would find her ear open to his addresses, did not doubt of meeting with every obstacle in my amour that her malice could invent, and her influence execute. This reflection increased my chagrin. My vexation was evident. Narcissa insisted on going home immediately; and, as I led

her to the door, her noble admirer, with a look full of languishment, directed to her a profound bow, which stung me to the soul. Before she went into the chair, she asked, with an appearance of concern, what was the matter with me? and I could pronounce no more than—'By Heaven! I'm distracted.'

CHAPTER LVIII.

Tortured with jealousy, I go home and abuse Strap—receive a message from Narcissa, in consequence of which I hasten to her apartment, where her endearing assurances banish all my doubts and apprehensions—in my retreat discover somebody in the dark, whom, suspecting to be a spy, I resolve to kill; but, to my great surprise, am convinced of his being no other than Strap—Melinda slanders me—I become acquainted with Lord Quiverwit, who endeavours to sound me with regard to Narcissa—the 'squire is introduced to his lordship, and grows cold towards me—I learn from my confidant, that this nobleman professes honourable love to my mistress, who continues faithful to me, notwithstanding the scandalous reports she has heard to my prejudice—I am mortified with an assurance that her whole fortune depends upon the pleasure of her brother—Mr Freeman condoles me on the decline of my character, which I vindicate so much to his satisfaction, that he undertakes to combat fame in my behalf.

Having uttered this exclamation, at which she sighed; I went home in the condition of a frantic bedlamite; and finding the fire in my apartment almost extinguished, vented my fury upon poor Strap, whose ear I pinched with such violence, that he roared hideously with pain, and, when I quitted my hold, looked so foolishly aghast, that no unconcerned spectator could have seen him, without being seized with an immoderate fit of laughter. It is true, I was soon sensible of the injury I had done, and asked pardon for the outrage I had committed; upon which my faithful valet, shaking his head, said,—'I forgive you, and may God forgive you.' But he could not help shedding some tears at my unkindness. I felt unspeakable remorse for

what I had done, cursed my own ingratitude, and considered his tears as a reproach that my soul, in her present disturbance, could not bear. It set all my passions into a ferment; I swore horrible oaths without meaning or application, I foamed at the mouth, kicked the chairs about the room, and played abundance of mad pranks, that frightened my friend almost out of his senses. At length my transport subsided, I became melancholy, and wept insensibly.

During this state of dejection, I was surprised with the appearance of Miss Williams, whom Strap, blubbering all the while, had conducted into the chamber, without giving me previous notice of her approach. She was extremely affected with my condition, which she had learned from him, begged me to moderate my passion, suspend my conjectures, and follow her to Narcissa, who desired to see me forthwith. That dear name operated upon me like a charm. I started up, and without opening my lips, was conducted into her apartment through the garden, which we entered by a private door. I found the adorable creature in tears. —I was melted at the sight—we continued silent for some time—my heart was too full to speak—her snowy bosom heaved with fond resentment; at last she sobbing cried,—'What have I done to disoblige you?' My heart was pierced with the tender question! I drew near with the utmost reverence of affection!—I fell upon my knees before her, and, kissing her hand, exclaimed,—'O! thou art all goodness and perfection! I am undone by my want of merit! —I am unworthy to possess thy charms, which heaven hath destined for the arms of some more favoured being.' She guessed the cause of my disquiet, upbraided me gently for my suspicion, and gave me such flattering assurances of her eternal fidelity, that all my doubts and fears forsook me, and peace and satisfaction reigned within my breast.

At midnight I left the fair nymph to her repose, and being let out by Miss Williams, at the garden gate by which I entered, began to explore my way homeward in the dark, when I heard at my back a noise like that of a baboon when

he mews and chatters. I turned instantly, and perceiving something black, concluded I was discovered by some spy employed to watch for that purpose: aroused at this conjecture, by which the reputation of the virtuous Narcissa appeared in jeopardy, I drew my sword, and would have sacrificed him to her fame, had not the voice of Strap restrained my arm: it was with great difficulty he could pronounce, —'D—d—do! mum—um—um—murder me, if you please.' Such an effect had the cold upon his jaws, that his teeth rattled like a pair of castanets. Pleased to be thus undeceived, I laughed at his consternation, and asked what brought him thither; upon which he gave me to understand, that his concern for me had induced him to follow me to that place, where the same reason had detained him till now; and he frankly owned, that, in spite of the esteem he had for Miss Williams, he began to be very uneasy about me, considering the disposition in which I went abroad, and if I had staid much longer, would have certainly alarmed the neighbourhood in my behalf. The knowledge of this his intention confounded me. I represented to him the mischievous consequences that would have attended such a rash action, and cautioning him severely against any such design for the future, concluded my admonition with an assurance, that, in case he should ever act so madly, I would without hesitation, put him to death. 'Have a little patience,' cried he, in a lamentable tone, 'your displeasure will do the business, without your committing murder.' I was touched with this reproach; and, as soon as we got home, made it my business to appease him, by explaining the cause of that transport during which I had used him so unworthily.

Next day, when I went into the long-room, I observed several whispers circulate all of a sudden, and did not doubt that Melinda had been busy with my character: but I consoled myself with the love of Narcissa, upon which I rested with the most perfect confidence, and going up to the rowly-poly table, won a few pieces from my suspected rival, who, with an easy politeness, entered into conversation with

me, and desiring my company at the coffee-house, treated me with tea and chocolate. I remembered Strutwell, and guarded against his insinuating behaviour; nor was my suspicion wrong placed; he artfully turned the discourse upon Narcissa, and endeavoured, by hinting at an intrigue he pretended to be engaged in elsewhere, to learn what connection there was between her and me. But all his finesse was ineffectual; I was convinced of his dissimulation, and gave such general answers to his inquiries, that he was forced to drop the subject, and talk of something else.

While we conversed in this manner, the savage came in with another gentleman, who introduced him to his lordship; and he was received with such peculiar marks of distinction, that I was persuaded the courtier intended to use him in some shape or other; and from thence I drew an unlucky omen. But I had more cause to be dismayed the following day, when I saw the squire in company with Melinda and her mother, who honoured me with several disdainful glances; and when I afterwards threw myself in his way, instead of the cordial shake of the hand, he returned my salute with a cold repetition of—'Servant, servant;' which he pronounced with such indifference, or rather contempt, that, if he had not been Narcissa's brother, I should have affronted him in public.

These occurrences disturbed me not a little, I foresaw the brooding storm, and armed myself with resolution for the occasion; but Narcissa being at stake, I was far from being resigned. I could have renounced every other comfort of life with some degree of fortitude; but the prospect of losing her disabled all my philosophy, and tortured my soul into madness.

Miss Williams found me next morning full of anxious tumult, which did not abate when she told me, that my Lord Quiverwit, having professed honourable intentions, had been introduced to my lovely mistress by her brother, who had, at the same time, from the information of Melinda, spoke of me as an Irish fortune-hunter, without either birth or estate; who supported myself in the appearance of

a gentleman by sharping and other infamous practices; and who was of such an obscure origin, that I did not even know my own extraction. Though I expected all this malice, I could not hear it with temper, especially as truth was so blended with falsehood in the assertion, that it would be almost impossible to separate the one from the other in my vindication. But I said nothing on this head, being impatient to know how Narcissa had been affected with the discovery. That generous creature, far from believing these imputations, was no sooner withdrawn with her confidant, than she inveighed with great warmth against the malevolence of the world, to which only she ascribed the whole of what had been said to my disadvantage; and calling every circumstance of my behaviour to her into review before her, found every thing so polite, honourable, and disinterested, that she could not harbour the least doubt of my being the gentleman I assumed. 'I have indeed,' said she, 'purposely forbore to ask the particulars of his life, lest the recapitulation of some misfortunes which he has undergone should give him pain: and, as to the article of his fortune, I own myself equally afraid of inquiring into it, and of discovering the situation of my own, lest we should find ourselves both unhappy in the explanation; for, alas! my provision is conditional, and depends entirely on my marrying with my brother's consent.'

I was thunderstruck with this intelligence; the light forsook my eyes, the colour vanished from my cheeks, and I remained in a state of universal trepidation. My female friend perceiving my disorder, encouraged me with assurances of Narcissa's constancy, and the hope of some accident favourable to our love; and, as a further consolation, gave me to understand, that she had acquainted my mistress with the outlines of my life; and that, although she was no stranger to the present low state of my finances, her love and esteem were rather increased than diminished by the knowledge of my circumstances. I was greatly comforted by this assurance, which saved me a world of confusion and anxiety; for I must have imparted my situation one

day to Narcissa; and this task I could not have performed without shame and disorder.

As I did not doubt that, by this time, the scandalous aspersions of Melinda were diffused all over the town, I resolved to collect my whole strength of assurance, to browbeat the efforts of her malice, and to publish her adventure with the frenchified barber, by way of reprisal. In the meantime, having promised to be at the garden gate about midnight, Miss Williams took her leave, bidding me repose myself entirely on the affection of my dear Narcissa, which was as perfect as inviolable. Before I went abroad, I was visited by Freeman, who came on purpose to inform me of the infamous stories that were raised at my expense. I heard them with great temper, and in my turn disclosed every thing that had happened between Melinda and me; and, among other circumstances, entertained him with the story of the barber, letting him know what share his friend Banter had in that affair. He was convinced of the injury my reputation had suffered; and no longer doubting the fountain from whence this deluge of slander had flowed upon me, undertook to undeceive the town in my behalf, and roll the stream back upon its source; but, in the meantime, cautioned me from appearing in public while the prepossession was so strong against me, lest I should meet with some affront that might have bad consequences.

CHAPTER LIX.

I receive an extraordinary message at the door of the long-room, which I however enter, and affront the squire, who threatens to take the law of me—rebuke Melinda for her malice—she weeps with vexation—Lord Quiverwit is severe upon me—I retort his sarcasm—am received with the utmost tenderness by Narcissa, who desires to hear the story of my life—we vow eternal constancy to one another—I retire—am waked by a messenger, who brings me a challenge from Quiverwit, whom I meet, engage, and vanquish.

I THANKED him for his advice, which, however, my pride and resentment would not permit me to follow; for he no

sooner left me, in order to do justice to my character among his friends and acquaintance, than I sallied out, and went directly to the long-room. I was met at the door by a servant, who presented to me a billet without a subscription, importing that my presence was disagreeable to the company, and desiring I would take the hint without further disturbance, and bestow myself elsewhere for the future. This peremptory message filled me with indignation. I followed the fellow who delivered it, and seizing him by the collar, in presence of all the company, threatened to put him instantly to death, if he did not discover the scoundrel who had charged him with such an impudent commission, that I might punish him as he deserved. The messenger, affrighted at my menaces and furious looks, fell upon his knees, and told me, that the gentleman who ordered him to deliver the letter was no other than Narcissa's brother, who, at that time, stood at the other end of the room, talking to Melinda. I went up to him immediately, and, in the hearing of his inamorata, accosted him in these words—'Look'ee, squire, was it not for one consideration that protects you from my resentment, I would cane you where you stand, for having had the presumption to send me this scurrilous intimation;' which I tore to pieces, and threw in his face; at the same time darting an angry regard at his mistress, I told her, I was sorry she had put it out of my power to compliment her upon her invention, but at the expense of her good nature and veracity. Her admirer, whose courage never rose but in proportion to the wine he had swallowed, instead of resenting my address in what is called an honourable way, threatened to prosecute me for an assault, and took witnesses accordingly; while she, piqued at his pusillanimous behaviour, and enraged at the sarcasm I had uttered against her, endeavoured to make her quarrel a public cause, and wept aloud with spite and vexation. The tears of a lady could not fail of attracting the notice and concern of the spectators, to whom she complained of my rudeness with great bitterness, saying, if she was a man, I durst not use her so. The greatest part of the gentlemen,

already prejudiced against me, were offended at the liberty I had taken, as appeared from their looks; though none of them signified their disgust any other way, except my Lord Quiverwit, who ventured to say, with a sneer, that I was in the right to establish my own character, of which he had now no longer any doubt. Nettled at this severe equivoque, which raised a laugh at my expense, I replied with some warmth,—'I am proud of having in that particular got the start of your lordship.' He made no answer to my repartee, but, with a contemptuous smile, walked off, leaving me in a very disagreeable situation. In vain did I make up to several people of my acquaintance, whose conversation, I hoped, would banish my confusion; every body shunned me like a person infected, and I should not have been able to bear my disgrace, had not the idea of the ever faithful and fond Narcissa come to my relief. I quitted the scene of my mortification, and sauntering about the town, happened to wake from my contemplation, when I found myself just opposite to a toy-shop, which I entered, and purchased a ring set with a ruby in the form of a heart surrounded by diamond sparks, for which I paid ten guineas, intending it for a present to the charmer of my soul.

I was introduced, at the hour appointed, to this divine creature, who, notwithstanding what she had heard to my disadvantage, received me with the utmost confidence and tenderness; and having been informed of the general sketches of my life by Miss Williams, expressed a desire of knowing the particular circumstances, which I related with great candour, omitting, however, some things, that I concluded altogether improper for her ear, and which the reader's reflection will easily suggest. As my story was little else than a recital of misfortunes, the tear of sympathy ceased not to trickle down her enchanting eyes during the whole of the narration, which, when I had finished, she recompensed me for my trouble with the most endearing protestations of eternal love. She bewailed her restricted condition, as it was the means of retarding my happiness; told me, that Lord Quiverwit, by her brother's permission, had been to drink

tea with her that very afternoon, and actually proposed marriage; and seeing me extremely affected with this piece of information, offered to give me a convincing proof of her affection, by espousing me in private, and leaving the rest to fate. I was penetrated with this instance of her regard, but that I might not be outdone in generosity, resisted the bewitching temptation, in consideration of her honour and interest; at the same time, I presented my ring as a pledge of my inviolable attachment, and on my knees implored Heaven to shower its curses on my head, if ever my heart should entertain one thought unworthy of the passion I then avowed. She received my token, gave me in return her picture in miniature, exquisitely drawn, and set in gold; and in the same posture called Heaven to witness, and to judge her flame. Our vows being thus reciprocally breathed, a confidence of hope ensued, and our mutual fondness becoming as intimate as innocence would allow, I grew insensible of the progress of time, and it was morning before I could tear myself from this darling of my soul. My good angel foresaw what would happen, and permitted me to indulge myself on this occasion, in consideration of the fatal absence I was doomed to suffer.

I went to bed immediately on my return to my lodging, and having slept about two hours, was awaked by Strap, who, in great confusion, told me, there was a footman below with a letter, which he would deliver to nobody but myself. Alarmed at this piece of news, I desired my friend to shew him up to my chamber, and received the following letter, which, he said, required an immediate answer.

'SIR,—When any man injures my honour, let the difference of rank between us be ever so great, I am contented to wave the privilege of my quality, and to seek reparation from him on equal terms. The insolence of your reply to me yesterday in the long-room I might have overlooked, had not your presumptive emulation in a much more interesting affair, and a discovery which I made this morning, concurred in persuading me to chastise your audacity with my sword. If you therefore have spirit enough to support the character you assume, you will not fail to follow the bearer immediately to a convenient place, where you shall be met by QUIVERWIT.'

Whether I was enervated by the love and favour of Narcissa, or awed by the superior station of my antagonist, I know not, but I never had less inclination to fight than at this time: however, finding there was a necessity for vindicating the reputation of my mistress, as well as for asserting my own honour, I forthwith rose, and dressing in a hurry, put on my sword, bade Strap attend me, and set out with my conductor, cursing my bad fortune all the way, for having been observed in my return from my angel: for so I interpreted his lordship's discovery. When I came within sight of my rival, his lacquey told me, he had orders to stop; upon which, I commanded Strap to halt also, while I walked forward, resolving, if possible, to come to an explanation with my challenger, before we should come to battle. Nor was an opportunity wanting; for I no sooner approached, than he asked, with a stern countenance, what business I had in Mr Topehall's garden so early in the morning? 'I don't know, my lord,' said I, 'how to answer a question put to me with such magisterial haughtiness. If your lordship will please to expostulate calmly, you will have no cause to repent of your condescension; otherwise, I am not to be intimidated into any confession.' 'There is no room for denial,' answered he; 'I saw you come out with my own eyes.' 'Did any other person see me?' said I. 'I neither know nor care,' said he, 'I want no other evidence than that of my own senses.' Pleased to hear that the suspicion was confined to him alone, I endeavoured to appease his jealousy, by owning an intrigue with the waiting-maid; but he had too much discernment to be so easily imposed upon, and told me there was only one way to convince him of the truth of what I alleged; which was no other than renouncing all claim to Narcissa upon oath, and promising, upon honour, never to speak to her for the future. Exasperated at this proposal, I unsheathed my sword, saying,—'Heavens! what title have you, or any man on earth, to impose such terms upon me? He did the same, and making towards me with a contracted brow, said, I was a villain, and had dishonoured Narcissa. He's a scandalous villain,'

I replied, in a transport of fury, 'who brands me with that imputation! She is a thousand times more chaste than the mother that bore you; and I will assert her honour with my heart's blood:' so saying, I rushed upon him with more eagerness than address, and endeavouring to get within his point, received a wound in my neck, which redoubled my rage. He excelled me in temper as well as in skill, by which means he parried my thrusts with great calmness, until I had almost exhausted my spirits; and when he perceived me beginning to flag, attacked me fiercely in his turn. Finding himself however better opposed than he expected, he resolved to follow his longe, and close with me; accordingly his sword entered my waistcoat, on the side of the breast-bone, and running up between my shirt and skin, appeared over my left shoulder: I imagined that his weapon had perforated my lungs, and of consequence that the wound was mortal; therefore, determined not to die unrevenged, I seized his shell, which was close to my breast, before he could disentangle his point, and keeping it fast with my left hand, shortened my own sword with my right, intending to run him through the heart; but he received the thrust in the left arm, which penetrated up to the shoulder-blade. Disappointed in this expectation, and afraid still that death would frustrate my revenge, I grappled with him, and being much the stronger, threw him upon the ground, where I wrested his sword out of his hand; and, so great was my confusion, instead of turning the point upon him, struck out three of his foreteeth with the hilt. In the meantime, our servants seeing us fall, ran up to seperate and assist us; but, before their approach, I was upon my feet, and had discovered, that my supposed mortal wound was only a slight scratch. The knowledge of my own safety disarmed me of a good deal of my resentment, and I began to inquire with some concern into the situation of my antagonist, who remained on the ground bleeding plentifully at his mouth and arm. I helped his footman to raise him, and having bound up his wound with my handkerchief, assured him it was not dangerous; I likewise restored his sword, and offered to sup-

port him to his house. He thanked me with an air of sullen dignity; and, whispering that I should hear from him soon, went away, leaning on his servant's shoulder.

I was surprised at this promise, which I construed into a threat, and resolved, if ever he should call me out again, to use whatever advantage fortune might give me over him in another manner. In the meantime, I had leisure to take notice of Strap, who seemed quite stupified with horror: I comforted him with an assurance that I had received no damage, and explained the nature of this affair, as we walked homeward. By the time I had got into my apartment, I found the wound in my neck stiff and uneasy, and a good deal of clotted blood run down upon my shirt: upon which I pulled off my coat and waistcoat, and unbuttoned my collar, that I might dress it with more ease. My friend no sooner perceived my shirt quite dyed with blood, than imagining I had got at least twenty thousand wounds, he cried, —'O Jesus!' and fell flat on the floor. I stopped the bleeding with a little dry lint, and applying a plaster over it, cleansed myself from the gore, shifted and dressed, while he lay senseless at my feet; so that when he recovered, and saw me perfectly well, he could scarce believe his own eyes. Now that the danger was past, I was very well pleased with what had happened, hoping that it would soon become known, and consequently dignify my character not a little in this place. I was also proud of having shewn myself, in some shape, worthy the love of Narcissa, who, I was persuaded, would not think the worse of me for what I had done.

CHAPTER LX.

I am visited by Freeman, with whom I appear in public, and am carressed—am sent for by Lord Quiverwit, whose presence I quit in a passion—Narcissa is caried off by her brother—I intend to pursue him, and am dissuaded by my friend—engage in play, and lose all my money—set out for London—try my fortune at the gaming table without success—receive a letter from Narcissa—bilk my tailor.

WHILE I entertained myself with these reflections, the news of the duel being communicated by some unknown channel, spread all over the town. I was visited by Freeman who testified his surprise at finding me; for he was told, that Lord Quiverwit being dead of his wounds, I had absconded in order to avoid the cognizance of the law. I asked if people guessed the occasion of the quarrel; and understanding it was attributed to his lordship's resentment of my reply in the long-room, confirmed that conjecture, glad to find Narcissa unsuspected. My friend, after I had assured him that my antagonist was in no danger, wished me joy of the event, than which, he said, nothing could happen more opportunely to support the idea he had given of my character to his friends, among whom he had been very assiduous in my behalf.

On the strength of this assurance, I went with him to the coffee-house, where I was saluted by a great many of those very persons who had shunned me the preceding day; and I found every body making merry with the story of Melinda's French gallant. While I remained in this place, I received a message from Lord Quiverwit, desiring, if I was not engaged, to see me at his house.

Thither I immediately repaired, and was conducted to an apartment, where I was received by his lordship in bed. When we were left by ourselves, he thanked me, in very polite terms, for having used the advantage fortune had given me over him with such moderation; and asked pardon for any offence his resentment might have prompted him to com-

mit.—'I would willingly,' said he, 'make you my friend; but as it is impossible for me to divest myself of my passion for Narcissa, I am too well convinced of your sentiments, to think we shall ever agree on that subject. I took the liberty, therefore, of sending for you, in order to own candidly, that I cannot help opposing your success with that young lady; though, at the same time, I promise to regulate my opposition by the dictates of justice and honour: this, however, I think proper to advertise you of, that she has no independent fortune, and if you should even succeed in your addresses, you would have the mortification to see her reduced to indigence, unless you have wherewithal to support her—and I am creditably informed of your incapacity that way—nay, I will confess, that, urged by this consideration, I have actually sent notice to her brother of the progress I suspect you have made in her affection, and desired him to take his precautions accordingly.' Alarmed and provoked at this information, I told his lordship, that I did not see how he could reconcile that piece of conduct with his profession of open dealing, and flung away from him in a passion.

As I walked homeward, in hope of hearing from my mistress as usual by means of Miss Williams, I was surprised with the waving of a handkerchief from the window of a coach and six that passed by me at full speed; and, upon further observation, I saw a servant on horseback riding after it, who, I knew by his livery, belonged to the squire. Thunderstruck with this discovery, the knowledge of my misfortune rushed all at once upon my reflection. I guessed immediately that the signal was made by the dear hand of Narcissa, who, being hurried away in consequence of Lord Quiverwit's message to her brother, had no other method of relating her distress, and imploring my assistance. Frantic with this conjecture, I ran to my lodgings, snatched my pistols, and ordered Strap to get post-horses, with such incoherence of speech and disorder, that the poor valet, terrified with the suspicion of another duel, instead of providing what I desired, went forthwith to Freeman, who, being informed of my behaviour, came straight to my apartment,

and conjured me so pathetically to make him acquainted with the cause of my uneasiness, that I could not refuse telling him my happiness was fled with Narcissa, and that I must retrieve her, or perish. He represented the madness of such an undertaking, and endeavoured to divert me from it with great strength of friendship and reason. But all his arguments would have been ineffectual, had he not put me in mind of the dependence I ought to have on the love of Narcissa, and the attachment of her maid, who could not fail of finding opportunities to advertise me of their situation; and at the same time demonstrated the injury my charmer's reputation must suffer from my precipitate retreat. I was convinced and composed by these considerations: I appeared in public with an air of tranquillity, was well received by the best company in town, and, my misfortune taking air, condoled accordingly; while I had the satisfaction of seeing Melinda so universally discountenanced, that she was fain to return to London, in order to avoid the scoffs and censure of the ladies at Bath. But though the hope of hearing from the darling of my soul supported my spirits a little while, I began to be very uneasy, when, at the end of several weeks, I found that expectation disappointed. In short, melancholy and despondence took possession of my soul; and repining at that Providence, which, by acting the stepmother towards me, kept me from the fruition of my wishes, I determined, in a fit of despair, to risk all I had at the gaming-table, with a view of acquiring a fortune sufficient to render me independent for life, or of plunging myself into such a state of misery as would effectually crush every ambitious hope that now tortured my imagination.

Actuated by this fatal resolution, I engaged in play, and, after some turns of fortune, found myself, at the end of three days, worth a thousand pounds; but it was not my intention to stop here, for which cause I kept Strap ignorant of my success, and continued my career, until I was reduced to five guineas, which I would have hazarded also, had I not been ashamed to fall from a bet of two hundred pounds to such a petty sum.

Having thus executed my scheme, I went home, amazed to find myself so much at ease, and informed my friend Strap of my mischance, with such calmness, that he, imagining I joked, affected to receive the tidings with great equanimity. But both he and I found ourselves mistaken very soon. I had misinterpreted my own stupidity into deliberate resignation; and he had reason to believe me in earnest, when he saw me next morning agitated with the most violent despair, which he endeavoured to alleviate with all the consolation in his power.

In one of my lucid intervals, however, I charged him to take a place in the stage-coach for London, and in the meantime paid my debts in Bath, which amounted to thirty shillings only. Without taking leave of my friends, I embarked, Strap having the good fortune to find a return-horse, and arrived in town, without having met with any thing remarkable on the road. While we crossed Bagshot heath, I was seized with a sort of inclination to retrieve my fortune, by laying passengers under contribution in some such place. My thoughts were so circumstanced at this time, that I should have digested the crime of robbery, so righteously had I concerted my plan, and ventured my life in the execution, had I not been deterred by reflecting upon the infamy that attends detection.

The apartment I formerly lived in being unengaged, I took possession of it, and next day went in quest of Banter, who received me with open arms, in expectation of having his bond discharged to his liking; but when he understood what had happened, his countenance changed of a sudden; and he told me, with a dryness of displeasure peculiar to himself, that, if he was in my place, he would put it out of fortune's power to play him such another trick, and be avenged of his own indiscretion at once. When I desired him to explain his meaning, he pointed to his neck, raised himself on his tip-toes, and was going away without any further ceremony, when I put him in mind of my indigence, and demanded the five guineas I had formerly lent him. 'Five guineas!' cried he, 'zounds! had you acted with common

prudence, you might have had twenty thousand in your pocket by this time. I depended upon five hundred from you, as much as if I had had notes for it in the bank; and by all the rules of equity, you are indebted to me for that sum.' I was neither pleased nor convinced by this computation, and insisted on my right with such determined obstinacy, that he was fain to alter his tone, and appease my clamour, by assuring me that he was not master of five shillings. Society in distress generally promotes good understanding among people; from being a dun, I descended to be a client, and asked his advice about repairing my losses. He counselled me to have recourse again to the gaming-table, where I succeeded so well before, and put myself in a condition by selling my watch. I followed his directions, and having accommodated him with a few pieces, went to the place, where I lost every shilling.

Then I returned to my lodgings full of desperate resolution, and having made Strap acquainted with my fate, ordered him to pawn my sword immediately, that I might be enabled to make another effort. This affectionate creature no sooner understood my purpose, than, seized with inexpressible sorrow at the prospect of my misery, he burst into tears, and asked what I proposed to do, after the small sum he could raise on the sword should be spent? 'On my own account,' said he, 'I am quite unconcerned; for, while God spares me health and these ten fingers, I can earn a comfortable subsistence anywhere; but what must become of you, who have less humility to stoop, and more appetite to gratify?' Here I interrupted him, by saying, with a gloomy aspect, I should never want a resource while I had a loaded pistol in possession. Stupified with horror at this dreadful insinuation, he stood mute for some time, and then broke out into,—'God of his infinite mercy enable you to withstand that temptation of the devil! Consider your immortal soul—there is no repentance in the grave. O Lord! that ever we should come to this—Are we not enjoined to resign ourselves to the will of Heaven?—where is your patience? *Durum patientia frango*—you are but a young man

—there may be many good things in store for you—*Accidit in puncto, quod non speratur in anno*—remember your uncle Mr Bowling; perhaps he is now on his voyage homeward, pleasing himself with the hopes of seeing and relieving you; nay, peradventure he is already arrived, for the ship was expected about this time.' A ray of hope shot athwart my soul at this suggestion; I thanked my friend for his seasonable recollection, and, after having promised to take no resolution till his return, dismissed him to Wapping for intelligence.

In his absence I was visited by Banter, who being informed of my bad luck at play, told me, that fortune would probably be one day weary of persecuting me. 'In the meantime,' said he, 'here is a letter for you, which I received just now inclosed in one from Freeman.' I snatched it with eagerness, and knowing the superscription to be of Narcissa's hand-writing, kissed it with transport, and having opened it, read:—

'It is with great difficulty that I have stolen from the observation of those spies who are set over me, this opportunity of telling you, that I was suddenly carried away from Bath by my brother, who was informed of our correspondence by Lord Quiverwit, whom, I since understand, you have wounded in a duel on my account. As I am fully convinced of your honour and love, I hope I shall never hear of such desperate proofs of either for the future. I am so strictly watched, that it will be impossible for you to see me, until my brother's suspicions shall abate, or Heaven contrive some other unforeseen event in our behalf. In the meantime you may depend on the constancy and affection of your own

'NARCISSA.'

'P. S. Miss Williams, who is my fellow-prisoner, desires to be remembered to you. We are both in good health, and only in pain for you, especially as it will be impracticable for you to convey any message or letter to the place of our confinement; for which reason, pray desist from an attempt, that, by miscarrying, might prolong our captivity N——.'

This kind letter afforded me great consolation: I communicated it to Banter, and at the same time shewed him her picture: he approved of her beauty and good sense,

and could not help owning, that my neglect of Miss Snapper was excusable, when such a fine creature engrossed my attention.

I began to be reconciled to my fate, and imagined, that, if I could contrive means of subsisting until my uncle should arrive, in case he was not already at home, he would enable me to do something effectual in behalf of my love and fortune. I therefore consulted Banter about a present supply, who no sooner understood that I had credit with a tailor, than he advised me to take off two or three suits of rich clothes, and convert them into cash, by selling them at half price to a salesman in Monmouth street. I was startled at this proposal, which I thought savoured a little of fraud; but he rendered it palatable, by observing, that in a few months I might be in a condition to do every body justice; and in the meantime I was acquitted by the honesty of my intention. I suffered myself to be persuaded by his salvo, by which my necessity, rather than my judgment, was convinced; and when I found there was no accounts of the ship in which my uncle embarked, actually put the scheme in practice, and raised by it five-and-twenty guineas, paying him for his advice with the odd five.

CHAPTER LXI.

I am arrested—carried to the Marshalsea—find my old acquaintance Beau Jackson in that jail—he informs me of his adventures—Strap arrives, and with difficulty is comforted—Jackson introduces me to a poet—I admire his conversation and capacity—am deeply affected with my misfortune—Strap hires himself as a journeyman barber.

But this expedient was in a few weeks attended with a consequence I did not foresee; a player having purchased one of the suits which were exposed to sale, appeared in it on the stage one night, while my tailor unfortunately happened to be present. He knew it immediately, and inquired minutely into the affair, discovered my whole contriv-

ance; upon which he came to my lodgings, and telling me that he was very much straitened for want of money, presented his bill, which amounted to L.50. Surprised at this unexpected address, I affected to treat him cavalierly, swore some oaths, asked if he doubted my honour, and, telling him I should take care whom I dealt with for the future, bade him come again in three days. He obeyed me punctually, demanded his money, and finding himself amused with bare promises, arrested me that very day in the street. I was not much shocked at this adventure, which, indeed, put an end to a state of horrible expectation; but I refused to go to a spunging-house, where I heard there was nothing but the most flagrant imposition; and a coach being called, was carried to the Marshalsea, attended by a bailiff and his follower, who were very much disappointed and chagrined at my resolution.

The turnkey, guessing from my appearance that I had money in my pocket, received me with the repetition of the Latin word *depone*, and gave me to understand, that I must pay before-hand for the apartment I should choose to dwell in. I desired to see his conveniences, and hired a small paltry bed-chamber for a crown a-week, which, in any other place, would have let for half the money. Having taken possession of this dismal habitation, I sent for Strap, and my thoughts were busied in collecting matter of consolation to that faithful squire, when somebody knocked at my door, which I no sooner opened, than a young fellow entered, in very shabby clothes, and marvellous foul linen. After a low bow, he called me by my name, and asked if I had forgot him. His voice assisted me in recollecting his person, whom I soon recognized to be my old acquaintance Jackson, of whom mention is made in the first part of my memoirs. I saluted him cordially, expressed my satisfaction at finding him alive, and condoled him on his present situation, which, however, did not seem to affect him much, for he laughed very heartily at the occasion of our meeting so unexpectedly in this place. Our mutual compliments being past, I inquired about his amour with the lady of

fortune, which seemed to be so near a happy conclusion, when I had the pleasure of seeing him last; and, after an immoderate fit of laughter, he gave me to understand, that he had been most egregiously bit in that affair. 'You must know,' said he, 'that a few days after our adventure with the bawd and her b—ches, I found means to be married to that same fine lady you speak of, and passed the night with her at her lodgings, so much to her satisfaction, that early in the morning, after a good deal of snivelling and sobbing, she owned, that, far from being an heiress of great fortune, she was no other than a common woman of the town, who had decoyed me into matrimony, in order to enjoy the privilege of a *femme couverte*; and that unless I made my escape immediately, I should be arrested for a debt of her contracting, by bailiffs employed and instructed for that purpose. Startled at this intimation, I rose in a twinkling, and taking leave of my spouse with several hearty damns, got safe into the verge of the court, where I kept snug until I was appointed surgeon's mate of a man of war at Portsmouth; for which place I set out on Sunday, went on board of my ship, in which I sailed to the Straits, where I had the good fortune to be made surgeon of a sloop that came home a few months after, and was put out of commission; whereupon I came to London, imagining myself forgotten, and freed from my wife and her creditors; but had not been in town a week before I was arrested for a debt of hers, amounting to 20l. and brought to this place, where I have been fixed by another action since that time. However, you know my disposition; I defy care and anxiety; and being on the half-pay list, make shift to live here tolerably easy. I congratulated him on his philosophy, and remembering that I was in his debt, repaid the money he formerly lent me, which, I believe, was far from being unseasonable. I then inquired about the economy of the place, which he explained to my satisfaction: and after we had agreed to mess together, he was just going to give orders for dinner, when Strap arrived.

I never in my life saw sorrow so extravagantly expressed

in any countenance as in that of my honest friend, which was, indeed, particularly adapted by nature for such impressions. When we were left by ourselves, I communicated to him my disaster, and endeavoured to console him with the same arguments he had formerly used to me, withal representing the fair chance I had of being relieved in a short time by Mr Bowling. But his grief was unutterable; he seemed to give attention without listening, and wrung his hands in silence; so that I was in a fair way of being infected by his behaviour, when Jackson returned, and perceiving the deference I paid to Strap, although in a footman's habit, distributed his crumb's of comfort with such mirth, jollity, and unconcern, that the features of the distressed squire relaxed by degrees; he recovered the use of speech, and began to be a little more reconciled to this lamentable event. We dined together on boiled beef and greens, brought from a cook's shop in the neighbourhood; and although this meal was served up in a manner little corresponding with the sphere of life in which I had lately lived, I made a virtue of necessity, ate with good appetite, and treated my friends with a bottle of wine, which had the desired effect, of increasing the good humour of my fellow-prisoner, and exhilarating the spirits of Strap, who now talked cavalierly of my misfortune.

After dinner, Jackson left us to our private affairs; when I desired my friend to pack up all our things and carry them to some cheap lodging he should choose for himself in the neighbourhood of the Marshalsea, after he had discharged my lodging, for which purpose I gave him money. I likewise recommended to him, the keeping my misfortune secret, and saying to my landlord, or any other who should inquire for me, that I was gone into the country for a few weeks; at the same time I laid strong injunctions upon him to call every second day upon Banter, in case he should receive any letter for me from Narcissa, by the channel of Freeman; and by all means to leave a direction for himself, at my uncle's lodgings in Wapping, by which I might be found when my kinsman should arrive.

When he departed to execute these orders (which, by-the-by, were punctually performed that very night), I found myself so little seasoned to my situation, that I dreaded reflection, and sought shelter from it in the company of the beau, who, promising to regale me with a lecture upon taste, conduct me to the common side, where I saw a number of naked miserable wretches assembled together. We had not been here many minutes, when a figure appeared, wrapt in a dirty rug, tied about his loins with two pieces of list, of different colours, knotted together, having a black bushy beard, and his head covered with a huge mass of brown periwig, which seemed to have been ravished from the head of some scarecrow. This apparition stalking in with great solemnity, made a profound bow to the audience, who signified their approbation by a general response of—'how dye do, doctor?' He then turned towards us, and honoured Jackson with a particular salutation: upon which my friend, in a formal manner, introduced him to me by the name of Mr Melopoyn. This ceremony being over, he advanced into the middle of the congregation, which crowded around him, and hemming three times, to my utter astonishment, pronounced, with great significance of voice and gesture, a very elegant and ingenious discourse upon the difference between genius and taste, illustrating his assertions with apt quotations from the best authors, ancient as well as modern. When he had finished his harangue, which lasted a full hour, he bowed again to the spectators, not one of whom (I was informed) understood so much as a sentence of what he had uttered. They manifested, however, their admiration and esteem, by a voluntary contribution, which, Jackson told me, one week with another, amounted to eighteen pence. This moderate stipend, together with some small presents that he received for making up differences, and deciding causes among the prisoners, just enabled him to breathe and walk about in the grotesque figure I have described. I understood also that he was an excellent poet, and had composed a tragedy, which was allowed by every body who had seen it to be a performance of great merit; that his learning

was infinite, his morals unexceptionable, and his modesty invincible. Such a character could not fail of attracting my regard; I longed impatiently to be acquainted with him, and desired Jackson would engage him to spend the evening in my apartment. My request was granted; he favoured us with his company; and in the course of our conversation, perceiving that I had a strong passion for the *belles lettres*, acquitted himself so well on that subject, that I expressed a fervent desire of seeing his productions. In this point too he gratified my inclination: he promised to bring his tragedy to my room next day, and in the meantime entertained me with some detached pieces, which gave me a very advantageous idea of his poetical talent. Among other things, I was particularly pleased with some elegies in imitation of Tibullus; one of which I beg leave to submit to the reader, as a specimen of his complexion and capacity.

I.

Where now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest;—
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast!

II.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour;
Lead beauty through the mazes of the ball,
Or press her wanton in love's roseate bow'r.

III.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around;
Nor wander through the woodbine's fragrant shade,
To hear the music of the grove resound.

IV.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew.

V.

There, leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,
A while in silence o'er my fate repine;
Then, with a long farewell to love and care,
To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

VI.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
Strew vernal flowers, applaud my love sincere,
And bid the turf lie easy on my breast?

I was wonderfully affected with this pathetic complaint, which seemed so well calculated for my own disappointment in love, that I could not help attaching the idea of Narcissa to the name of Monimia, and of forming such melancholy presages of my passion, that I could not recover my tranquillity, and was fain to have recourse to the bottle, which prepared me for a profound sleep, that I could not otherwise have enjoyed. Whether these impressions invited and introduced a train of other melancholy reflections, or my fortitude was all exhausted in the effort I made against despondence during the first day of my imprisonment, I cannot determine; but I awoke in the horrors, and found my imagination haunted with such dismal apparitions, that I was ready to despair;—and I believe the reader will own I had no great cause to congratulate myself, when I considered my situation. I was interrupted in the midst of these gloomy apprehensions by the arrival of Strap, who contributed not a little to the re-establishment of my peace, by letting me know that he had hired himself as a journeyman barber; by which means he would be able not only to save me a considerable expense, but even to make shift to lay up something for my subsistence after my money should be spent, in case I should not be relieved before.

CHAPTER LXII.

I read Melopoyn's tragedy, and conceive a vast opinion of his genius—he recounts his adventures.

WHILE we ate our breakfast together, I made him acquainted with the character and condition of the poet, who came in with his play at that instant, and, imagining we were engaged about business, could not be prevailed upon to sit, but, leaving his performance, went away. My friend's tender heart was melted at the sight of a gentleman and christian (for he had a great veneration for both these epithets) in such misery, and assented with great cheerfulness

to a proposal I made of clothing him with our superfluities; a task with which he charged himself, and departed immediately to perform it.

He was no sooner gone, than I locked my door, and sat down to the tragedy, which I read to the end with vast pleasure, not a little amazed at the conduct of the managers who had rejected it. The fable, in my opinion, was well chosen, and naturally conducted; the incidents interesting, the characters beautifully contrasted, strongly marked, and well supported; the diction poetical, spirited, and correct; the unities of the drama maintained with the most scrupulous exactness; the opening gradual and engaging, the *peripeteia* surprising, and the catastrophe affecting: in short, I judged it by the laws of Aristotle and Horace, and could find nothing in it exceptionable, but a little too much embellishment in some few places; which objection he removed to my satisfaction, by a quotation from Aristotle's Poetics, importing, that the least interesting parts of a poem ought to be raised and dignified by the charms and energy of diction.

I revered his genius, and was seized with an eager curiosity to know the particular events of a fortune so unworthy of his merit. At that instant Strap returned with a bundle of clothes, which I sent with my compliments to Mr Melopoyn, as a small token of my regard, and desired the favour of his company to dinner. He accepted my present and invitation, and in less than half an hour made his appearance in a decent dress, which altered his figure very much to his advantage. I perceived by his countenance that his heart was big with gratitude, and endeavoured to prevent his acknowledgments, by asking pardon for the liberty I had taken: he made no reply, but, with an aspect full of admiration and esteem, bowed to the ground, while the tears gushed from his eyes. Affected with these symptoms of an ingenuous mind, I shifted the conversation, and complimented him on his performance, which, I assured him, afforded me infinite pleasure. My approbation made him happy. Dinner being served, and Jackson arrived, I beg-

ged their permission for Strap to sit at table with us, after having informed them that he was a person to whom I was extremely obliged; they were kind enough to grant that favour, and we ate together with great harmony and satisfaction.

Our meal being ended, I expressed my wonder at the little regard Mr Melopoyn had met with from the world; and signified a desire of hearing how he had been treated by the managers of the playhouses, to whom I understood from Jackson he had offered his tragedy without success. 'There is so little entertaining in the incidents of my life,' said he, 'that I am sure the recital will not recompense your attention; but, since you discover an inclination to know them, I understand my duty too well to disappoint your desire.

'My father, who was a curate in the country, being, by the narrowness of his circumstances, hindered from maintaining me at the university, took the charge of my education upon himself, and laboured with such industry and concern in the undertaking, that I had little cause to regret the want of public masters. Being at great pains to consult my natural bias, he discovered in me betimes an inclination for poetry; upon which he recommended me to an intimate acquaintance with the classics, in the cultivation of which he assisted me with paternal zeal and uncommon erudition. When he thought me sufficiently acquainted with the ancients, he directed my studies to the best modern authors, French and Italian, as well as English, and laid a particular injunction upon me to make myself master of my mother tongue.

'About the age of eighteen, I grew ambitious of undertaking a work of some consequence; and, with my father's approbation, actually planned the tragedy you have read; but, before I had finished four acts, that indulgent parent died, and left my mother and me in very indigent circumstances. A near relation, compassionating our distress, took us into his family, where I brought my fable to a conclusion; and soon after that period my mother quitted this

life. When my sorrow for this melancholy event had subsided, I told my kinsman, who was a farmer, that, having paid my last duty to my parent, I had now no attachment to detain me in the country, and therefore was resolved to set out for London, and offer my play to the stage, where I did not doubt of acquiring a large share of fame as well as fortune; in which case, I should not be unmindful of my friends and benefactors. My cousin was ravished with the prospect of my felicity, and willingly contributed towards the expense of fitting me out for my expedition.

'Accordingly I took a place in the waggon, and arrived in town, where I hired an apartment in a garret, willing to live as frugal as possible, until I should know what I had to expect from the manager, to whom I intended to offer my play. For, though I looked upon myself as perfectly secure of a good reception, imagining that a patentee would be as eager to receive as I to present my production, I did not know whether or not he might be pre-engaged in favour of another author; a circumstance that would certainly retard my success. On this consideration too I determined to be speedy in my application, and even to wait upon one of the managers the very next day. For this purpose, I inquired of my landlord if he knew where either or both of them lived; and he being curious to know my business, and at the same time appearing to be a very honest friendly man (a tallow-chandler), I made him acquainted with my design; upon which he told me that I went the wrong way to work; that I would not find such easy access to a manager as I imagined; and that, if I delivered my performance without proper recommendation, it would be as one to a thousand if ever it should be minded. "Take my advice," said he, "and your business is done. One of the patentees is a good catholic, as I am, and uses the same father who confesses me. I will make you acquainted with this good priest, who is an excellent scholar; and if he should approve of your play, his recommendation will go a great way in determining Mr Supple to bring it on the stage." I applauded his expedient, and was introduced to the friar; who, having

perused the tragedy, was pleased to signify his approbation, and commended me in particular for having avoided all reflections upon religion. He promised to use all his influence with his son Supple in my behalf, and to inform himself that very day at what time it would be proper for me to wait upon him with the piece. He was punctual in performing his engagement; and next morning gave me to understand that he had mentioned my affair to the manager, and that I had no more to do than to go to his house any time in the forenoon, and make use of his name, upon which I should find immediate admittance. I took his advice, put my performance in my bosom, and, having received directions, went immediately to the house of Mr Supple, and knocked at the door, which had a wicket in the middle, faced with a net-work of iron. Through this a servant, having viewed me for some time, demanded to know my business. I told him my business was with Mr Supple, and that I came from Mr O'Varnish. He examined my appearance once more, then went away, returned in a few minutes, and said his master was busy, and could not be seen. Although I was a little mortified at my disappointment, I was persuaded that my reception was owing to Mr Supple's ignorance of my errand; and, that I might meet with no more obstructions of the same kind, I desired Mr O'Varnish to be my introductor the next time. He complied with my request, and obtained immediate admittance to the manager, who received me with the utmost civility, and promised to read my play with the first convenience. By his own appointment I called again in a fortnight, but he was gone out; I returned in a week after, and the poor gentleman was extremely ill; I renewed my visit in a fortnight after that, and he assured me he had been so much fatigued with business, that he had not been able as yet to read it to an end, but he would take the first opportunity; and, in the meantime, observed, that what he had just seen of it was very entertaining. I comforted myself with this declaration a few weeks longer, at the end of which I appeared again before his wicket, was let in, and found him laid up with the gout. I no sooner

entered his chamber, than, looking at me with a languishing eye, he said,—"Mr Melopoyn, I'm heartily sorry for an accident that has happened during my illness. You must know, that my eldest boy, finding your manuscript upon the table in the dining-room, where I used to read it, carried it into the kitchen, and, leaving it there, a negligent wench of a cook-maid, mistaking it for waste paper, has expended it all but a few leaves in singeing fowls upon the spit. But I hope the misfortune is not irreparable, since, no doubt, you have several copies."

'I protest to you, my good friend, Mr Random, I was extremely shocked at this information; but the good-natured gentleman seemed to be so much affected with my misfortune, that I suppressed my concern, and told him, that although I had no other copy, I should be able to retrieve the loss by writing another from my memory, which was very tenacious. You cannot imagine how well pleased Mr Supple was at this assurance; he begged I would set about it immediately, and carefully revolve and recollect every circumstance, before I pretended to commit it to paper, that it might be the same individual play that he had perused. Encouraged by this injunction, which plainly demonstrated how much he interested himself in the affair, I tasked my remembrance and industry, and in three weeks produced the exact image of the former, which was conveyed to him by my good friend Father O'Varnish, who told me next day that Mr Supple would revise it superficially, in order to judge of its sameness with the other, and then give his final answer. For this examination I allotted a week; and, in full confidence of seeing it acted in a little while, demanded an audience of the manager, when that term was expired. But, alas! the season had slipped away insensibly; he convinced me, that, if my play had been put into rehearsal at that time, it could not have been ready for performing until the end of March, when the benefit nights came on; consequently it would have interfered with the interest of the players, whom it was not my business to disoblige.

'I was fain to acquiesce in these reasons, which, to be sure,

were extremely just, and to reserve my performance for the next season, when he hoped I would not be so unlucky; although it was a grievous disappointment to me, who by this time began to want both money and necessaries, having, on the strength of my expectation from the theatre, launched out into some extravagancies, by which the sum I brought to town was already almost consumed. Indeed, I ought to be ashamed at the circumstance of my conduct; for my finances were sufficient, with good economy, to have maintained me comfortably a whole year. You will perhaps be amazed when I tell you, that in six months I expended not a farthing less than ten guineas; but when one considers the temptations to which a young man is exposed in this great city, especially if he is addicted to pleasure, as I am, the wonder will vanish, or at least abate. Nor was the cause of my concern limited to my own situation entirely: I had writ an account of my good reception to my kinsman the farmer, and desired him to depend upon me for the money he had kindly accommodated me with about the end of February; which promise I now found myself unable to perform. However, there was no remedy but patience: I applied to my landlord, who was a very good-natured man, candidly owned my distress, and begged his advice in laying down some plan for my subsistence. He readily promised to consult his confessor on this subject, and told me, I was welcome, in the meantime, to lodge and board with him, until fortune should put it in my power to make restitution.

'Mr O'Varnish being informed of my necessity, offered to introduce me to the author of a weekly paper, who, he did not doubt, would employ me in that way, provided he should find me duly qualified; but, upon inquiry, I understood that this journal was calculated to foment divisions in the commonwealth, and therefore I desired to be excused from engaging in it. He then proposed that I should write something in the poetical way, which I might dispose of to a bookseller for a pretty sum of ready money, and perhaps establish my own character into the bargain. This event

would infallibly procure friends, and my tragedy would appear next season to the best advantage, by being supported both by interest and reputation. I was charmed with this prospect; and having heard what friends Mr Pope acquired by his pastorals, set about a work of that kind, and in less than six weeks, composed as many eclogues, which I forthwith offered to an eminent bookseller, who desired me to leave them for his perusal, and he would give me an answer in two days. At the end of that time I went to him, when he returned the poems, telling me, they would not answer his purpose, and sweetened his refusal by saying there were some good clever lines in them. Not a little dejected at this rebuff, which I learned from Mr O'Varnish, was owing to the opinion of another author, whom this bookseller always consulted on these occasions, I applied to another person of the same profession, who told me, the town was cloyed with pastorals, and advised me, if I intended to profit by my talents, to write something satirical or luscious, such as the *Button Hole*, *Shockey and Towzer*, *the Leaky Vessel*, &c.—and yet this was a man in years, who wore a reverend periwig, looked like a senator, and went regularly to church. Be that as it will, I scorned to prostitute my pen in the manner he proposed, and carried my papers to a third, who assured me, that poetry was entirely out of his way; and asked if I had got never a piece of secret history, thrown into a series of letters, or a volume of adventures, such as those of Robinson Crusoe and Colonel Jack, or a collection of conundrums, wherewith to entertain the plantations? Being quite unfurnished for this dealer, I had recourse to another with as little success; and I verily believe was rejected by the whole trade.

'I was afterwards persuaded to offer myself as a translator, and accordingly repaired to a person, who was said to entertain numbers of that class in his pay. He assured me he had already a great deal of that work on his hands, which he did not know what to do with: observed that translation was a mere drug, that branch of literature being overstocked with an inundation of authors from North Bri-

ton; and asked what I would expect per sheet, for rendering the Latin classics into English?—That I might not make myself too cheap, I determined to set a high price upon my qualifications, and demanded half a guinea for every translated sheet. 'Half a guinea!' cried he, starting at me, then paused a little, and said, he had no occasion for my service at present. I found my error, and, resolving to make amends, fell one half in my demand; upon which he started at me again, and told me his hands were full. I attempted others, without finding employment, and was actually reduced to a very uncomfortable prospect, when I bethought myself of offering my talents to the printers of halfpenny ballads, and other such occasional essays as are hawked about the streets. With this view, I applied to one of the most noted and vociferous of this tribe, who directed me to a person whom I found entertaining a whole crowd of them with gin, bread, and cheese. He carried me into a little back parlour, very neatly furnished, where I signified my desire of being enrolled among his writers; and was asked what kind of composition I professed. Understanding that my inclination leaned towards poetry, he expressed his satisfaction, telling me one of his poets had lost his senses, and was confined in bedlam, and the other was become dosed with drinking drams; so that he had not done any thing tolerable these many weeks. When I proposed that we should enter into terms of agreement, he gave me to understand, that his bargains were always conditional, and his authors paid in proportion to the sale of their works.

'Having therefore settled these conditions, which (I do assure you) were not very advantageous to me, he assigned me a subject for a ballad, which was to be finished in two hours; and I retired to my garret in order to perform his injunction. As the theme happened to suit my fancy, I completed a pretty sort of an ode within the time prescribed, and brought it to him, big with hope of profit and applause. He read it in a twinkling, and, to my utter astonishment, told me, it would not do, though indeed he owned I

wrote a good hand, and spelled very well, but my language was too high flown, and of consequence not at all adapted to the capacity and taste of his customers. I promised to rectify that mistake, and in half an hour humbled my style to the comprehension of vulgar readers: he approved of the alteration, and gave me some hopes of succeeding in time, though he observed, that my performance was very deficient in the quaintness of expression that pleases the multitude; however, to encourage me, he ventured the expense of printing and paper, and, if I remember aright, my share of the sale amounted to fourpence halfpenny.

'From that day I studied the Grub-street manner with great diligence, and at length became such a proficient, that my works were in great request among the most polite of the chairmen, draymen, hackney coachmen, footmen, and servant maids: nay, I have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing my productions adorned with cuts, pasted upon the wall as ornaments in beer cellars and coblers stalls, and have actually heard them sung in clubs of substantial tradesmen. But empty praise (you know my dear friend) will not supply the cravings of nature. I found myself in danger of starving in the midst of all my fame; for of ten songs I composed, it was well if two had the good fortune to please. For this reason I turned my thoughts to prose, and, during a track of gloomy weather, published an apparition, on the substance of which I subsisted very comfortably a whole month: I have made many a good meal upon a monster; a rape has often afforded me great satisfaction; but a murder, well timed, was my never-failing resource. What then? I was a most miserable slave to my employers, who expected to be furnished at a minute's warning with prose and verse, just as they thought the circumstances of the times required, whether the inclination was absent or present. Upon my sincerity, Mr Random, I have been so much pestered and besieged by those children of clamour, that life became a burden to me.

CHAPTER LXIII.

The continuation and conclusion of Mr Melopoyn's story.

'I MADE shift, notwithstanding, to maintain myself till the beginning of next winter, when I renewed my addresses to my friend Mr Supple, and was most graciously received. "I have been thinking of your affair, Mr Melopoyn," said he, "and am determined to shew how far I have your interest at heart, by introducing you to a young nobleman of my acquaintance, who is remarkable for his fine taste in dramatic writings, and is, besides, a man of such influence, that, if once he should approve of your play, his patronage will support it against all the efforts of envy and ignorance: for I do assure you, that merit alone will not bring success. I have already spoke of your performance to Lord Rattle, and if you will call at my house in a day or two, you shall have a letter of introduction to his lordship." I was sensibly touched with this mark of Mr Supple's friendship, and looking upon my affair as already done, went home and imparted my good fortune to my landlord, who, to render my appearance more acceptable to my patron, procured a suit of new clothes for me on his own credit.

'Not to trouble you with idle particulars, I carried my tragedy to his lordship's lodgings, and sent it up, along with Mr Supple's letter, by one of his servants, who desired me, by his lord's order, to return in a week. I did so, and was admitted to his lordship, who received me very courteously, told me he had perused my play, which he thought, on the whole, was the best *coup d'essai* he had ever seen; but that he had marked some places in the margin, which he imagined might be altered for the better. I was transported with this reception, and promised (with many acknowledgments of his lordship's generosity) to be governed solely by his advice and direction. 'Well, then,' said he, 'write another fair copy with the alterations I have

proposed, and bring it to me as soon as possible; for I am resolved to have it brought on the stage this winter." You may be sure I set about this task with alacrity; and although I found his lordship's remarks much more numerous, and of less importance, than I expected, I thought it was not my interest to dispute upon trifles with my patron; therefore new modelled it, according to his desire, in less than a month.

'When I waited upon him with the manuscript, I found one of the actors at breakfast with his lordship, who immediately introduced him to my acquaintance, and desired him to read a scene of my play. This task he performed very much to my satisfaction, with regard to emphasis and pronunciation; but he signified his disgust at several words in every page, which I presuming to defend, Lord Rattle told me, with a peremptory look, I must not pretend to dispute with him, who had been a player these twenty years, and understood the economy of the stage better than any man living. I was forced to submit, and his lordship proposed the same actor should read the whole play in the evening, before some gentlemen of his acquaintance, whom he would convene at his lodgings for that purpose.

'I was present at the reading; and I protest to you, my dear friend, I never underwent such a severe trial in the whole course of my life as at that juncture; for although the player might be a very honest man, and a good performer, he was excessively illiterate and assuming, and made a thousand frivolous objections, which I was not permitted to answer: however, the piece was very much applauded on the whole; the gentlemen present, who, I understood, were men of fortune, promised to countenance and support it as much as they could; and Lord Rattle assuring me that he would act the part of a careful nurse to it, desired me to carry it home, and alter it immediately according to their remarks. I was fain to acquiesce in his determination, and fulfilled his injunctions with all the expedition in my power; but, before I could present the new copy, my good friend Mr Supple had disposed of his property and patent to one

Mr Brayer; so that fresh interest was to be made with the new manager. This task Lord Rattle undertook, having some acquaintance with him, and recommended my performance so strongly that it was received.

'I looked upon myself now as upon the eve of reaping the fruits of all my labour: I waited a few days in expectation of its being put into rehearsal, and wondering at the delay, applied to my worthy patron, who excused Mr Brayer, on account of the multiplicity of business in which he was involved, and bade me beware of teasing the patentee. I treasured this caution, and exerted my patience three weeks longer; at the end of which his lordship gave me to understand that Mr Brayer had read my play, and owned it had indubitable merit; but as he had long been pre-engaged to another author, he could not possibly represent it that season; though, if I would reserve it for the next, and, in the interim, make such alterations as he had proposed by observations on the margin, I might depend upon his compliance.

'Thunderstruck at this disappointment, I could not, for some minutes, utter one syllable. At length, however, I complained bitterly of the manager's insincerity in amusing me so long, when he knew from the beginning that he could not gratify my desire. But his lordship reprimanded me for my freedom, said Mr Brayer was a man of honour, and imputed his behaviour with respect to me to nothing else but forgetfulness. And indeed I have had some reason, since that time, to be convinced of his bad memory; for, in spite of appearances, I will not allow myself to interpret his conduct any other way. Lord Rattle, observing me very much affected with my disappointment, offered his interest to bring on my play at the other house, which I eagerly accepting, he forthwith wrote a letter of recommendation to Mr Bellower, actor, and prime minister to Mr Vandal, proprietor of that theatre; and desired me to deliver it with my tragedy without loss of time. Accordingly I hastened to his house, where, after having waited a whole hour in a lobby, I was admitted to his presence, and my performance

received with great state. He told me he was extremely busy at present, but he would peruse it as soon as possible, and bade me call again in a week. I took my leave not a little astonished at the port and supercilious behaviour of this stage-player, who had not treated me with good manners; and began to think the dignity of a poet greatly impaired since the days of Euripides and Sophocles; but all this was nothing in comparison of what I have since observed.

'Well, Mr Random, I went back at the appointed time, and was told that Mr Bellower was engaged, and could not see me. I repeated my visit a few days after, and, having waited a considerable time, was favoured with an audience, during which, he said, he had not as yet read my play. Nettled at this usage, I could contain myself no longer, but telling him, I imagined he would have paid more deference to Lord Rattle's recommendation, demanded my manuscript with some expressions of resentment. "Ay," said he, in a theatrical tone, "with all my heart." Then pulling out a drawer of the bureau at which he sat, he took out a bundle, and threw it upon a table that was near him, pronouncing the word,—"there," with great disdain. I took it up, and perceiving, with some surprise, that it was a comedy, told him it did not belong to me; upon which he offered me another, which I also disclaimed. A third was produced and rejected for the same reason. At length he pulled out a whole handful, and spread them before me, saying,—"There are seven—take which you please—or take them all." I singled out my own, and went away, struck dumb with admiration at what I had seen—not so much on account of his insolence, as of the number of new plays, which from this circumstance I concluded were yearly offered to the stage. You may be sure I did not fail to carry my complaint to my patron, who did not receive it with all the indignation I expected; but taxed me with precipitation, and told me I must lay my account with bearing the humours of the players, if I intended to write for the stage.—"There is now no other remedy," said he, "but to keep it till the next season for Mr Brayer, and alter it at your leisure in the summer, according to his

directions." I was now reduced to a terrible alternative, either to quit all hopes of my tragedy, from which I had all along promised myself a large share of fortune and reputation, or to encounter eight long months of adversity in preparing for, and expecting its appearance. This last penance, painful as it was, seemed most eligible to my reflection at that time, and therefore I resolved to undergo it.

'Why should I tire you with particulars of no consequence? I wrestled with extreme poverty until the time of my probation was expired; and went to my Lord Rattle in order to remind him of my affair, when I understood, to my great concern, that his lordship was just on the point of going abroad, and which was still more unfortunate for me, Mr Brayer had gone into the country, so that my generous patron had it not in his power to introduce me personally, as he intended: however, he wrote a very strong letter to the manager in my favour, and put him in mind of the promise he had made in behalf of my play.

'As soon as I was certified of Brayer's return, I went to his house with this letter, but was told he was gone out. I called again next day early in the morning, received the same answer, and was desired to leave my name and business; I did so, and returned the day after, when the servant still affirmed that his master was gone abroad, though I perceived him, as I retired, observing me through a window. Incensed at this discovery, I went to a coffee-house hard by, and inclosing his lordship's letter in one from myself, demanded a categorical answer. I sent it to his house by a porter, who returned in a few minutes, and told me Mr Brayer would be glad to see me at that instant. I obeyed the summons, and was received with such profusion of compliments and apologies, that my resentment immediately subsided, and I was even in pain for the concern which this honest man shewed at the mistake of his servant, who, it seems, had been ordered to deny him to every body but me. He expressed the utmost veneration for his good and noble friend Lord Rattle, whom he should be always proud to serve; promised to peruse the play with all dispatch, and give me

a meeting upon it; and, as a testimony of his esteem, made me a present of a general order for the season, by which I should be admitted to any part of the theatre. This was a very agreeable compliment to me, whose greatest pleasure consisted in seeing dramatic performances, and you need not doubt that I often availed myself of my privilege. As I had an opportunity of being behind the scenes when I pleased, I frequently conversed with Mr Brayer about my play, and asked when he intended to put it into rehearsal; but he had always so much business upon his hand, that it remained with him unopened a considerable while; and I became very uneasy about the season, that wasted apace, when I saw in the papers another new play advertised, which had been written, offered, accepted, and rehearsed, in the compass of three months. You may easily guess how much I was confounded at this event. I own to you, that in the first transports of my anger, I suspected Mr Brayer of having acted towards me in the most pitiful perfidious manner; and was actually glad at his disappointment in the success of his favourite piece, which, by the strength of art, lingered till the third night, and then died in a deplorable manner. But, now that passion has no share in my reflection, I am willing to ascribe his behaviour to his want of memory, or want of judgment, which, you know, are natural defects, that are more worthy of compassion than reproach.

'About this time I happened to be in company with a gentlewoman, who, having heard of my tragedy, told me, she was acquainted with the wife of a gentleman, who was very well known to a lady, who had great interest with a person who was intimate with Earl Sheerwit, and that, if I pleased, she would use her influence in my behalf. As this nobleman had the character of a Mæcenas in the nation, and could stamp a value upon any work by his sole countenance and approbation, I accepted her offer with eagerness, in full confidence of seeing my reputation established, and my wishes fulfilled in a very short time, provided I should have the good fortune to please his lordship's taste. I withdrew the manuscript from the hands of Mr Brayer,

and committed it to the care of this gentlewoman, who laboured so effectually in my interest, that in less than a month it was conveyed to the earl, and in a few weeks after, I had the satisfaction to hear that he had read and approved it very much. Transported with this piece of intelligence, I flattered myself with the hopes of his interesting himself in its favour; but hearing no more of the matter in three whole months, I began (God forgive me) to suspect the veracity of the person who brought me the good tidings; for I thought it impossible that a man of his rank and character, who knew the difficulty of writing a good tragedy, and understood the dignity of the work, should read and applaud an essay of this kind, without feeling an inclination to befriend the author, whom his countenance alone could raise above dependence. But it was not long before I found my friend very much wronged by my opinion.

'You must know that the civilities I have received from Lord Rattle, and the desire he manifested to promote the success of my play, encouraged me to write an account of my bad fortune to his lordship, who condescended so far as to desire, by letter, a young squire of a great estate, with whom he was intimate, to espouse my cause, and, in particular, made me acquainted with one Mr Marmozet, a celebrated player, who had lately appeared on the stage with astonishing eclat, and bore such sway in the house where he acted, that the managers durst not refuse any thing he recommended. The young gentleman whom Lord Rattle had employed for this purpose, being diffident of his own interest with Mr Marmozet, had recourse to a nobleman of his acquaintance, who, at his solicitation, was so good as to introduce me to him; and the conversation turning upon my performance, I was not a little surprised, as well as pleased, to hear that Earl Sheerwit had spoken very much in its praise, and even sent Mr Marmozet the copy, with a message, expressing a desire that he would act in it next season. Nor was the favourite actor backward in commending the piece, which he mentioned with some expressions of regard, that I do not choose to repeat; assuring me that he

would appear in it, provided he should be engaged to play at all during the ensuing season. In the meantime, he desired I would give him leave to peruse it in the country, whither he intended to remove next day, that he might have leisure to consider and point out such alteration as might, perhaps, be necessary for its representation; and took my direction, that he might communicate by letter the observations he should make. Trusting to these assurances, and the interest which had been made in my behalf, I hugged myself in the expection of seeing it not only acted, but acted to the greatest advantage; and this I thought could not fail of recompensing me in an ample manner for the anxiety and affliction I had undergone: but six weeks being elapsed, I did not know how to reconcile Mr Marmozet's silence, with his promise of writing to me ten days after he set out for the country. However, I was at last favoured with a letter, importing that he had made some remarks on my tragedy, which he would freely impart at meeting, and advising me to put it, without loss of time, into the hands of that manager who had the best company, as he himself was quite uncertain whether or not he should be engaged that winter. I was a good deal alarmed at this last part of his letter, and advised about it with a friend, who told me, it was a plain indication of Mr Marmozet's desire to get rid of his promise; that his pretended uncertainty about acting next winter was no other than a scandalous evasion; for, to his certain knowledge, he was already engaged, or at least in terms, with Mr Vandal; and that his design was to disappoint me, in favour of a new comedy, which he had purchased of the author, and intended to bring upon the stage for his own advantage. In short, my dear sir, this person, who, I must own, is of a sanguine complexion, handled the moral character of Mr Marmozet with such severity, that I began to suspect him of some particular prejudice, and put myself upon my guard against his insinuations. I ought to crave pardon for this tedious narration of trivial circumstances, which, however interesting they may be to me, must certainly be very dry and insipid to the ear of one un-

concerned in the affair. But I understand the meaning of your looks, and will proceed. Well, sir, Mr Marmozet, upon his return to town treated me with uncommon complaisance, and invited me to his lodgings, where he proposed to communicate his remarks, which I confess were more unfavourable than I expected; but I answered his objections, and, as I thought, brought him over to my opinion; for, on the whole, he signified the highest approbation of the performance. In the course of our dispute, I was not a little surprised to find this poor gentleman's memory so treacherous, as to let him forget what he had said to me, before he went out of town, in regard to Earl Sheerwit's opinion of my play, which he now professed himself ignorant of; and I was extremely mortified at hearing from his own mouth, that his interest with Mr Vandal was so very low, as to be insufficient of itself to bring a new piece upon the stage. I then begged his advice; and he counselled me to apply to Earl Sheerwit for a message in my favour to the manager, who would not presume to refuse any thing recommended by so great a man; and he was so kind as to promise to second this message with all his power. I had immediate recourse to the worthy gentlewoman my friend already mentioned, who opened the channels of her conveyance with such expedition, that in a few days I had the promise of the message, provided I could assure myself of Mr Vandal's being unengaged to any other author; for his lordship did not choose to condescend so far, until he should understand that there was a probability (at least) of succeeding. At the same time that he blessed me with this piece of news, I was startled at another, by the same channel of communication; which was, that Mr Marmozet, before he advised me to this application, had informed the earl, that he had read my play, and found it altogether unfit for the stage. Though I could not doubt the certainty of this intelligence, I believed there was some misapprehension in the case; and, without taking any notice of it, told Mr Marmozet the answer I had been favoured with; and he promised to ask Mr Vandal the question proposed. I waited upon him in a day or two, when he gave

me to understand, that Mr Vandal having professed himself free of all engagements, he had put my play into his hands, and represented it as a piece strongly recommended by Earl Sheerwit, who (he assured him) would honour him with a message in its favour; and he desired me to call for an answer at Mr Vandal's house in three days. I followed his directions, and found the manager, who, being made acquainted with my business, owned that Mr Marmozet had given him a manuscript play, but denied that he had mentioned Earl Sheerwit's name. When I informed him of the circumstances of the affair, he said he had no engagement with any author; that he would read my tragedy forthwith, and did not believe he should venture to reject it in contradiction to his lordship's opinion, for which he had the utmost veneration, but put it into rehearsal without loss of time. I was so much intoxicated with this encouragement, that I overlooked the mysterious conduct of Mr Marmozet, and attended the manager at the time appointed, when, to my infinite confusion, he pronounced my play improper for the stage, and rejected it accordingly. As soon as I could recollect myself from the disorder into which this unexpected refusal had thrown me, I expressed a desire of hearing his objections, which were so groundless, indistinct, and unintelligible, that I persuaded myself he had not at all perused the piece, but had been prompted by somebody, whose lessons he had not rightly retained. However, I have been since informed, that the poor man's head, which was not naturally very clear, had been disordered with superstition, and that he laboured under the tyranny of a wife, and the terrors of hell-fire, at the same time. Precipitated, in this manner, from the highest pinnacle of hope to the abyss of despondence, I was ready to sink under the burden of my affliction, and in the bitterness of my anguish, could not help entertaining some doubts of Mr Marmozet's integrity, when I recollected and compared the circumstances of his conduct towards me. I was encouraged in this suspicion, by being told, that my Lord Sheerwit had spoke of his character with great contempt, and, in particular, resented his insolence in

opposing his own taste to that of his lordship concerning my tragedy. While I hesitated between different opinions of the matter, that friend, who (as I told you before) was a little hot-headed, favoured me with a visit, and having heard a circumstantial account of the whole affair, could not contain his indignation, but affirmed without ceremony, that Marmozet was the sole occasion of my disappointment; that he had acted from first to last with the most perfidious dissimulation, cajoling me with insinuating civilities, while he underhand employed all his art and influence to prejudice the ignorant manager against my performance; that nothing could equal his hypocrisy but his avarice, which engrossed the faculties of his soul so much, that he scrupled not to be guilty of the meanest practices to gratify that sordid appetite; that, in consequence of this disposition, he had prostituted his honour in betraying my inexperience, and in undermining the interest of another author of established reputation, who had also offered a tragedy to the stage, which he thought would interfere with the success of the comedy he had bought, and determined to bring on at all events.

'I was shocked at the description of such a monster, which I could not believe existed in the world, bad as it is, and argued against the asseverations of my friend, by demonstrating the bad policy of such behaviour, which could not fail of entailing infamy upon the author; and the small temptation that a man of Mr Marmozet's figure and success could have to consult his interest in such a grovelling manner, which must create contempt and abhorrence of him in his patrons, and effectually deprive him of the countenance and protection he now enjoys in such an eminent degree. He pretended to laugh at my simplicity, and asked if I knew for which of his virtues he was so much caressed by the people of fashion? 'It is not,' said he, 'for the qualities of his heart, that this little parasite is invited to the tables of dukes and lords, who hire extraordinary cooks for his entertainment: his avarice they see not, his ingratitude they feel not, his hypocrisy accommodates itself to their humours

and is of consequence pleasing; but he is chiefly courted for his buffoonery, and will be admitted into the choicest parties of quality for his talent of mimicking Punch and his wife Joan, when a poet of the most exquisite genius is not able to attract the least regard.' God forbid, Mr Random, that I should credit assertions that degrade the dignity of our superiors so much, and represent that poor man as the most abject of all beings! No; I looked upon them as the hyperboles of passion; and though that comedy of which he spoke did actually appear, I dare not doubt the innocence of Mr Marmozet, who, I am told, is as much as ever in favour with the earl; a circumstance that surely could not be, unless he had vindicated his character to the satisfaction of his lordship. Pray forgive this long digression, and give me the hearing a little longer; for, thank heaven! I am now near the goal.

'Baffled in all my attempts, I despaired of seeing my play acted; and bethought myself of choosing some employment, that might afford a sure, though mean, subsistence; but my landlord, to whom I was by this time considerably indebted, and who had laid his account with having his money paid all in a heap, from the profits of my third night, could not brook his disappointment, therefore made another effort in my behalf, and, by dint of interest, procured a message from a lady of fashion to Mr Brayer, who had always professed a great veneration for her, desiring that he would set up my play forthwith, and assuring him that she and all her friends would support it in the performance. To strengthen my interest, she engaged his best actors in my cause; and, in short, exerted herself so much, that it was again received, and my hopes began to revive. But Mr Brayer, honest man, was so much engrossed by business of vast consequence, though to appearance he had nothing at all to do, that he could not find time to read it until the season was pretty far advanced; and read it he must, for, notwithstanding his having perused it before, his memory did not retain one circumstance of the matter.

At length he favoured it with his attention, and, having

proposed certain alterations, sent his duty to the lady who patronized it, and promised, on his honour, to bring it on next winter, provided these alterations should be made, and the copy delivered to him before the end of April. With an aching heart I submitted to these conditions, and performed them accordingly; but fortune owed me another unforeseen mortification: Mr Marmozet, during the summer, became joint patentee with Mr Brayer; so that, when I claimed performance of articles, I was told he could do nothing without the consent of his partner, who was pre-engaged to another author.

'My condition was rendered desperate by the death of my good friend and landlord, whose executors obtained a judgment against my effects, which they seized, and turned me out into the streets naked, friendless, and forlorn. There I was arrested at the suit of my tailor, and thrown into this prison, where I have made shift to live these five weeks on the bounty of my fellow-prisoners, who, I hope, are not the worse for the instruction and good offices by which I manifest my gratitude; but, in spite of all their charitable endeavours, my life was scarce tolerable, until your uncommon benevolence enabled me to enjoy it with comfort.'

CHAPTER LXIV.

I am seized with a deep melancholy, and become a slovenam relieved by my uncle—he prevails upon me to engage with his owners as surgeon of the ship which he commands —he makes me a considerable present—entertains Strap as his steward—I take leave of my friends, and go on board—the ship arrives in the Downs.

I SHALL not make any reflections on this story, in the course of which the reader must perceive how egregiously the simplicity and milky disposition of this worthy man had been duped and abused by a set of scoundrels, who were so habituated to falsehood and equivocation, that I verily believe they would have found the utmost difficulty in uttering one

syllable of truth, though their lives had depended upon their sincerity. Notwithstanding all I had suffered from the knavery and selfishness of mankind, I was amazed and incensed at the base indifference which suffered such uncommon merit as he possessed to languish in obscurity, and struggle with all the miseries of a loathsome jail; and should have blessed the occasion that secluded me from such a perfidious world, had not the remembrance of the amiable Narcissa preserved my attachment to that society of which she constituted a part. The picture of that lovely creature was the constant companion of my solitude. How often did I contemplate the resemblance of those enchanting features that first captivated my heart! How often did I weep over those endearing scenes which her image recalled! and how often did I curse my perfidious fate for having robbed me of the fair original! In vain did my imagination flatter me with schemes of future happiness; surly reason always interposed, and in a moment overthrew that unsubstantial fabric, by chastising the extravagance of my hope, and representing my unhappy situation in the right point of view. In vain did I fly for refuge to the amusements of the place, and engage in the parties of Jackson, at cards, billiards, nine-pins, and fives; a train of melancholy thoughts took possession of my soul, which even the conversation of Melopoyn could not divert. I ordered Strap to inquire every day at Banter's lodgings, in expectation of hearing again from my charmer; and my disappointment considerably augmented my chagrin. My affectionate valet was infected with my sorrow, and often sat with me whole hours without speaking, uttering sigh for sigh, and shedding tear for tear. This fellowship increased our distemper; he became incapable of business, and was discarded by his master; while I, seeing my money melt away, without any certainty of deliverance, and, in short, all my hopes frustrated, grew negligent of life, lost all appetite, and degenerated into such a sloven, that, during the space of two months, I was neither washed, shifted, nor shaved; so that my face, rendered meagre with abstinence, was obscured with dirt, and overshadowed with hair, and my whole ap-

pearance squalid, and even frightful; when, one day, Strap brought me notice that there was a man below who wanted to speak with me. Roused at this intelligence, and in full hopes of receiving a letter from the dear object of my love, I ran down stairs with the utmost precipitation, and found, to my infinite surprise, my generous uncle Mr Bowling. Transported at the sight, I sprung forward to embrace him: upon which he started aside with great agility, drew his hanger, and put himself upon his guard, crying,—'Avast, brother, avast! sheer off!—Yo ho! you turnkey, why don't you keep a better look-out? here's one of your crazy prisoners broke from his lashings, I do suppose.' I could not help laughing heartily at his mistake; but this I soon rectified by my voice, which he instantly recollected, and shook me by the hand with great affection, testifying his concern at seeing me in such a miserable condition.

I conducted him to my apartment, where, in presence of Strap, whom I introduced to him as one of my best friends, he gave me to understand that he was just arrived from the coast of Guinea, after having made a pretty successful voyage, in which he had acted as mate, until the ship was attacked by a French privateer; that the captain being killed during the engagement, he had taken the command, and was so fortunate as to sink the enemy; after which exploit he fell in with a merchant ship from Martinico, laden with sugar, indigo, and some silver; and, by virtue of his letter of marque, attacked, took, and brought her safe into Kinsale, in Ireland, where she was condemned as a lawful prize; by which means he had not only got a pretty sum of money, but also acquired the favour of his owners, who had already conferred upon him the command of a large ship, mounted with twenty nine-pounders, ready to sail upon a very advantageous voyage, which he was not at liberty to discover. And he assured me, that it was with the greatest difficulty he had found me, in consequence of a direction left for him at his lodgings at Wapping.

I was rejoiced beyond measure at this account of his good fortune; and, at his desire, recounted all the adventures that

had happened to me since we parted. When he understood the particulars of Strap's attachment to me, he squeezed his hand very cordially, and promised to make a man of him; then giving me ten guineas for my present occasion, took a direction for the tailor who arrested me, and went away in order to discharge the debt, telling me at parting, that he would soon fetch up all my lee-way with a wet sail.

I was utterly confounded at this sudden transition, which affected me more than any reverse I had formerly felt; and a crowd of incoherent ideas rushed so impetuously upon my imagination, that my reason could neither separate nor connect them, when Strap, whose joy had manifested itself in a thousand fooleries, came into my room with his shaving utensils, and, without any previous intimation, began to lather my beard, whistling with great emotion all the while. I started from my reverie, and being too well acquainted with Strap to trust myself in his hands while he was under such agitation, desired to be excused, sent for another barber, and suffered myself to be trimmed. Having performed the ceremony of ablution, I shifted, and, dressing in my gayest apparel, waited for the return of my uncle, who was agreeably surprised at my sudden transformation.

This beneficent kinsman had satisfied my creditor, and obtained an order for my discharge, so that I was no longer a prisoner; but as I had some reluctance to part with my friends and fellows in distress, I prevailed upon Mr Bowling to favour us with his company, and invited Mr Melopoyn and Jackson to spend the evening at my apartment, where I regaled them with a supper, good wine, and the news of my release, on which they heartily congratulated me, notwithstanding the loss of my company, which, they were pleased to say, they should severely feel. As for Jackson, his misfortune made so little impression on himself, and he was altogether so loose, indifferent, and indiscreet, that I could scarce pity his situation: but I had conceived a veneration and friendship for the poet, who was in all respects an object much more worthy of compassion and regard. When our guests withdrew, and my uncle had retired, with an inten-

tion to visit me next morning, I made up a bundle of some linen, and other necessaries, and, bidding Strap carry them to Mr Melopoyn's lodgings, went thither myself and pressed it upon his acceptance, with five guineas, which with much difficulty he received, assuring me at the same time that he should never have it in his power to make satisfaction. I then asked if I could serve him any other way; to which he answered,—'you have already done too much;' and, unable to contain the emotions of his soul any longer, burst into tears, and wept aloud. Moved at this spectacle, I left him to his repose; and, when my uncle returned in the morning, represented his character in such a favourable light, that the honest seaman was affected with his distress, and determined to follow my example, in presenting him with five pieces more: upon which, that I might save him some confusion, I advised Mr Bowling to inclose it in a letter, to be delivered by Strap after we should be gone.

This was accordingly done. I took a formal leave of all my acquaintance in the jail; and just as I was about to step into a hackney coach at the gate, Jackson calling me, I returned, and he asked me in a whisper if I could lend him a shilling. His demand being so moderate, and in all likelihood the last he would make upon me, I slipped a guinea into his hand, which he no sooner perceived, than he cried, —'O Jesus! a guinea!' then laying hold of a button of my coat, broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter; and, when his convulsion was ended, told me, I was an honest fellow, and let me go. The coachman was ordered to drive to Mr Bowling's lodgings, where, when we arrived, he entered into a serious discourse with me on the subject of my situation, and proposed that I should sail with him in quality of his surgeon; in which case he would put me in a method of getting a fortune in a few years by my own industry; and assured me, that I might expect to inherit all that he should die possessed of, provided I should survive him. Though I was penetrated with a sense of his generosity, I was startled at a proposal that offered violence to my love, and signified my sentiments on that head, which he did not seem to relish

but observed, that love was the fruit of idleness; that, when once I should be employed in business, and my mind engaged in making money, I should be no more troubled with these silly notions, which none but your fair-weather Jacks, who have nothing but their pleasure to mind, ought to entertain. I was piqued at this insinuation, which I looked upon as a reproach, and, without giving myself time to deliberate, accepted his offer. He was overjoyed at my compliance, carried me immediately to his chief owner, with whom a bargain was struck; so that then I could not retract with honour, had I been ever so much averse to the agreement. That I might not have time to cool, he bade me draw out a list of medicines for a complement of five hundred men, adapted to the distempers of hot climates, and sufficient for a voyage of eighteen months, and carry it to a certain wholesale apothecary, who would also provide me in two well qualified mates. While I was thus employed, Strap came in, and looked very blank, when he understood my resolution: however, after a pause of some minutes, he insisted upon going along with me; and at my desire was made ship's steward by captain Bowling, who promised to be at the expense of fitting him out, and to lend him two hundred pounds to purchase an adventure.

When I had delivered my list of medicines, chosen a couple of my own countrymen for mates, and bespoke a set of chirurgical instruments, my uncle told me, that, by his last voyage, he had cleared almost three thousand pounds, one third of which he would immediately make over and put into my hands; that he would procure for me credit to the value of as much more, in such goods as would turn to best account in the country to which we were bound; and that, although he looked upon my interest as his own, he would keep the remaining part of his fortune in his own disposal, with a view of preserving his independence, and a power of punishing me, in case I should not make a good use of what he had already bestowed.

Without troubling the reader with an account of the effect which this surprising generosity had upon my mind, I shall

only say that his promises were instantly performed, and an invoice of merchandise proper for the voyage presented to me, that I might purchase the goods, and ship them with all expedition. In the midst of this hurry, the remembrance of my charming Narcissa often interposed, and made me the most miserable of all mortals. I was distracted with the thought of being torn from her, perhaps for ever; and though the hope of seeing her again might have supported me under the torments of separation, I could not reflect upon the anguish she must feel at parting with me, and the incessant sorrows to which her tender bosom would be exposed during my absence, without being pierced with the deepest affliction. As my imagination was daily and nightly upon the rack to invent some method of mitigating this cruel stroke, or at least of acquitting my love and honour in the opinion of this gentle creature, I at length stumbled upon an expedient, with which the reader will be made acquainted in due time; and, in consequence of my determination, became less uneasy and disturbed.

My business being finished, and the ship ready to sail, I resolved to make my last appearance among my acquaintance at the other end of the town, where I had not been seen since my imprisonment; and as I had, by the advice of my uncle, taken off some very rich clothes for sale, I put on the gayest suit in my possession, and went in a chair to the coffee-house I used to frequent, where I found my friend Banter so confounded at the magnificence of my dress, that, when I made up to him, he gazed at me with a look of astonishment, without being able for some minutes to open his lips; then pulling me aside by the sleeve, and fixing his eyes on mine, accosted me in this manner:—'Random, where the devil have you been? eh!—What is the meaning of all this finery?—Oho! I understand you.—You are just arrived from the country!—what! the roads are good, eh!—Well, Random, you are a bold fellow, and a lucky fellow!—but take care, the pitcher goes often to the well, but is broke at last.' So saying he pointed to his collar; by which gesture, and the broken hints he had ejaculated, I found he

suspected me of having robbed on the highway; and I laughed very heartily at his supposition. Without explaining myself any further, I told him he was mistaken in his conjecture; that I had been for some time past with the relation of whom he had frequently heard me speak; and that, as I should set out next day upon my travels, I had come to take my leave of my friends, and to receive of him the money he had borrowed from me, which, now that I was going abroad, I should certainly have occasion for. He was a little disconcerted at this demand; but, recollecting himself in a moment, swore, in an affected passion, that I had used him extremely ill, and he would never forgive me, for having, by this short warning, put it out of his power to free himself of an obligation he could no longer bear. I could not help smiling at this pretended delicacy, which I commended highly, telling him he needed not to be uneasy on that score, for I would give him a direction to a merchant in the city, with whom I would leave a discharge for the sum, to be delivered upon payment. He professed much joy at this expedient, and, with great eagerness, asked the person's name and place of abode, which he forthwith wrote in his pocket book, assuring me that he should not be long in my debt. This affair, which I knew he would never after think of, being settled to his satisfaction, I sent cards to all my friends, desiring the favour of their company at a tavern in the evening, when they honoured my invitation, and I had the pleasure of treating them in a very elegant manner, at which they expressed equal admiration and applause. Having enjoyed ourselves till midnight, I took my leave of them, and was well nigh stifled with caresses. Next day I set out with Strap in a post-chaise for Gravesend, where we went on board, and, the wind serving, weighed anchor in less than twelve hours. Without meeting with any accident, we reached the Downs, where we were obliged to come to an anchor, and wait for an easterly wind to carry us out of the Channel.

CHAPTER LXV.

I set out for Sussex—consult Mrs Sagely—achieve an interview with Narcissa—return to the ship—we get clear of the Channel—I learn our destination—we are chased by a large ship—the company are dismayed, and encouraged by the captain's speech—our pursuer happens to be an English man of war—we arrive at the coast of Guinea—purchase 400 negroes, sail for Paraguay, get safe into the river of Plate, and sell our cargo to great advantage.

It was now I put in execution the scheme I had projected at London; and asking leave of the captain for Strap and me to stay on shore till the wind should become favourable, my request was granted, because he had orders to remain in the Downs until he should receive some dispatches from London, which he did not expect in less than a week. Having imparted my resolution to my trusty valet, who (though he endeavoured to dissuade me from such a rash undertaking) would not quit me in the enterprise, I hired horses, and set out immediately for that part of Sussex where my charmer was confined, which was not above thirty miles distant from Deal, where we mounted. As I was perfectly well acquainted with the extent of the squire's estate and influence, I halted within five miles of his house, where we remained till the twilight, at which time we set forward, and, by the favour of a dark night, reached a copse about half a mile from the village where Mrs Sagely lived. Here we left our horses tied to a tree, and went directly to the house of my old benefactress. Strap trembling all the way, and venting ejaculatory petitions to Heaven for our safety. Her habitation being quite solitary, we arrived at the door without being observed, when I ordered my companion to enter by himself, and, in case there should be company with her, deliver a letter which I had writ for that purpose, and say that a friend of hers in London, understanding that he intended to travel this road, had committed it to his care. He rapped at the door, to which the good old matron coming,

told him, that being a lone woman, he must excuse her if she did not open it until he had declared his name and business. He answered that his name was unknown to her, and that his business was to deliver a letter, which (to free her from all manner of apprehension) he would convey to her through the space between the door and threshold. This he instantly performed; and she no sooner read the contents, which specified my being present, than she cried,—'If the person who wrote this letter be at hand, let him speak, that I may be assured by his voice whether or not I may safely admit him.' I forthwith applied my mouth to the key-hole, and pronounced,—'Dear mother, you need not be afraid, it is I, so much indebted to your goodness, who now crave admittance.' She knew my voice, and, opening the door immediately, received me with a truly maternal affection, manifesting, by the tears she let fall, her concern lest I should be discovered, for she had been informed of every thing that had happened between Narcissa and me, from the dear captive's own mouth. When I explained the motive of my journey, which was no other than a desire of seeing the object of my love before I should quit the kingdom, that I might in person convince her of the necessity I was under to leave her, reconcile her to that event, by describing the advantages that in all probability would attended it, repeat my vows of eternal constancy, and enjoy the melancholy pleasure of a tender embrace at parting; I say, when I had thus signified my intention, Mrs Sagely told me, that Narcissa, upon her return from Bath, had been so strictly watched, that nobody but one or two of the servants, devoted to her brother, was admitted to her presence; that afterwards she had been a little enlarged, and was permitted to see company, during which indulgence she had been several times at her cottage; but of late she had been betrayed by one of the servants, who discovered to the squire, that he had once carried a letter from her to the post-house, directed to me; upon which information she was now more confined than ever, and that I could have no chance of seeing her, unless I would run the risk of getting into the garden, where she and her

maid were every day allowed to take the air, and lie hid until I should have an opportunity of speaking to them—an adventure attended with such danger, that no man in his right wits would attempt it. This enterprise, hazardous as it was, I resolved to perform, in spite of all the arguments of Mrs Sagely, who reasoned, chid, and entreated by turns, and the tears and prayers of Strap, who conjured me on his knees, to have more regard to myself, as well as to him, than to attempt my own destruction in such a precipitate manner. I was deaf to every thing but the suggestions of my love; and ordering him to return immediately with the horses to the inn from whence we set out, and wait for my coming in that place, he at first peremptorily refused to leave me, until I persuaded him, that if our horses should remain where they were till day-light, they would certainly be discovered, and the whole county alarmed. On this consideration, he took his leave in a sorrowful plight, kissed my hand, and, weeping, cried,—'God knows if ever I shall see you again.' My kind landlady, finding me obstinate, gave me her best advice how to behave in the execution of my project; and, after having persuaded me to take a little refreshment, accommodated me with a bed, and left me to my repose. Early in the morning, I arose, and armed with a couple of loaded pistols and a hanger, went to the back of the squire's garden, climbed over the wall, and, according to Mrs Sagely's direction, concealed myself in a thicket, hard by an alcove that terminated a walk at a good distance from the house, which (I was told) my mistress chiefly frequented. Here I remained from five o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, without seeing a human creature; at last I perceived two women approaching, whom, by my throbbing heart, I soon recognised to be the adorable Narcissa and Miss Williams. I felt the strongest agitation of soul at the sight; and guessing that they would repose themselves in the alcove, stepped into it unperceived, and laid upon the stone table a picture of myself in miniature, for which I had sat in London, purposing to leave it with Narcissa before I should go abroad. I exposed it in this man-

ner, as an introduction to my own appearance, which, without some previous intimation, I was afraid might have an unlucky effect upon the delicate nerves of my fair enslaver; and then withdrew into the thicket, where I could hear their discourse, and suit myself to the circumstances of the occasion. As they advanced, I observed an air of melancholy in the countenance of Narcissa, blended with such unspeakable sweetness, that I could scarce refrain from flying into her arms, and kissing away the pearly drop that stood collected in each bewitching eye. According to my expectation, she entered the alcove, and perceiving something on the table, took it up. No sooner did she cast her eye upon the features, than, startled at the resemblance, she cried,—'good God!' and the roses instantly vanished from her cheeks. Her confidant, alarmed at this exclamation, looked at the picture, and, struck with the likeness, exclaimed,—'O Jesus! the very features of Mr Random!' Narcissa having recollected herself a little, said,—'Whatever angel brought it hither as a comfort to me in my affliction, I am thankful for the benefit, and will preserve it as the dearest object of my care.' So saying, she kissed it with surprising ardour, shed a flood of tears, and then deposited the lifeless image in her lovely bosom. Transported at these symptoms of her unaltered affection, I was about to throw myself at her feet, when Miss Williams, whose reflection was less engaged than that of her mistress, observed, that the picture could not transport itself hither, and that she could not help thinking I was not far off. The gentle Narcissa, startling at this conjecture, answered,—'Heaven forbid! for although nothing in the universe could yield me satisfaction equal to that of his presence for one poor moment, in a proper place, I would rather forfeit his company,—almost for ever,—than see him here, where his life would be exposed to so much danger.' I could no longer restrain the impulse of my passion, but, breaking from my concealment, stood before her, when she uttered a fearful shriek, and fainted in the arms of her companion. I flew towards the treasure of my soul, clasped her in my embrace, and, with the warmth of my kisses, brought her again

to life. O! that I were endowed with the expression of a Raphael, the graces of a Guido, the magic touches of a Titian, that I might represent the fond concern, the chastened rapture, and ingenuous blush, that mingled in her beauteous face when she opened her eyes upon me, and pronounced,—'O heavens! is it you?'

I am afraid I have already encroached upon the reader's patience, with the particulars of this amour, on which (I own) I cannot help being impertinently circumstantial. I shall therefore omit the less material passages of this interview, during which I convinced her reason, though I could not appease the sad presages of her love, with regard to the long voyage and dangers I must undergo. When we had spent an hour (which was all she could spare from the barbarity of her brother's vigilance) in lamenting over our hard fate, and in repeating our reciprocal vows, Miss Williams reminded us of the necessity there was for our immediate parting; and sure lovers never parted with such sorrow and reluctance as we. But because my words are incapable of doing justice to this affecting circumstance, I am obliged to draw a veil over it, and observe, that I returned in the dark to the house of Mrs Sagely, who was overjoyed to hear of my success, and opposed the tumults of my grief with such strength of reason, that my mind regained in some measure its tranquillity; and that very night, after having forced upon the good gentlewoman a purse of twenty guineas, as a token of my gratitude and esteem, I took my leave of her, and set out on foot for the inn, where my arrival freed honest Strap from the horrors of unutterable dread.

We took horse immediately, and alighted early next morning at Deal, where I found my uncle in great concern on account of my absence, because he had received his dispatches, and must have weighed with the first fair wind, whether I had been on board or not. Next day, a brisk easterly gale springing up, we set sail, and in eight-and-forty hours got clear of the Channel.

When we were about two hundred leagues to westward of the Land's End, the captain taking me apart into the cabin,

told me, that now he was permitted by his instructions, he would disclose the intent and destination of our voyage.—'The ship,' said he, 'which has been fitted out at a great expense, is bound for the coast of Guinea, where we shall exchange part of our cargo for slaves and gold-dust; from thence we will transport our negroes to Buenos-Ayres in New Spain, where (by virtue of passports obtained from our own court, and that of Madrid) we will dispose of them and the goods that remain on board for silver, by means of our supercargo, who is perfectly well acquainted with the coast, the lingo, and inhabitants.' Being thus let into the secret of our expedition, I borrowed of the supercargo a Spanish grammar, dictionary, and some other books of the same language, which I studied with such application, that, before we arrived in New Spain, I could maintain a conversation with him in that tongue. Being arrived in the warm latitudes, I ordered (with the captain's consent) the whole ship's company to be blooded and purged, myself undergoing the same evacuation, in order to prevent those dangerous fevers to which northern constitutions are subject in hot climates; and I have reason to believe, that this precaution was not unserviceable, for we lost but one sailor during our whole passage to the coast.

One day, when we had been about five weeks at sea, we descried to windward a large ship bearing down upon us with all the sail she could carry. Upon which my uncle ordered the studding sails to be hoisted, and the ship to be cleared for engaging; but finding that (to use the seamen's phrase) we were very much wronged by the ship that had us in chase, and which by this time had hoisted French colours, he commanded the studding-sails to be taken in, the courses to be clewed up, the main-top sail to be backed, the tompions to be taken out of the guns, and every man to repair to his quarters. While every body was busied in the performance of these orders, Strap came upon the quarter-deck, trembling, and looking aghast, and, with a voice half suppressed by fear, asked if I thought we were a match for the vessel in pursuit of us. Observing his consternation, I

said,—'what! are you afraid Strap?' 'Afraid!' he replied, 'n—n—no: what should I be afraid of? I thank God, I have a clear conscience; but I believe it will be a bloody battle, and I wish you may not have occasion for another hand to assist you in the cock-pit.' I immediately perceived his drift, and making the captain acquainted with his situation, desired he might be stationed below with me and my mates. My uncle, incensed at his pusillanimity, bade me send him down instantly, that his fear might not infect the ship's company; whereupon I told the poor steward, that I had begged him for my assistant, and desired him to go down and help my mates to get ready the instruments and dressings. Notwithstanding the satisfaction he must have felt at these tidings, he affected a shyness of quitting the upper deck; and said, he hoped I did not imagine he was afraid to do his duty above board; for he believed himself as well prepared for death as any man in the ship, no disparagement to me or the captain. I was disgusted at this affectation, and, in order to punish his hypocrisy, assured him, he might take his choice either of going down to the cock-pit with me, or of staying upon deck during the engagement. Alarmed at this indifference, he replied,—'Well, to oblige you, I'll go down; but, remember, it is more for your sake than my own.' So-saying, he disappeared in a twinkling, without waiting for an answer. By this time we could observe two tier of guns in the ship which pursued us, and which was now but two short miles astern. This discovery had an evident effect upon the sailors, who did not scruple to say, that we should be tore to piece, and blown out of the water; and that, if in case any of them should lose their precious limbs, they must go a-begging for life, for there was no provision made by the merchants for these poor souls who were maimed in their service. The captain, understanding this backwardness, ordered the crew aloft, and spoke to them thus:—'My lads, I am told you have an a—se. I have gone to sea thirty years man and boy, and never saw English sailors afraid before. Mayhap you think I want to expose you for the lucre of gain. Whose

ever thinks so, thinks a damned lie, for my whole cargo is insured; so that, in case I should be taken, my loss would not be great. The enemy is stronger than we to be sure. What then? have we not a chance for carrying away one of her masts, and so get clear of her? If we find her too hard for us, 'tis but striking at last. If any man is hurt in the engagement, I promise, on the word of an honest seaman, to make him a recompense according to his loss. So now, you that are lazy, lubberly, cowardly dogs, get away, and skulk in the hold and bread-room; and you that are jolly boys, stand by me, and let us give one broad-side for the honour of Old England.' This eloquent harangue was so well adapted to the disposition of his hearers, that one and all of them, pulling off their hats, waved them over their heads, and saluted him with three cheers; upon which he sent his boy for two large case bottles of brandy, and having treated every man with a dram, they repaired to their quarters, and waited impatiently for the word of command. I must do my uncle the justice to say, that, in the whole of his disposition, he behaved with the utmost intrepidity, conduct, and deliberation. The enemy being very near, he ordered me to my station, and was just going to give the word for hoisting the colours, and firing, when the supposed Frenchman hauled down his white pennant, jack, and ensign, hoisted English ones, and fired a gun a-head of us. This was a joyful event to Captain Bowling, who immediately shewed his colours, and fired a gun to leeward: upon which the other ship ran along-side of us, hailed him, and giving him to know that she was an English man of war of forty guns, ordered him to hoist out his boat and come aboard. This command he obeyed with the more alacrity, because, upon inquiry, he found that she was commanded by an old messmate of his, who was overjoyed to see him, detained him to dinner, and sent his barge for the supercargo and me, who were very much caressed on his account. As this commander was destined to cruise upon the French, in the latitude of Martinico, his stem and quarters were adorned with white flowers-de-lis, and the whole shell of the ship so much

disguised for a decoy to the enemy, that it was no wonder my uncle did not know her, although he had sailed on board of her many years. We kept company with her four days, during which time the captains were never asunder, and then parted, our course lying different from hers.

In less than a fortnight after our separation, we made the land of Guinea, near the mouth of the river Gambia, and trading along the coast as far to the southward of the line as Angola and Benguela, in less than six months disposed of the greatest part of our cargo, and purchased four hundred negroes, my adventure having been laid out in gold dust.

Our complement being made up, we took our departure from Cape Negro, and arrived in the Rio de la Plata in six weeks, having met with nothing remarkable in our voyage, except an epidemic fever, not unlike the jail distemper, which broke out among our slaves, and carried off a good many of the ship's company; among whom I lost one of my mates, and poor Strap had well nigh given up the ghost. Having produced our passport to the Spanish governor, we were received with great courtesy, sold our slaves in a very few days, and could have put off five times the number at our own price; though we were obliged to smuggle the rest of our merchandize, consisting of European bale goods, which, however, we made shift to dispose of at a great advantage.

CHAPTER LXVI.

I am invited to the villa of a Spanish Don, where we meet with an English gentleman, and make a very interesting discovery—we leave Buenos-Ayres, and arrive at Jamaica.

Our ship being freed from the disagreeable lading of negroes, to whom indeed I had been a miserable slave since our leaving the coast of Guinea, I began to enjoy myself, and breathe with pleasure the pure air of Paraguay, this part of which is reckoned the Montpelier of South America, and

has obtained, on account of its climate, the name of Buenos-Ayres. It was in this delicious place that I gave myself entirely up to the thoughts of my dear Narcissa, whose image still kept possession of my breast, and whose charms, enhanced by absence, appeared to my imagination, if possible, more engaging than ever. I calculated the profits of my voyage, which even exceeded my expectation; resolved to purchase a handsome sinecure upon my arrival in England, and, if I should find the squire as averse to me as ever, marry his sister by stealth; and in case our family should increase, rely upon the generosity of my uncle, who was by this time worth a considerable sum.

While I amused myself with these agreeable projects, and the transporting hopes of enjoying Narcissa, we were very much caressed by the Spanish gentlemen, who frequently formed parties of pleasure for our entertsinment, in which we made excursions a good way into the country. Among those who signalized themselves by their civility to us, there was one Don Antonio de Ribera, a very polite young gentleman, with whom I had contracted an intimate friendship, who invited us one day to his country house, and as a further inducement to our compliance, promised to procure for us the company of an English signior, who had been settled in those parts many years, and acquired the love and esteem of the whole province, by his affability, good sense, and honourable behaviour.

We accepted his invitation, and set out for his villa, where we had not been longer than an hour, when the person arrived in whose favour I had been so much prepossessed. He was a tall man, remarkably well-shaped, of a fine mein and appearance, commanding aspect, and seemed to be turned of forty: the features of his face were saddened with a reserve and gravity, which in other countries would have been thought the effect of melancholy; but here appeared to have been contracted by his commerce with the Spaniards, who are remarkable for that severity of countenance. Understanding from Don Antonio that we were his countrymen, he saluted us all around very complaisantly, and

fixing his eyes very attentively on me, uttered a deep sigh. I had been struck with a profound veneration for him at his first coming into the room; and no sooner observed this expression of his sorrow, directed, as it were, in a particular manner to me, than my heart took part in his grief. I sympathized involuntarily, and sighed in my turn. Having asked leave of our entertainer, he accosted us in English, professed his satisfaction at seeing so many of his countrymen in such a remote place, and asked the captain, who went by the name of Signior Thoma, from what part of Britain he had sailed, and whither he was bound. My uncle told him that we had sailed from the river Thames, and were bound for the same place, by the way of Jamaica, where we intended to take in a lading of sugar.

Having satisfied himself in these and other particulars about the state of war, he gave us to understand that he had a longing desire to revisit his native country, in consequence of which he had already transmitted to Europe the greatest part of his fortune in neutral bottoms, and would willingly embark the rest of it with himself, in our ship, provided the captain had no objection to such a passenger. My uncle very prudently, replied, that for his part he should be glad of his company, if he could procure the consent of the governor, without which he durst not admit him on board, whatever inclination he had to oblige him. The gentleman approved of his discretion, and, telling him that there would be no difficulty in obtaining the connivance of the governor, who was his good friend, shifted the conversation to another subject.

I was overjoyed to hear his intention, and already interested myself so much in his favour, that, had he been disappointed, I should have been very unhappy: in the course of our entertainment, he eyed me with uncommon attachment; I felt a surprising attraction towards him; when he spoke, I listened with attention and reverence; the dignity of his deportment filled me with affection and awe; and, in short, the emotions of my soul, in presence of this stranger, were strong and unaccountable.

Having spent the best part of the day with us, he took his leave, telling Captain Thoma, that he should hear from him in a short time. He was no sooner gone, than I asked a thousand questions about him of Don Antonio, who could give me no other satisfaction, and that his name was Don Rodrigo: that he had lived fifteen or sixteen years in these parts, was reputed rich, and supposed to have been unfortunate in his younger years, because he was observed to nourish a pensive melancholy, even from the time of his first settlement among them; but that nobody had ventured to inquire into the cause of his sorrow, in consideration of his peace, which might suffer in the recapitulation of his misfortunes.

I was seized with an irresistible desire of knowing the particular of his fate, and enjoyed not one hour of repose during the whole night, by reasons of the eager conceptions that inspired me with regard to his story, which I resolved (if possible) to learn. Next morning, while we were at breakfast, three mules richly caparisoned arrived with a message from Don Rodrigo, desiring our company, and that of Don Antonio, at his house, which was situated about ten miles farther up the country. I was pleased with this invitation, in consequence of which we mounted the mules which he had provided for us, and alighted at his house before noon. Here we were splendidly entertained by the generous stranger, who still seemed to shew a particular regard for me, and after dinner, made me a present of a ring set with a beautiful amethyst, the production of that country, saying, at the same time, that he was once blessed with a son, who, had he lived, would have been nearly of my age. This observation, delivered with a profound sigh, made my heart throb with violence; a crowd of confused ideas rushed upon my imagination, which, while I endeavoured to unravel, my uncle perceived my absence of thought, and tapping me on the shoulder, said,—'Oons! are you asleep, Rory!' Before I had time to reply, Don Rodrigo, with uncommon eagerness of voice and look, pronounced—'Pray, captain, what is the young gentleman's name!' 'His name,' said my

uncle, 'is Roderick Random.' 'Gracious powers!' cried the stranger, starting up, 'and his mother's!' 'His mother,' answered the captain amazed, 'was Charlotte Bowling.' 'O bounteous Heaven!' exclaimed Don Rodrigo, springing across the table, and clasping me in his arms, 'my son! my son! have I found thee again?—do I hold thee in my embrace, after having lost and despaired of seeing thee so long?' So saying, he fell upon my neck, and wept aloud with joy; while the power of nature operating strongly in my breast, I was lost in rapture, and while he pressed me to his heart, let fall a shower of tears into his bosom. His utterance was choked up a good while by the agitation of his soul: at length he broke out into,—'Mysterious Providence! O my dear Charlotte! there yet remains a pledge of our love; and such a pledge!—so found!—O infinite Goodness, let me adore thy all-wise decrees!' Having thus expressed himself, he kneeled upon the floor, lifted up his eyes and hands to Heaven, and remained some minutes in a silent ecstacy of devotion; I put myself in the same posture, adored the all-good Disposer in a prayer of mental thanksgiving; and when his ejaculation was ended, did homage to my father, and craved his parental blessing. He hugged me again with unutterable fondness, and having implored the protection of Heaven upon my head, raised me from the ground, and presented me as his son to the company, who wept in concert over this affecting scene. Among the rest, my uncle did not fail to discover the goodness and joy of his heart: *albeit unused to the melting mood*, he blubbered with great tenderness, and wringing my father's hand, cried,—'Brother Random, I'm rejoiced to see you—God be praised for this happy meeting.' Don Rodrigo, understanding that he was his brother-in-law, embraced him affectionately, saying,—'Are you my Charlotte's brother?—alas! unhappy Charlotte! But why should I repine? we shall meet again, never more to part!—Brother, you are truly welcome. Dear son, I am transported with unspeakable joy!—This day is a jubilee—my friends and servants shall share my satisfaction.'

While he dispatched messengers to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, to announce this event, and gave orders for a grand entertainment, I was so much affected with the tumults of passion, which assailed me on this great, sudden, and unexpected occasion, that I fell sick, fevered, and in less than three hours became quite delirious: so that the preparations were countermanded, and the joy of the family converted into grief and despair. Physicians were instantly called; I was plentifully blooded in the foot, my lower extremities were bathed in a decoction of salutiferous herbs; in ten hours after I was taken ill I enjoyed a critical sweat, and next day felt no remains of the distemper, but an agreeable lassitude, which did not hinder me from getting up. During the progress of this fever, which, from the term of its duration, is called *ephemera*, my father never once quitted my bedside, but administered the prescriptions of the physicians with the most pious care; while Captain Bowling manifested his concern by the like attendance. I no sooner found myself delivered from the disease, than I bethought myself of my honest friend, Strap; and resolving to make him happy forthwith in the knowledge of my good fortune, told my father in general, that I had been infinitely obliged to this faithful adherent, and begged he would indulge me so far as to send for him, without letting him know my happiness, until he could receive an account of it from my own mouth.

My request was instantly complied with, and a messenger with a spare mule detached to the ship, carrying orders from the captain to the mate to send the steward by the bearer. My health being, in the meantime, re-established, and my mind composed, I began to relish this important turn of my fortune, in reflecting upon the advantages with which it must be attended; and as the idea of my lovely Narcissa always joined itself to every scene of happiness I could imagine, I entertained myself now with the prospect of possessing her in that distinguished sphere to which she was entitled by her birth and qualifications. Having often mentioned her name while I was deprived of my senses, my father guessed that there was an intimate connection between

us, and discovering the picture which hung in my bosom by a ribbon, did not doubt that it was the resemblance of my amiable mistress: in this belief he was confirmed by my uncle, who told him that it was the picture of a young woman, to whom I was under promise of marriage. Alarmed at this piece of information, Don Rodrigo took the first opportunity of questioning me about the particulars of this affair, which when I had candidly recounted, he approved of my passion, and promised to contribute all in his power towards its success. Though I never doubted his generosity I was transported on this occasion, and throwing myself at his feet, told him, he had now completed my happiness; for, without the possession of Narcissa, I should be miserable among all the pleasures of life. He raised me with a smile of paternal fondness; said, he knew what it was to be in love; and observed, that if he had been as tenderly beloved by his father as I was by mine, he should not now perhaps have cause—here he was interrupted by a sigh, the tear rushed into his eye, he suppressed the dictates of his grief, and the time being opportune, desired me to relate the passages of my life, which my uncle had told him were manifold and surprising. I recounted the most material circumstances of my fortune, to which he listened with wonder and attention, manifesting from time to time those different emotions which my different situations may be supposed to have raised in a parent's breast, and, when my detail was ended, blessed God for the adversity I had undergone, which, he said, enlarged the understanding, improved the heart, steeled the constitution, and qualified a young man for all the duties and enjoyments of life, much better than any education which affluence could bestow.

When I had thus satisfied his curiosity, I discovered an inclination to hear the particulars of his story, which he gratified, by beginning with his marriage, and proceeded to the day of his disappearing, as I have related in the first part of my memoirs. 'Careless of life,' continued he, 'and unable to live in a place where every object recalled the memory of my dear Charlotte, whom I had lost through

the barbarity of an unnatural parent, I took my leave of you, my child, then an infant, with a heart full of unutterable woe, but little suspecting that my father's unkindness would have descended to my innocent orphan; and setting out alone at midnight for the nearest sea-port, early next morning got on board a ship, bound, as I had heard, for France, and bargaining with the master for my passage, bade a long adieu to my native country, and put to sea with the first fair wind. The place of our destination was Granville: but we had the misfortune to run upon a ridge of rocks near the island of Alderney, called the Caskets, where the sea running high, the ship went to pieces, the boat sunk along-side, and every soul on board perished, except myself, who, by the assistance of a grating, got ashore on the coast of Normandy. I went directly to Caen, where I was so lucky as to meet with a count, whom I had formerly known in my travels; with this gentleman I set out for Paris, where I was recommended by him and other friends, as a tutor to a young nobleman, whom I accompanied to the court of Spain. There we remained a whole year, at the end of which my pupil being recalled by his father, I quitted my office, and staid behind, by the advice of a certain Spanish grandee, who took me into his protection, and introduced me to another nobleman, who was afterwards created viceroy of Peru. He insisted on my attending him to his government in the Indies, where, however, by reason of my religion, it was not in his power to make my fortune any other way than by encouraging me to trade, which I had not long prosecuted, when my patron died, and I found myself in the midst of strangers, without one friend to support or protect me. Urged by this consideration, I sold my effects, and removed to this country, the governor of which having been appointed by the viceroy, was my intimate acquaintance. Here has Heaven prospered my endeavours, during a residence of sixteen years, in which my tranquillity was never invaded, but by the remembrance of your mother, whose death I have in secret mourned without ceasing, and the reflection of you, whose fate I could never learn,

notwithstanding all my inquiries, by means of my friends in France, who, after the most strict examination, could give me no other account, than that you went abroad six years ago, and was never after heard of. I could not rest satisfied with this imperfect information, and, though my hope of finding you was but languid, resolved to go in quest of you in person; for which purpose I have remitted to Holland the value of twenty thousand pounds, and am in possession of fifteen thousand more, with which I intended to embark myself on board of Captain Bowling, before I discovered this amazing stroke of Providence, which you may be sure has not altered my intention.'

My father having entertained us with this agreeable sketch of his life, withdrew, in order to relieve Don Antonio, who, in his absence, had done the honours of his house; and I was just dressed for my appearance among the guests, when Strap arrived from the ship.

He no sooner entered the grand apartment in which I was, and saw the magnificence of my apparel, than his speech was lost in amazement, and he gaped in silence at the objects that surrounded him. I took him by the hand, observed that I had sent for him to be a witness and sharer of my happiness, and told him I had found a father. At these words he started, and after having continued some minutes with his mouth and eyes wide open, cried—'Ahs!—odd, I know what! go thy ways, poor Narcissa, and go thy ways, somebody else—well—Lord, what a thing is love! God help us! are all our mad pranks and protestations come to this? and have you fixed your habitation in this distant land? God prosper you!—I find we must part at last—For I would not leave my poor carcass so far from my native home for all the wealth of the universe!' With these ejaculations, he began to sob and make wry faces: upon which I assured him of his mistake, both in regard to Narcissa, and my staying in Paraguay, and informed him, as briefly as I could, of the great event which had happened. Never was rapture more ludicrously expressed, than in the behaviour of this worthy creature, who cried, laughed, whistled, sung,

and danced, all in a breath: his transport was scarce over, when my father entered, who no sooner understood that this was Strap, than he took him by the hand, saying,—'Is this the honest man, who befriended you so much in your distress? you are welcome to my house, and I will soon put it in the power of my son to reward you for your good offices in his behalf; in the meantime, go with us, and partake of the repast that is provided.' Strap, wild as he was with joy, would by no means accept of the proffered honour, crying, —'God forbid! I know my distance—your worship shall excuse me.' And Don Rodrigo finding his modesty invincible, recommended him to his major domo, to be treated with the utmost respect; while he carried me into a large saloon, where I was presented to a numerous company, who loaded me with compliments and caresses, and congratulated my father in terms not proper for me to repeat.

Without specifying the particulars of our entertainment, let it suffice to say, it was at the same time elegant and sumptuous, and the rejoicings lasted two days: after which, Don Rodrigo settled his affairs, converted his effects into silver and gold, visited and took leave of all his friends, who were grieved at his departure, and honoured me with considerable presents; and coming on board of my uncle's ship, with the first favourable wind we sailed from the Rio de la Plata, and in two months came safe to an anchor in the harbour of Kingston in the island of Jamaica.

CHAPTER LXVII.

I visit my old friend Thomson—we set sail for Europe—meet with an odd adventure—arrive in England—I ride across the country from Portsmouth to Sussex—converse with Mrs Sagely, who informs me of Narcissa's being in London—in consequence of this intelligence I proceed to Canterbury—meet with my old friend Morgan—arrive at London—visit Narcissa—introduce my father to her—he is charmed with her good sense and beauty—we come to a determination of demanding her brother's consent to our marriage.

I INQUIRED, as soon as I got ashore, about my generous companion Mr Thomson; and hearing that he lived in a flourishing condition upon the estate left him by his wife's father, who had been dead some years, I took horse immediately, with the consent of Don Rodrigo, who had heard me mention him with great regard, and in a few hours reached the place of his habitation.

I should much wrong the delicacy of Mr Thomson's sentiments, to say barely he was glad to see me; he felt all that the most sensible and disinterested friendship could feel on this occasion; introduced me to his wife, a very amiable young lady, who had already blessed him with two fine children; and, being as yet ignorant of my circumstances, frankly offered me the assistance of his purse and interest. I thanked him for his generous intention, and made him acquainted with my situation, on which he congratulated me with great joy, and, after I had staid with him a whole day and night, accompanied me back to Kingston, to wait upon my father, whom he invited to his house. Don Rodrigo complied with his request, and, having been handsomely entertained during the space of a week, returned extremely well satisfied with the behaviour of my friend and his lady, to whom, at parting, he presented a very valuable diamond ring, as a token of his esteem. During the course of my conversation with Mr Thomson, he gave me to understand, that his and my old commander, Captain Oakum, was dead

some months; and that, immediately after his death, a discovery had been made of some valuable effects that he had feloniously secreted out of a prize, by the assistance of Dr Mackshane, who was now actually in prison on that account, and, being destitute of friends, subsisted solely on the charity of my friend, whose bounty he had implored in the most abject manner, after having been the barbarous occasion of driving him to that terrible extremity on board of the Thunder, which we have formerly related. Whatsoever this wretch might have been guilty of, I applauded Mr Thomson's generosity towards him in his distress, which wrought so much upon me also, that I sent him ten pistoles, in such a private manner that he could never know his benefactor.

While my father and I were caressed among the gentlemen on shore, Captain Bowling had written to his owners by the packet, which sailed a few days after our arrival, signifying his prosperous voyage hitherto, and desiring them to ensure his ship and cargo homeward-bound; after which precaution, he applied himself so heartily to the task of loading his ship, that, with the assistance of Mr Thomson, she was full in less than six weeks. This kind gentleman likewise procured for Don Rodrigo bills upon London for the greatest part of his gold and silver, by which means it was secured against the risk of the seas and the enemy; and, before we sailed, supplied us with such large quantities of all kinds of stock, that not only we, but the ship's company, fared sumptuously during the voyage.

Every thing being ready, we took our leave of our kind entertainers, and, going on board at Port Royal, set sail for England on the first day of June. We beat up to windward, with fine easy weather; and one night, believing ourselves near Cape Tiberoon, lay too, with an intention to wood and water next morning in the bay. While we remained in this situation, a sailor, having drank more new rum than he could carry, staggered overboard, and, notwithstanding all the means that could be used to preserve him, went to the bottom and disappeared. About two hours after this melancholy accident happened, as I enjoyed the cool air on the

quarter deck, I heard a voice rising, as it were, out of the sea, and calling,—'ho, the ship, ahoy!' Upon which one of the men upon the forecastle cried,—'I'll be damn'd if that an't Jack Marlinspike, who went overboard!' Not a little surprised at this event, I jumped into the boat that lay along-side, with the second mate and four men, and, rowing towards the place from whence the voice (which repeated the hail) seemed to proceed, we perceived something floating upon the water; when we had rowed a little farther, we discerned it to be a man riding upon a hencoop, who, seeing us approach, pronounced with a hoarse voice,—'damn your bloods! why did you not answer when I hailed?' Our mate, who was a veritable seaman, hearing this salute, said, —'by G—, my lads, this is none of our man: this is the devil—pull away for the ship.' The fellows obeyed his command, without question, and were already some fathoms on our return, when I insisted on their taking up the poor creature, and prevailed upon them to go back to the wreck, which when we came near the second time, and signified our intention, we received an answer of—'avast, avast,—what ship, brother?' Being satisfied in this particular, he cried,—'damn the ship! I was in hopes it had been my own—where are you bound?' We satisfied his curiosity in this particular too; upon which he suffered himself to be taken on board, and, after having been comforted with a dram, told us he belonged to the Vesuvio man of war, upon a cruise off the island of Hispaniola; that he had fallen overboard about four-and-twenty hours ago, and the ship being under sail, they did not choose to bring too, but tossed a hencoop overboard for his convenience, upon which he was in good hopes of reaching the cape next morning; however, he was as well content to be aboard of us, because he did not doubt that we should meet his ship; and, if he had gone ashore in the bay, he might have been taken prisoner by the French. My uncle and father were very much diverted with the account of this fellow's unconcerned behaviour; and, in two days, meeting with the Vesuvio, as he expected, sent him on board of her, according to his desire.

Having beat up successfully the windward passage, we stretched to the northward, and, falling in with a westerly wind, in eight weeks arrived in soundings, and in two days after made the Lizard. It is impossible to express the joy I felt at the sight of English ground. Don Rodrigo was not unmoved, and Strap shed tears of gladness. The sailors profited by our satisfaction, the shoe that was nailed to the mast being quite filled with our liberality. My uncle resolved to run up into the Downs at once; but the wind shifting when we were abreast of the isle of Wight, he was obliged to turn into S^{t} Helen's, and come to Spithead, to the great mortification of the crew, thirty of whom were immediately pressed on board of a man of war.

My father and I went ashore immediately at Portsmouth, leaving Strap with the captain to go round with the ship and take care of our effects; and I discovered so much impatience to see my charming Narcissa, that my father permitted me to ride across the country to her brother's house, while he should hire a post-chaise for London, where he would wait for me at a place to which I directed him.

Fired with all the eagerness of passion, I took post that very night, and in the morning reached an inn, about three miles from the squire's habitation; where I remained till evening, allaying the torture of my impatience with the rapturous hope of seeing that divine creature, after an absence of eighteen months, which, far from impairing, had raised my love to the most exalted pitch. Neither were my reflections free from apprehensions, that sometimes intervened in spite of all my hope, and represented her as having yielded to the importunity of her brother, and blessed the arms of an happy rival. My thoughts were even maddened with the fear of her death; and when I arrived in the dark at the house of Mrs Sagely, I had not for some time courage to desire admittance, lest my soul should be shocked with dismal tidings. At length, however, I knocked, and no sooner certified the good gentlewoman of my voice, than she opened the door, and received me with a most affectionate embrace, that brought tears into her aged eyes. 'For

heaven's sake! dear mother,' cried I, 'tell me how is Narcissa? is she the same that I left her?' She blessed my ears with saying,—'she is as beautiful, in as good health, and as much yours as ever.' Transported at this assurance, I begged to know if I could not see her that very night; when this sage matron gave me to understand that my mistress was in London, and that things were strangely altered in the squire's house since my departure; that he had been married a whole year to Melinda, who at first found means to wean his attention so much from Narcissa, that he became quite careless of that lovely sister, comforting himself with the clause in his father's will, by which she would forfeit her fortune by marrying without his consent; that my mistress, being but indifferently treated by her sister-in-law, had made use of her freedom some months ago, and gone to town where she was lodging with Miss Williams, in expectation of my arrival; and had been pestered with the addresses of Lord Quiverwit, who, finding her heart engaged, had fallen upon a great many shifts to persuade her that I was dead; but finding all his artifices unsuccessful, and despairing of gaining her affection, he had consoled himself for her indifference, by marrying another lady some weeks ago, who had already left him on account of some family uneasiness. Besides this interesting information, she told me, that there was not a great deal of harmony between Melinda and the squire, who was so much disgusted at the number of gallants who continued to hover about her even after marriage, that he had hurried her down into the country much against her own inclination, where their mutual animosities had arisen to such a height, that they preserved no decency before company or servants, but abused one another in the grossest terms.

This good old gentlewoman, to give me a convincing proof of my dear Narcissa's unalterable love, gratified me with a sight of the last letter she had favoured her with, in which I was mentioned with so much honour, tenderness, and concern, that my soul was fired with impatience, and I determined to ride all night, that I might have it the sooner

in my power to make her happy. Mrs Sagely perceiving my eagerness, and her maternal affection being equally divided between Narcissa and me, begged leave to remind me of the sentiments with which I went abroad, that would not permit me for any selfish gratification to prejudice the fortune of that amiable young lady, who must entirely depend upon me, after having bestowed herself in marriage. I thanked her for her kind concern, and as briefly as possible described my flourishing situation, which afforded this humane person infinite wonder and satisfaction. I told her, that, now I had an opportunity to manifest my gratitude for the obligations I owed, I would endeavour to make her old age comfortable and easy; as a step to which, I proposed she should come and live with Narcissa and me. This venerable gentlewoman was so much affected with my words, that the tears ran down her ancient cheeks; she thanked heaven that I had not belied the presages she had made on her first acquaintance with me; acknowledging my generosity, as she called it, in the most elegant and pathetic expressions; but declined my proposal, on account of her attachment to the dear melancholy cottage where she had so peacefully consumed her solitary widowhood. Finding her immovable on this subject, I insisted on her accepting a present of thirty guineas, and took my leave, resolving to accommodate her with the same sum annually, for the more comfortable support of the infirmities of old age.

Having rode all night, I found myself at Canterbury in the morning, where I alighted to procure fresh horses; and, as I walked into the inn, perceived an apothecary's shop on the other side of the street, with the name of Morgan over the door. Alarmed at this discovery, I could not help thinking that my old messmate had settled in this place; and, upon inquiry, found my conjecture true, and that he was married lately to a widow in that city, by whom he had got three thousand pounds. Rejoiced at this intelligence, I went to his shop as soon as it was open, and found my friend behind the counter, busy in preparing a glyster. I saluted him at entrance with—'your servant, Mr Morgan.' Upon

which he looked at me, and replying,—'your most humble servant, goot sir,' rubbed his ingredients in the mortar, without any emotion. 'What!' said I, 'Morgan, have you forgot your old messmate?' At these words, he looked up again, and starting, cried,—'As Cot is my—sure it cannot —yes, by my salfation, I pelieve it is my dear friend Mr Rantom.' He was no sooner convinced of my identity, than he threw down the pestle, overset the mortar, and, jumping over the board, swept up the contents with his clothes, flew about my neck, hugged me affectionately, and daubed me all over with turpentine and the yolks of eggs, which he had been mixing when I came in. Our mutual congratulations being over, he told me, that he found himself a widower upon his return from the West Indies; that he had got interest to be appointed surgeon of a man of war, in which capacity he had served some years, until he married an apothecary's widow, with whom he now enjoyed a pretty good sum of money, peace and quiet, and an indifferent good trade. He was very desirous of hearing my adventures, which I assured him I had not time to relate, but told him in general, my circumstances were very good, and that I hoped to see him when I should not be in such a hurry as at present. He insisted, however, on my staying breakfast, and introduced me to his wife, who seemed to be a decent sensible woman, pretty well stricken in years. In the course of our conversation, he shewed the sleeve buttons I had exchanged with him at our parting in the West Indies, and was not a little proud to see that I had preserved his with the same care. When I informed him of Mackshane's condition, he seemed at first to exult over his distress, but, after a little recollection, said,—'well, he has paid for his malice; I forgife him, and may Cot forgife him likewise.' He expressed great concern for the soul of Captain Oakum, which he believed was now gnashing its teeth; but it was some time before I could convince him of Thomson's being alive, at whose good fortune, nevertheless, he was extremely glad.

Having renewed our protestations of friendship, I bade the honest Welshman and his spouse farewell, and taking

post horses, arrived at London that same night, where I found my father in good health, to whom I imparted what I had learned of Narcissa. This indulgent parent approved of my intention of marrying her, even without a fortune, provided her brother's consent could not be obtained; promised to make over to me in a few days a sufficiency to maintain her in a fashionable manner; and expressed a desire of seeing this amiable creature, who had captivated me so much. As I had not slept the night before, and was besides fatigued with my journey, I found myself under a necessity of taking some repose, and went to bed accordingly; next morning, about ten o'clock, I took a chair, and, according to Mrs Sagely's directions, went to my charmer's lodgings, and inquired for Miss Williams. I had not waited in the parlour longer than a minute, when this young woman entered, and no sooner perceived me, than she shrieked and ran backward; but I got between her and the door, and, clasping her in my arms, brought her to herself with an embrace. 'Good heaven!' cried she, 'Mr Random, is it you indeed! my mistress will run distracted with joy.' I told her, it was from an apprehension that my sudden appearance might have some bad effect on my dear Narcissa, that I had desired to see her first, in order to concert some method of acquainting her mistress gradually with my arrival. She approved of my conduct, and, after having yielded to the suggestions of her own friendship, in asking if my voyage had been successful, charged herself with that office, and left me glowing with desire of seeing and embracing the object of my love. In a very little time I heard somebody coming down stairs in haste, and the voice of my angel pronounce, with an eager tone,—'O heaven! is it possible! where is he?' How were my faculties aroused at this well-known sound! and how was my soul transported, when she broke in upon my view, in all the bloom of ripened beauty! *Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in every gesture dignity and love!*—You whose souls are susceptible of the most delicate impressions, whose tender bosoms have felt the affecting vicissitudes of love, who have suffered an ab-

sence of eighteen long months from the dear object of your hope, and found at your return the melting fair, as kind and as constant as your heart could wish, do me justice on this occasion, and conceive what unutterable rapture possessed us both, while we flew into each other's arms! This was no time for speech,—locked in a mutual embrace, we continued some minutes in a silent trance of joy.—When I thus encircled all that my soul held dear,—while I hung over her beauties,—beheld her eyes sparkle, and every feature flush with virtuous fondness; when I saw her enchanting bosom heave with undissembled rapture, and knew myself the happy cause—Heavens! what was my situation! I am tempted to commit my paper to the flames, and to renounce my pen for ever, because its most ardent and lucky expression so poorly describes the emotions of my soul. 'O adorable Narcissa!' cried I, 'O miracle of beauty, love, and truth! I at last fold thee in my arms! I at last can call thee mine! No jealous brother shall thwart our happiness again; fortune hath at length recompensed me for all my sufferings, and enabled me to do justice to my love.' The dear creature smiled ineffably charming, and, with a look of bewitching tenderness, said,—'And shall we never part again?' 'Never!' I replied, 'thou wondrous pattern of all earthly perfection! never, until death shall divide us! By this ambrosial kiss, a thousand times more fragrant than the breeze that sweeps the orange grove, I never more will leave thee.'

As my first transport abated, my passion grew turbulent and unruly. I was giddy with standing on the brink of bliss, and all my virtue and philosophy were scarce sufficient to restrain the inordinate sallies of desire. Narcissa perceived the conflict within me, and, with her usual dignity of prudence, called off my imagination from the object in view, and, with eager expressions of interested curiosity, desired to know the particulars of my voyage. In this I gratified her inclination, bringing my story down to the present hour. She was infinitely surprised at the circumstance of my finding my father, which brought tears into her lovely eyes. She was transported at hearing that he

approved my flame, discovered a longing desire of being introduced to him, congratulated herself and me upon my good fortune, and observed that this great and unexpected stroke of fate seemed to have been brought about by the immediate direction of Providence. Having entertained ourselves some hours with the genuine effusions of our souls, I obtained her consent to complete my happiness as soon as my father should judge it proper, and applying with my own hands a valuable necklace, composed of diamonds and amethysts set alternately, which an old Spanish Lady at Paraguay had presented me with, I took my leave, promising to return in the afternoon with Don Rodrigo. When I went home, this generous parent inquired very affectionately about the health of my dear Narcissa, to whom that I might be the more agreeable, he put into my hand a deed, by which I found myself in possession of fifteen thousand pounds, exclusive of the profits of my own merchandize, which amounted to three thousand more. After dinner, I accompanied him to the lodging of my mistress, who, being dressed for the occasion, made a most dazzling appearance. I could perceive him struck with her figure, which I really think was the most beautiful that ever was created under the sun. He embraced her tenderly, and told her, he was proud of having a son who had spirit to attempt, and qualifications to engage the affections of such a fine lady. She blushed at this compliment, and with eyes full of the softest languishment turned upon me, said, she should have been unworthy of Mr Random's attention, had she been blind to his extraordinary merit. I made no other answer than a low bow. My father, sighing, pronounced,—'Such once was my Charlotte!' while the tear rushed into his eye, and the tender heart of Narcissa manifested itself in two precious drops of sympathy, which, but for his presence, I would have kissed away. Without repeating the particulars of our conversation, I shall only observe, that Don Rodrigro was as much charmed with her good sense as with her appearance; and she was no less pleased with his understanding and polite address. It was determined that he should write to the

squire, signifying his approbation of my passion for his sister, and offering a settlement which he should have no reason to reject: and that, if he should refuse the proposal, we would crown our mutual wishes without any farther regard to his will.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

My father makes a present to Narcissa—the letter is dispatched to her brother—I appear among my acquaintance—Banter's behaviour—the squire refuses his consent—my uncle comes to town—approves of my choice—I am married—we meet the squire and his lady at the play—our acquaintance is courted.

After having spent the evening to the satisfaction of all present, my father addressed himself thus to Narcissa,—'Madam, give me leave to consider you hereafter as my daughter, in which capacity I insist upon your accepting this first instance of my paternal duty and affection.' With these words he put into her hand a bank-note of L.500, which she no sooner examined, than, with a low courtesy she replied,—'Dear sir, though I have not the least occasion for this supply, I have too great a veneration for you to refuse this proof of your generosity and esteem, which I the more freely receive, because I already look upon Mr Random's interest as inseparably connected with mine.' He was extremely well pleased with her frank and ingenuous reply; upon which we saluted, and wished her good night. The letter, at my request, was dispatched to Sussex by an express, and in the meantime, Don Rodrigo, to grace my nuptials, hired a ready furnished house, and set up a very handsome equipage.

Though I passed the greatest part of the day with the darling of my soul, I found leisure sometimes to be among my former acquaintance, who were astonished at the magnificence of my appearance. Banter, in particular, was confounded at the strange vicissitudes of my fortune, the causes of which he endeavoured in vain to discover, until I thought

fit to disclose the whole secret of my last voyage, partly in consideration of our former intimacy, and partly to prevent unfavourable conjectures, which he and others, in all probability, would have made in regard to my circumstances. He professed great satisfaction at this piece of news, and I had no cause to believe him insincere, when I considered that he would now look upon himself as acquitted of the debt he owed me, and at the same time flatter himself with hopes of borrowing more. I carried him home to dinner with me, and my father liked his conversation so much, that, upon hearing his difficulties, he desired me to accommodate him for the present, and inquire if he would accept of a commission in the army, towards the purchase of which he would willingly lend him money. Accordingly, I gave my friend an opportunity of being alone with me, when, as I expected, he told me that he was just on the point of being reconciled to an old rich uncle, whose heir he was, but wanted a few pieces for immediate expense, which he desired I would lend him, and take his bond for the whole. His demand was limited to ten guineas; and when I put twenty into his hand, he stared at me for some moments; then putting it into his purse, said—'Ay, 'tis all one,—you shall have the whole in a very short time.' When I had taken his note, to save the expense of a bond, I expressed some surprise that a fellow of his spirit should loiter away his time in idleness, and asked why he did not choose to make his fortune in the army. 'What!' said he, 'throw away my money upon a subaltern's commission, to be under the command of a parcel of scoundrels, who have raised themselves above me by the most infamous practices! no, I love independency too well to sacrifice my life, health, and pleasure, for such a pitiful consideration.' Finding him averse to this way of life, I changed the subject, and returned to Don Rodrigo, who had just received the following epistle from the squire.

'SIR,—Concerning a letter which I received, subscribed R. Random, this is the answer. As for you, I know nothing of you. Your son, or pretended son, I have seen;—if he marries my sister, at his peril be it; I do declare that he shall not have one farthing of her fortune, which becomes my property, if she

takes a husband without my consent. Your settlement I do believe is all a sham, and yourself no better than you should be; but if you had all the wealth of the Indies, your son shall never match in our family, with the consent of

'ORSON TOPEHALL.'

My father was not much surprised at this polite letter, after having heard the character of the author; and as for me, I was even pleased at his refusal, because I now had an opportunity of shewing my disinterested love. By his permission I waited on my charmer; and, having imparted the contents of her brother's letter, at which she wept bitterly, in spite of all my consolation and caresses, the time of our marriage was fixed at the distance of two days. During this interval, in which my soul was wound up to the last stretch of rapturous expectation, Narcissa endeavoured to reconcile some of her relations in town to her marriage with me; but, finding them all deaf to her remonstrances, either out of envy or prejudice, she told me, with the most enchanting sweetness, while the tears bedewed her lovely cheeks,—'sure the world will no longer question your generosity, when you take a poor forlorn beggar to your arms.' Affected with her sorrow, I pressed the fair mourner to my breast, and swore that she was more dear and welcome on that account, because she had sacrificed her friends and fortune to her love for me. My uncle, for whose character she had a great veneration, being by this time come to town, I introduced him to my bride; and although he was not very much subject to refined sensations, he was struck dumb with admiration at her beauty. After having kissed and gazed at her for some time, he turned to me, saying,—'Odds bobs, Rory! here's a notable prize indeed, finely built and gloriously rigged, i'faith! if she an't well manned when you have the command of her, sirrah, you deserve to go to sea in a cockle shell. No offence, I hope, niece; you must not mind what I say, being (as the saying is) a plain seafaring man, that mayhap I have as much regard for you as another.' She received him with great civility, told him she had longed a great while to see a person to whom she was so much indebted for his generosity to Mr Random; that she looked

upon him as her uncle, by which name she begged leave to call him for the future; and that she was very sure he could say nothing that would give her the least offence. The honest captain was transported at her courteous behaviour, and insisted upon giving her away at the ceremony, swearing that he loved her as well as if she was his own child, and that he would give two thousand guineas to the first fruit of our love, as soon as it could squeak. Every thing being prepared for the solemnisation of our nuptials, which were to be performed privately at my father's house, the auspicious hour arrived, when Don Rodrigo and my uncle went in the coach to fetch the bride and Miss Williams; leaving me with a parson, Banter, and Strap, neither of whom had as yet seen my charming mistress. My faithful valet, who was on the rack of impatience to behold a lady of whom he had heard so much, no sooner understood that the coach was returned, than he placed himself at a window to have a peep at her as she alighted; and when he saw her, clapped his hands together, turned up the white of his eyes, and, with his mouth wide open, remained in a sort of ecstasy, which broke out into,—'*O dea certe! qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi exercet Diana chorus!*' The doctor and Banter were surprised to hear my man speak Latin; but when my father led Narcissa into the room, the object of their admiration was soon changed, as appeared in the countenances of both. Indeed, they must have been the most insensible of all beings, could they have beheld, without emotion, the divine creature that approached. She was dressed in a sack of white satin, embroidered on the breast with gold; the crown of her head was covered with a small French cap, from whence descended her beautiful hair in ringlets that waved upon her snowy neck, which dignified the necklace I had given her; her looks glowed with modesty and love; and her bosom, through the veil of gauze that shaded it, afforded a prospect of Elysium. I received this inestimable gift of Providence as became me; and in a little time the clergyman did his office, my uncle, at his own earnest request, acting the part of a father to my dear Narcissa,

who trembled very much, and had scarce spirits sufficient to support her under this great change of situation. Soon as she was mine by the laws of heaven and earth, I printed a burning kiss upon her lips, my father embraced her tenderly, my uncle hugged her with great affection, and I presented her to my friend Banter, who saluted her in a very polite manner; Miss Williams hung round her neck, and wept plentifully; while Strap fell upon his knees, and begged to kiss his lady's hand, which she presented with great affability. I shall not pretend to describe my own feelings at this juncture; let it suffice to say, that, after having supped and entertained ourselves till ten o'clock, I cautioned my Narcissa against exposing her health by sitting up too late, and she was prevailed upon to withdraw with her maid to an apartment destined for us. When she left the room, her face was overspread with a blush that set all my blood in a state of fermentation, and made every pulse beat with tenfold vigour. She was so cruel as to let me remain in this condition a full half hour; when no longer able to restrain my impatience, I broke from the company, burst into her chamber, pushed out her confidant, locked the door, and found her—O heaven and earth!—a feast, a thousand times more delicious than my most sanguine hope presaged!—but let me not profane the chaste mysteries of Hymen. I was the happiest of men!

In the morning I was waked by three or four drums, which Banter had placed under the window; upon which I withdrew the curtain, and enjoyed the unspeakable satisfaction of contemplating those angelic charms, which were now in my possession! *Beauty! which, whether sleeping or awake, shot forth peculiar graces!* The light darting upon my Narcissa's eyes, she awoke also, and, recollecting her situation, hid her blushes in my bosom. I was distracted with joy. I could not believe the evidence of my senses, and looked upon all that had happened as the fictions of a dream. In the meantime my uncle knocked at the door, and bade me turn out, for I had had a long spell. I rose accordingly, and sent Miss Williams to her mistress, myself receiving the

congratulations of Captain Bowling, who rallied me in his sea-phrase with great success. In less than an hour, Don Rodrigo led my wife in to breakfast, where she received the compliments of the company on her looks, which, they said, if possible, were improved by matrimony. As her delicate ears were offended with none of those indecent ambiguities which are too often spoke on such occasions, she behaved with dignity, unaffected modesty, and ease; and, as a testimony of my affection and esteem, I presented her, in presence of them all, with a deed, by which I settled the whole fortune I was possessed of on her and her heirs for ever. She accepted it with a glance of the most tender acknowledgement, observed, that she could not be surprised at any thing of this kind I should do, and desired my father to take the trouble of keeping it, saying,—'Next to my own Mr Random, you are the person in whom I ought to have the greatest confidence.' Charmed with her prudent and ingenuous manner of proceeding, he took the paper, and assured her that it should not lose its value while in his custody.

As we had not many visits to give and receive, the little time we staid in town was spent in going to public diversions, where I have the vanity to think Narcissa seldom was eclipsed. One night, in particular, we had sent our footman to keep one of the stage boxes, which we no sooner entered, than we perceived in the opposite box the squire and his lady, who seemed not a little surprised at seeing us. I was pleased at this opportunity of confronting them; the more, because Melinda was robbed of all her admirers by my wife, who happened that night to outshine her sister both in beauty and dress. She was piqued at Narcissa's victory, tossed her head a thousand different ways, flirted her fan, looked at us with disdain, then whispered to her husband, and broke out into an affected giggle; but all her arts proved ineffectual, either to discompose Mrs Random, or to conceal her own mortification, which at length forced her away long before the play was done. The news of our marriage being spread, with many circumstances to our disadvantage by the industry of this malignant creature, a certain set of persons,

fond of scandal, began to inquire into the particulars of my fortune, which they no sooner understood to be independent, than the tables were turned, and our acquaintance was courted as much as it had been despised before. But Narcissa had too much dignity of pride to encourage this change of conduct, especially in her relations, whom she could never be prevailed upon to see, after the malicious reports they had raised to her prejudice.

CHAPTER LXIX.

My father intends to revisit the place of his nativity—we propose to accompany him—my uncle renews his will in my favour, determining to go to sea again—we set out for Scotland—arrive at Edinburgh—purchase our paternal estate—proceed to it—halt at the town where I was educated—take up my bond to Crab—the behaviour of Potion and his wife, and one of my female cousins—our reception at the estate—Strap marries Miss Williams, and is settled by my father to his own satisfaction—I am more and more happy.

My father intending to revisit his native country, and pay the tribute of a few tears at my mother's grave, Narcissa and I resolved to accompany him in the execution of his pious office, and accordingly prepared for the journey; in which, however, my uncle would not engage, being resolved to try his fortune once more at sea. In the mean time, he renewed his will in favour of my wife and me, and deposited it in the hands of his brother-in-law; while I (that I might not be wanting to my own interest) summoned the squire to produce his father's will at doctor's commons, and employed a proctor to manage the affair in my absence.

Every thing being thus settled, we took leave of all our friends in London, and set out for Scotland, Don Rodrigo, Narcissa, Miss Williams, and I, in the coach, and Strap, with two men in livery, on horseback. As we made easy stages, my charmer held it out very well till we arrived at Edinburgh, where we proposed to rest ourselves some weeks.

Here Don Rodrigo having intelligence that the fox hunter had spent his estate, which was to be exposed to sale by public auction, he determined to make a purchase of the spot where he was born, and actually bought all the land that belonged to his father.

In a few days after this bargain was made, we left Edinburgh, in order to go and take possession; and, by the way, halted one night in that town where I was educated. Upon inquiry, I found that Mr Crab was dead; whereupon I sent for his executor, paid the sum I owed, with interest, and took up my bond. Mr Potion and his wife hearing of our arrival had the assurance to come to the inn where we lodged, and sent up their names, with a desire of being permitted to pay their respects to my father and me; but their sordid behaviour towards me, when I was an orphan, had made too deep an impression on my mind, to be effaced by this mean mercenary piece of condescension; I therefore rejected their message with disdain, and bade Strap tell them, that my father and I desired to have no communication with such low-minded wretches as they were.

They had not been gone half an hour, when a woman, without any ceremony, opened the door of the room where we sat, and, making towards my father, accosted him with, 'Uncle, your servant—I am glad to see you.' This was no other than one of my female cousins, mentioned in the first part of my memoirs, to whom Don Rodrigo replied,—'Pray, who are you, madam?' 'O!' cried she, 'my cousin Rory there knows me very well. Don't you remember me, Rory?' 'Yes, madam,' said I, 'for my own part, I shall never forget you. Sir, this is one of the young ladies who (as I formerly told you) treated me so humanely in my childhood.' When I pronounced these words, my father's resentment glowed in his visage, and he ordered her to be gone, with such a commanding aspect, that she retired in a fright, muttering curses as she went down stairs. We afterwards learned that she was married to an ensign, who had already spent all her fortune; and that her sister had

bore a child to her mother's footman, who is now her husband, and keeps a petty ale-house in the country.

The fame of our flourishing condition having arrived at this place before us, we got notice that the magistrates intended next day to compliment us with the freedom of their town; upon which my father, considering their complaisance in the right point of view, ordered the horses to the coach early in the morning.

We proceeded to our estate, which lay about twenty miles from this place; and when we came within half a league of the house, were met by a prodigious number of poor tenants, men, women, and children, who testified their joy by loud acclamations, and accompanied our coach to the gate. As there is no part of the world in which the peasants are more attached to their lords than in Scotland, we were almost devoured by their affection. My father had always been their favourite, and now that he appeared their master, after having been thought dead so long, their joy broke out into a thousand extravagancies: when we entered the court-yard, we were surrounded by a vast number, who crowded together so closely to see us, that several were in danger of being squeezed to death; those who were near Don Rodrigo fell upon their knees, and kissed his hand, or the hem of his garment, praying aloud for long life and prosperity to him; others approached Narcissa and me in the same manner; while the rest clapped their hands at a distance, and invoked Heaven to shower its choicest blessings on our heads. In short, the whole scene, though rude, was so affecting, that the gentle partner of my heart wept over it, and my father himself could not refrain from dropping a tear.

Having welcomed his daughter and me to his house, he ordered some bullocks to be killed, and some hogsheads of ale to be brought from the neighbouring village, to regale these honest people, who had not enjoyed such a holiday for many years before.

Next day we were visited by the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, most of them our relations, one of whom brought along with him my cousin the fox-hunter, who had staid at

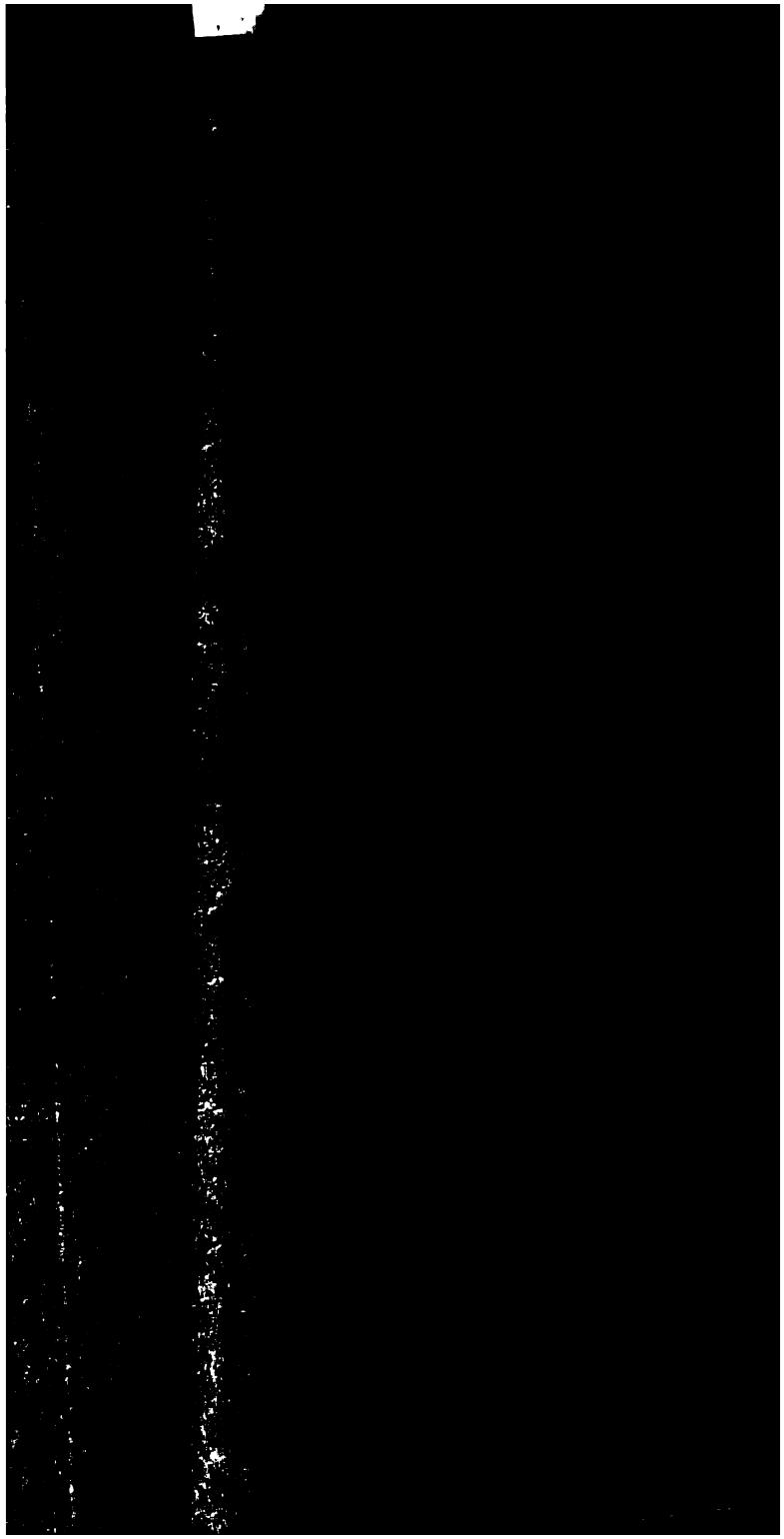
his house since he was obliged to leave his own. My father was generous enough to receive him kindly, and even promise to purchase for him a commission in the army, for which he expressed great thankfulness and joy.

My charming Narcissa was universally admired and loved, for her beauty, affability, and good sense; and so well pleased with the situation of the place, and the company around, that she has not, as yet, discovered the least desire of changing her habitation.

We had not been many days settled, when I prevailed upon my father to pay a visit to the village where I had been at school. Here we were received by the principal inhabitants, who entertained us in the church, where Mr Syntax the schoolmaster (my tyrant being dead) pronounced a Latin oration in honour of our family. And none exerted themselves more than Strap's father and relations, who looked upon the honest valet as the first gentleman of their race, and honoured his benefactors accordingly. Having received the homage of this place, we retired, leaving forty pounds for the benefit of the poor of the parish; and that very night, Strap being a little elevated with the regard that had been shewn to him, and to me on his account, ventured to tell me, that he had a sneaking kindness for Miss Williams, and that, if his lady and I would use our interest in his behalf, he did not doubt that she would listen to his addresses. Surprised at this proposal, I asked if he knew the story of that unfortunate young gentlewoman: upon which he replied,—'Yes, yes, I know what you mean—she has been unhappy, I grant you—but what of that? I am convinced of her reformation; or else you and my good lady would not treat her with such respect—as for the censure of the world, I value it not a fig's end—besides, the world knows nothing of the matter.' I commended his philosophy, and interested Narcissa in his cause; who interceded so effectually, that in a little time Miss Williams yielded her consent, and they were married with the approbation of Don Rodrigo, who gave him five hundred pounds to stock a farm, and made him overseer of his estate. My generous

bed-fellow gave her maid the same sum; so that they live in great peace and plenty within half a mile of us, and daily put up prayers for our preservation.

If there be such a thing as true happiness on earth, I enjoy it. The impetuous transports of my passion are now settled and mellowed into endearing fondness and tranquillity of love, rooted by that intimate connection and interchange of hearts, which nought but virtuous wedlock can produce. Fortune seems determined to make ample amends for her former cruelty; for my proctor writes, that notwithstanding the clause in my father-in-law's will, on which the 'squire founds his claim, I shall certainly recover my wife's fortune, in consequence of a codicil annexed, which explains that clause, and limits her restriction to the age of nineteen, after which she was at her own disposal. I would have set out for London immediately after receiving this piece of intelligence, but my dear angel has been qualmish of late, and begins to grow remarkably round in the waist; so that I cannot leave her in such an interesting situation, which I hope will produce something to crown my felicity.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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